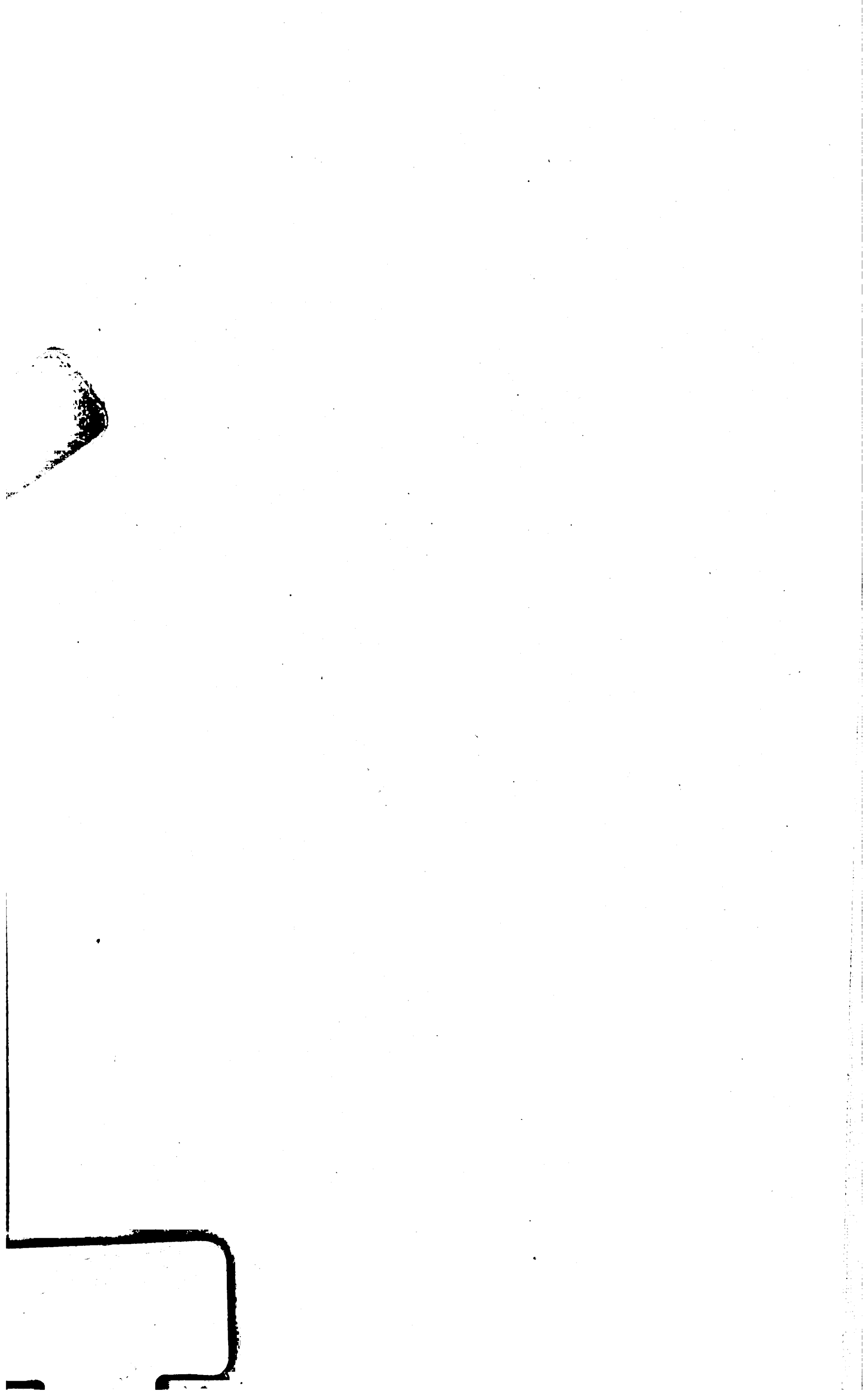
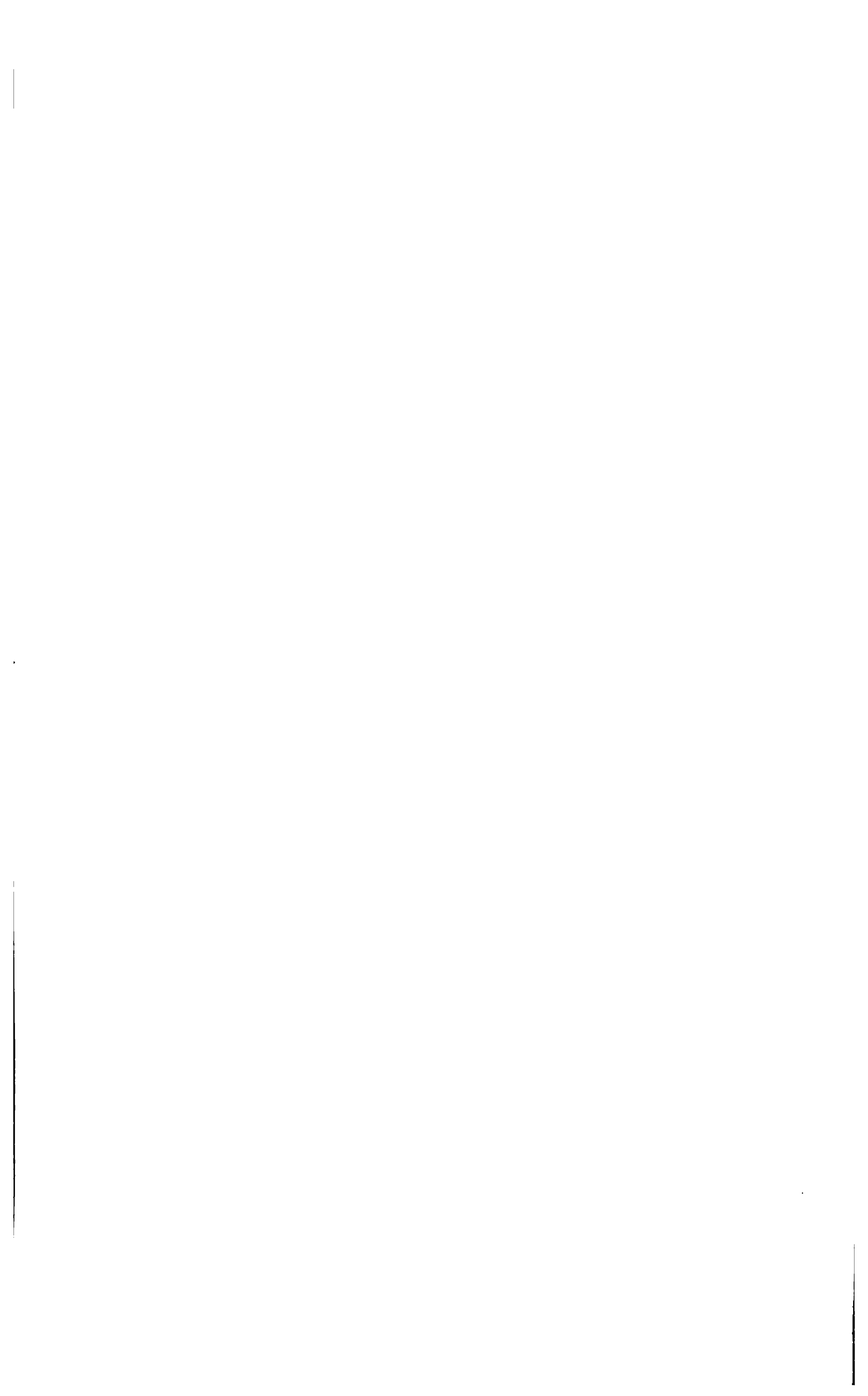








HAUSSCHATZ
ENGLISCHER POESIE.

AUSWAHL

AUS DEN WERKEN DER BEDEUTENDSTEN ENGLISCHEN DICHTER
VON CHAUCER BIS AUF DIE NEUESTE ZEIT
IN CHRONOLOGISCHER ORDNUNG
BEGLEITET VON
BIOGRAPHISCHEN UND LITERARISCHEN EINLEITUNGEN.

EIN HANDBUCH
DER ENGLISCHEN POESIE UND IHRER GESCHICHTE.
FÜR
FREUNDE ENGLISCHER LITERATUR, WIE FÜR LEHRANSTALTEN.

VON

Dr. O. L. B. WOLFF,

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DRITTE
SEHR VERMEHRTE UND VERBESSERTE
AUFLAGE.

HERAUSGEGEBEN
VON
Dr. H. A. MANITIUS.

LEIPZIG,
HERMANN COSTENOBLE.
1852.

Vorrede zur dritten Auflage.

Es erging an den Unterzeichneten die Aufforderung, den Hausschatz der Englischen Poesie von Wolff, in der hier vorliegenden dritten Auflage zu ergänzen und bis auf die neueste Zeit fortzusetzen. Was nun dies Letztere betrifft, so ist es, wie sich leicht von selbst versteht, mit manchen Schwierigkeiten verbunden, auf dem Continente die nöthigen biographischen und literarischen Notizen theils der nicht längst verstorbenen, theils und namentlich von noch lebenden Dichtern zu erlangen. Der Verfasser hat indess keine Mühe gescheut, sich die dazu erforderlichen Materialien zu verschaffen und dieselben in der Art und Weise des ersten Herausgebers zu verarbeiten. Zur Erleichterung des Auffindens der einzelnen Dichter ist ein alphabetisches Verzeichniss hinzugefügt worden.

Möchte diese reichhaltige und gediegene Auswahl, als ein wahrer Schatz Englischer Poesie, wie in den früheren, so auch in dieser vermehrten und vervollständigten Auflage, von den Freunden der englischen Dichtkunst mit demselben Beifall aufgenommen werden.

Dresden, d. 10. April 1852.

Dr. H. A. Manitius.

Einleitung.

1.

Ueber englische Poesie und Poetik im Allgemeinen.

Obwohl die englische Poesie gleich der englischen Sprache sich aus den verschiedensten Elementen bildete, welche sich nur allmählig und im Laufe der Jahrhunderte miteinander verbanden bis sie endlich ein Ganzes ausmachten, so gehört doch die Gestaltung Beider so vollständig dem wirklichen Leben an und die Theorie übte erst so spät einen nachhaltigen Einfluss auf dieselben aus, dass die Wirkung der Letzteren nur eine untergeordnete bleibt und fast gar nicht in Betracht kommt, während die Darstellung der Entwickelung Jener, stets die aufmerksamste Beobachtung ihres Zusammenhanges mit dem ganzen geschichtlichen Entwickelungsgange der Nation selbst fordert. Dadurch unterscheidet sich die englische Poesie namentlich von der französischen, dass sie als das künstlerische Bewusstsein zu der poetischen Hervorbringung sich gesellte, dennoch durchaus freies Eigenthum des Volkes blieb, und die Schicksale und Kämpfe desselben weit mehr zu den Richtungen welche sie nahm und den Stoff, den sie sich aneignete, beitrugen, als der Einfluss des Hofes und der Gelehrten, während sie dagegen sich bei den Franzosen gleich nach dem ersten Eintreten des künstlerischen Bewusstseins von dem Volke ablöste und unter dem mächtigen Einflusse des Hofes Eigenthum der Wissenschaft ward, die jetzt erst wieder, auf dem Wege der Schulbildung, sie der Nation und in dieser eigentlich nur den Gebildeten von Neuem zuführte. Darin mag auch wohl der Grund zu finden sein, dass die Franzosen eine so ausgebildete Poetik, die Engländer so gut wie gar keine haben und Jeder die Form gestaltet, entweder, wie er es seinen Vorgängern und Vorbildern abgelauscht, oder wie die Idee, durch deren Verwirklichung die Form allein erst entstehen kann, poetischen Tact und Geschmack, sowie als gelungen anerkannt Vorhandenes als Leiter zu Hülfe rufend, es von ihm verlangt. Diese Freiheit der äusseren Gestaltung, welche sich nur gewissen Gesetzen ursprünglicher

Nothwendigkeit im Allgemeinen unterwirft, geht durch die ganze englische Poesie hindurch von dem Augenblicke an, wo die verschiedenen Elemente sowohl in ihr selbst, wie in der Sprache zusammentraten und nun ein gemeinschaftliches, in welchem sie sich verschmolzen, das englische Element bildeten. Dies ist um so eigenthümlicher, als gerade jene Elemente, insofern sie bei der Poesie in Anwendung kamen, während der Zeit ihrer Absonderung den strengsten Gesetzen hinsichtlich der äusseren Form in wissenschaftlicher Eeststellung damaliger Weise unterworfen waren. Die Poesie musste in jenen Zeiten nicht allein einer Poetik, sondern auch noch einem besonderen Ceremoniell, das zum Theil mit der ersteren in genauestem Zusammenhange stand, gehorsamen. Die altbretonische Poesie war eine Wissenschaft im strengsten Sinne des Wortes, die noch dazu zunftmässig erlernt werden musste und nur ebenso zunftmässig ausgeübt werden durfte. Ihre Jünger waren die Träger der Wissenschaft überhaupt, und die Poesie eben das Gefäss in welchem sie jene aufbewahrten. Sie mussten sich wenigstens drei Jahre dem Studium derselben gewidmet haben, dann wurde ihnen aber erst der unterste Grad zu Theil, der eines Clerwr (l. Cleruhr) oder eines fahrenden Sängers, der sich seine Zuhörer nur im niederen Volke zu suchen hatte. Wer den höchsten Grad erreichen wollte, bedurfte dazu eines zwölfjährigen Studiums. Einem Examen mussten sich Alle am Ende jedes zurückgelegten Trienniums unterwerfen und von diesem und dem Siege bei Wettgesängen hing es ab, ob ihnen die beiden höheren Stellungen, die eines Prududd oder Hof-Barden und die eines Teluwr (l. Telu-uhr) oder Barden des Mittelstandes zu Theil wurden. Ueberhaupt spielte die Zahl drei, sowohl in ihrer Hierarchie wie in der Ausübung ihrer Kunst und endlich in ihrer Poetik eine überaus wichtige Rolle. An den drei Hauptfesten am Hofe musste der Prududd singen, aber erst das dritte Lied; zwei Lieder vorher, eines zum Preise Gottes, das andere zur Verherrlichung des Fürsten, lagen dem Pemerdd (ein Barde, der den Studien zwölf Jahre gewidmet) vorzutragen ob. Die Form der Gesänge ward wiederum durch die drei bestimmt; die Strophen bestanden nur aus drei Zeilen, von denen in gewissen Gesängen die dritte didactischer Art sein musste und was dergleichen Gesetze mehr waren. Aehnlichen Bestimmungen waren auch die irischen und die von diesen entsprungenen schottischen Barden unterworfen und selbst die später in England eingedrungenen nordfranzösischen Trouvères beobachteten, wenn gleich mit grösserer Freiheit, gewisse überlieferte Formen in ihren Dichtungen. Als aber im Laufe der Jahrhunderte das angelsächsische und das dänische Element, beide germanischen Ursprunges sich mit dem kymrischen und dem französischen so verschmolzen hatten, dass sich aus ihnen die gegenwärtige englische Sprache bildete, welche unter Eduard III. die gesetzliche Oberherrschaft gewann (um die Mitte des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts), da begann auch die Nationalliteratur sich selbstständig zu entwickeln und zwar aus dem innersten Wesen des Volkes, das hier den bedeutendsten Einfluss übte und schon lange sich seine eigenen Weisen und Formen gebildet hatte. So kam es, dass weder Althergebrachtes noch die Poetik fremder Nationen bestimmenden und nachhaltigen Einfluss gewann, jeder neue Dichter ging seinen eigenen Weg, ersann oder bildete nach, wie er es für gut fand und ordnete sich bei seiner Behandlung nur allgemein nothwendigen, aus den natürlichen Verhältnissen der Poesie überhaupt entspringenden Gesetzen oder auch dem herrschenden Geschmack

seiner Zeit unter, dem er, war er selbst genial, nicht selten eine neue Richtung gab.

Eine englische Poetik in streng wissenschaftlichen Sinne existirt daher nicht und ist auch eigentlich nie vorhanden gewesen. Gewisse Formen und Bestimmungen sind allerdings allgemein als geltend angenommen worden, aber sich ihrer zu bedienen war keine Nothwendigkeit und innerhalb derselben herrschte die grösste Freiheit. So ist es z. B. mit dem Reim; er wird nicht als unerlässlich betrachtet, wie bei den Franzosen, und der ungereimte Vers ist nicht minder eine anerkannte Form wie der gereimte. Reimt der Engländer, so reimt er eben sowohl für das Ohr wie für das Auge und jene genauen Bestimmungen des Reims, jener Unterschied zwischen reinen und unreinen Reimen, jene strenge Abwechselung von männlichen und weiblichen Reimen, wie sie andere Nationen in ihrer Poetik als gesetzlich festgestellt haben, kümmert ihn nicht. Byron reimt z. B. prayer und despair, mirth und earth, release und peace, might und height, — Moore remain und again, wood und blood, roll und soul (diese Beispiele sind sämmtlich Gedichten ernsten Inhalts entnommen) u. s. w. und keinem Kritiker wird es je einfallen, ihnen deswegen einen Vorwurf zu machen. So ist es auch mit der Kürze und Länge der Verse; nur bei dem blank verse (dem fünffüssigen ungereimten iambischen Verse) und dem heroic verse (dem gereimten fünffüssigen iambischen Verse) herrscht einige Regelmässigkeit vor; doch ist auch hier innerhalb derselben grosse Freiheit gestattet, denn bei dem ersten kommt es nur darauf an, dass er zehn, höchstens elf Sylben mit regelmässig wechselndem Tonfall habe und bei dem zweiten noch ausserdem dass die erste Zeile mit der zweiten, die dritte mit der vierten u. s. w. reime; auf gleichen Wechsel männlicher und weiblicher Reime wird dabei nicht gesehen, und es ist auch noch hergebracht, statt zwei Zeilen drei unmittelbar auf einander folgende mit einander zu reimen. So z. B. kommen bei dem als correct gepriesenen Blair (S. 152 dieser Sammlung) blank verse vor, wie: Sweetner of life and solder of society und (ebendaselbst) Mended his song of love; the sooty black-bird, bei Thomson (S. 154) Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes, bei Armstrong (S. 169) Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life u. s. w. und Dreireim-Zeilen wie z. B. bei Moore (Lalla Rookh)

> Where — having deep refresh'd each weary limb
> With viands such as feast Heav'ns cherubim
> And kindled up your souls now sunk and dim

oder bei Byron (im Corsair XIV.)

> Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!
> Or seek another and give mine release, —
> But yesterday — I could have said, to peace!

wo höchstens erforderlich ist, durch eine Klammer (wie auch hier geschehen) zu bezeichnen, dass keine Zeile dazwischen fehlt, sondern dass absichtlich drei Zeilen denselben Reim haben sollen.

Das einzige Gesetz, welchem sich der englische Dichter zu unterwerfen hat, hinsichtlich der Form ist daher nur: diese soll dem Inhalt durchaus und in jeder Hinsicht angemessen sein. Es schliesst demgemäss Alles was man sonst verlangt,

namentlich Correctheit und Wohlklang ein, überlässt dies aber dem Dichter selbst und schreibt ihm dabei nichts Besonderes vor. Natürlich gilt es für jede Gattung der Poesie, um so mehr als es nirgends die Freiheit beschränkt, können doch selbst in den einzelnen Scenen eines Drama Prosa oder Verse, je nachdem es dem Inhalte angemessen scheint mit einander wechseln.

Die antiken Formen haben, den fünffüssigen iambischen Vers ausgenommen, nie Eingang in der englischen Poesie gefunden, obwohl hin und wieder der Versuch gemacht wurde; der Engländer fühlte bei seinem richtigen practischen Tacte, dass die Sprache sich nicht dazu herleihe und dass sie immer etwas Fremdartiges bleiben würden, er wies sie daher gänzlich ab, oder gestaltete sie so um, wie er sie gebrauchte. Von den neueren bei anderen Nationen üblichen Formen entlehnte er nur das Sonnett, band sich jedoch wenig an dessen Gesetze und hat erst wieder in neuester Zeit angefangen, diese genauer zu beobachten. Wordsworth kann hier als Muster dienen.

Die einzige einheimische Form, welche seit ihrer Einführung ihre unveränderte Geltung behielt, ist die Spenserstanze, nach dem berühmten Dichter Spenser (S. Seite 17 und fgde. dieser Sammlung), ihrem Erfinder, so genannt. Sie besteht aus neun Verszeilen (es wird gebeten den Druckfehler, der sich a. a. O. Zeile 2 von unten findet, dahin abzuändern) welche zehnsylbig mit Ausnahme der Letzten, die zwölfsylbig ist, eine eigene Reimverschränkung bilden. Es klingen nämlich die erste und dritte mit demselben Reime, die zweite, vierte, fünfte und siebente mit einem anderen Reime und die sechste, achte und neunte Verszeile mit einem dritten Reime unter einander an. (S. die Beispiele S. 18—19 d. S.) Thomson in seinem Castle of Indolence (S. S. 155 d. S.) und Byron in seinem Childe Harold haben sie mit grossem Erfolge nachgeahmt, im Ganzen hat man sich derselben jedoch wenig bedient.

2.

Ueberblick der Geschichte der englischen Poesie.

Wir haben bereits oben bemerkt, dass gleich der Sprache auch die englische Poesie sich aus der Verschmelzung verschiedener Elemente entwickelte, dann aber durch die innige Verbindung mit dem wirklichen Leben selbst und durch dessen Einfluss ihre eigentliche noch immer keinesweges erschöpfte Gestaltung bekam. Diese Elemente das bretonische, das angelsächsische und dänische und das nordfranzösische gehörten mehr oder weniger schon der Kunstpoesie an; das bretonische war das umfangreichste und nationalste, es behandelte den ganzen Kreis der damaligen Weltanschauung: Sage und Geschichte des Volkes, Naturkunde in Verbindung mit dem Uebersinnlichen, Weisheitslehre und Gefühlsleben, aber es ward, wie wir schon früher andeuteten mit dem Bewusstsein künstlerichen Zweckes behandelt; das angelsächsische, weniger stoffreich, nahm dagegen schon früh eine christlich religiöse und somit gelehrte Richtung, sich der Allegorie mit Vorliebe zuwendend; das französische Element dagegen, vorherrschend episch, trug einen grossen stofflichen Reichthum mit sich (die Sagenkreise in die es den altbretonischen Sagenkreis von Arthur und der Tafelrunde mit hereinzog und sich aneignete) und verdrängte

dadurch die anderen aus ihrer Geltung, durch die Mischung des Angelsächsischen mit dem Französischen bildete sich das jetzige Englisch, das bald auch die Sprache der Poesie wurde, in der man nur noch jene Stoffe so lange behandelte, bis sich endlich Dichter zeigten, die selbstständig Neues schufen oder wenigstens neue bisher unbekannte Stoffe, mit vollem künstlerischen Bewusstsein aus fremden Reichen entlehnten und auf ihre Weise der Nation zugänglich machten, während die Volkspoesie sich unbekümmert entwickelte und die ihr eigenen lyrischen und epischen Stoffe darstellte, auf die Form nur so weit Rücksicht nehmend, als der Gesang der von ihr unzertrennlich war, diese verlangte. Sie hat später einen grossen Einfluss auf die englische Kunstpoesie geübt, als diese sich von den Fesseln der Schule im achtzehnten Jahrhundert befreite und wieder national und ursprünglich zu werden strebte. Seit dieser Zeit ist ihr voller Werth dankbar anerkannt und mit grosser Vorliebe für die Sammlung und Erhaltung ihrer reichen aber verstreuten Schätze, durch Männer wie Percy, Ritson, Wright, Sandys u. s. w. und in Schottland durch Ramsay, Herd, W. Scott, Motherwell, Jamieson, Chambers u. A. m., gesorgt worden. In ihr finden sich alle jene Bestandtheile wieder, welche das Wesen der bretonischen, angelsächsischen, dänischen und nordfranzösischen Dichtung ausmachten, ausserdem nahm sie aber noch auf was die Gegenwart ihr zutrug und erweiterte so ihr Gebiet ausserordentlich.

Nach ihrem Entwickelungsgange zerfällt die Geschichte der englischen Kunstpoesie in folgende Abtheilungen.

I. Die Periode des Einflusses der antiken und der modernen ausländischen Kunstpoesie. Diese beginnt mit Chaucer (S. S. 1 fgde. d. Sammlung) zu Anfange des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts und geht bis zum Jahre 1580, der Blüthenzeit des nationalen Dramas. — Chaucer brach nicht plötzlich und selbstständig die Bahn; talentvolle Vorgänger, wie namentlich Langland und Gower waren ihm schon vorangeschritten, aber man kann nicht sagen, dass sie die neue Richtung unbedingt einschlugen, da der Einfluss der älteren geschiedenen Elemente noch zu grosse Herrschaft auf sie ausübte. Robert Langland, Weltgeistlicher und Lehrer zu Oxford um 1362 blühend, schrieb unter dem Namen Pierce Plowman, Visionen, allegorisch-satyrische Gedichte zwar englisch, aber in angelsächsischer Weise und Form; John Gower dagegen, ein Edelmann am Hofe Richard's II., dichtete ein allegorisch romantisches Werk in drei Theilen von denen er den ersten speculum meditantis in nordfranzösischer Weise und Sprache, den zweiten vox clamantis lateinisch in Nachahmung des Ovid und den dritten confessio amantis englisch aber in mehr angelsächsisch mönchischer Behandlung abfasste. Chaucer dagegen verstand es italienische und französische Vorbilder, wie er sie auf seinen Reisen kennen lernen, mit Geschick und Eigenthümlichkeit so sich anzueignen, dass sie einen durchweg englischen Character in seiner Bearbeitung erhielten und namentlich seine Canterbury Tales als ein selbstständiges und eigenthümliches Werk gelten konnten. Sprache und Form hatten ihm viel zu verdanken und er verdiente es durchaus von gleichzeitigen Dichtern als Muster betrachtet zu werden. Zu diesen gehören namentlich Occleve, Lydgate, Juliane Barnes u. A. m. Leider aber störten oder unterbrachen wenigstens die Kämpfe zwischen der weissen und der rothen Rose (1453—1485) diese ruhmwürdigen Bestrebungen in England, während dagegen die Poesie

in Schottland mit Vorliebe gepflegt wurde und Dichter wie John Barbour durch sein Epos Robert Bruce, der Minstrel Harry durch das Epos William Wallace und der König selbst, Jacob I. durch The Kings Quair und treffliche Balladen und Lieder sich ein ehrenvolles Andenken sicherten.

Gegen das Ende des funfzehnten Jahrhunderts als die heftigen innerlichen Fehden aufgehört, begann man in England sich wieder mit Vorliebe der Poesie zuzuwenden und es waren namentlich Männer der höchsten wissenschaftlichen und Weltbildung damaliger Zeit die vorzüglich in lyrischen Poesieen den Italiener Petrarca nachzuahmen und dessen Weise nicht bloss auf englischen Boden zu verpflanzen, sondern englischer Sitte und Gesinnung anzueignen strebten. Als die Vorzüglichsten sind hier zu nennen Wyat (S. S. 3) durch welchen besonders die Ausbildung der Sprache gewann, Surrey (S. 4) dessen Gedichte zart, anmuthig und innig obwohl in Petrarchischer Weise doch als selbstständige Schöpfungen erscheinen, Vere (S. 7) reich an Anmuth und Grazie, Gascoigne (S. 9) elegant und gedankenreich aber mitunter zu gekünstelt, Raleigh (S. 14) eigenthümlich und gewandt, Sidney (S. 20) elegant, voll Gefühl, reich an Phantasie, u. A. m. Den Höhenpunkt dieses Strebens erreichte jedoch vor Allen Spenser (S. 17) vorzüglich durch sein romantisch allegorisches Epos, die Feenkönigin, das, indem es die ganze geistige Richtung seiner Zeit wiederspiegelt ein lebendiges Zeugniss von der Fülle seiner Einbildungskraft und seiner Herrschaft über Sprache und Form ablegt, übrigens aber italienischen Einfluss nicht abzuläugnen vermag.

II. Die Periode der Blüthe des englischen Drama 1580—1647. Wie im übrigen gebildeten Europa, namentlich aber in Frankreich, entsprang die englische dramatische Poesie der neueren Zeit aus den religiösen Mysterien (geistlichen Schauspielen des Mittelalters) die später um dem weltlichen Sinne zu genügen in Moralitäten und endlich in Farcen übergingen, aus welchen letzteren, da namentlich unter Heinrich VIII. jede Hindeutung auf geistliche Gegenstände gefährlich werden konnte, sich das echt nationale Lustspiel und dann bei höheren Anforderungen die ihrer Form nach gleichfalls durchaus nationale Tragödie herausbildete. Es sei uns gestattet, hier und weiterhin an den passenden Stellen theilweise eine übersichtliche Skizze einzuschalten, welche wir bereits früher an einem anderen Orte von der Gestaltung des englischen Drama in jenen reichen Jahren gaben; wir glauben um so mehr dazu berechtigt zu sein, als wir an dieser Stelle so wohl wie überhaupt in diesen Blättern doch weiter Nichts thun könnten, als dasselbe mit anderen Worten zu sagen. Unter der blutigen Marie (1553—1558) wie die Engländer selbst diese bigotte Herrscherin zu nennen pflegten, herrschten kurze Zeit die Mysterien, welche den eigennützigen Absichten des Klerus so vortrefflich in die Hände arbeiteten wieder vor, doch erhielten sich dieselben nur während der Regierung dieser Fürstin und verschwanden unter Elisabeth's wohlthätiger Herrschaft ganz und gar (1558—1603). Die grössere literärische Regsamkeit, welche sich von nun an verbreitete, die genauere Kenntniss der Dichter des Alterthums und der lebhafte Verkehr mit dem Auslande ermangelten nicht einen höchst vortheilhaften Einfluss auf die dramatische Kunst, welche von nun an grossen Anklang bei der Nation fand, auszuüben. Es bildeten sich viele Theater (von 1570 bis 1629 bestanden in London, das überhaupt als der Heerd dieser Bestrebungen zu betrachten ist, deren allein

siebenzehn); auf Universitäten und Schulen wurden dramatische Darstellungen geübt, und man beeiferte sich, eine gewisse, dem Nationalgeschmacke zusagende Regelmässigkeit vereint mit der Auffassung historischer Stoffe und localer Eigenthümlichkeit einzuführen. Viele gute Köpfe nahmen sich der Bühne an und bereiteten, rasch vorwärts schreitend, derselben eine glänzende Epoche. Als die ältesten Producte dieser Umwandlung des dramatischen Geschmackes betrachtet man die beiden Lustspiele Ralph Rayster Dayster und Gammer Gurton's needle, die eine reiche Fundgrube von derbem, hausbackenem Witz enthalten, sowie Sackville's romantisch antike Tragödie mit Chören, Gorboduc, deren Stoff der altbritischen Geschichte entlehnt war. Im Ganzen sind alle Leistungen jener Zeit streng genommen, nur als dramatisirte Novellen zu betrachten, das tragische Element ist durchaus nicht von dem komischen unterschieden und beide kreuzen sich oft auf die seltsamste Weise; aber trotz ihrer Unbeholfenheit und Rohheit waltet ein frisches Leben in ihnen und viele sind mitunter reich an poetischen Schönheiten und nicht selten bedeutend durch tiefere psychologische Charakterzeichnung. Die namhaftesten Dichter aus jener Zeit sind Preston, Edwards, der unbekannte Verfasser der Tragödie Tancred und Ghismunda, George Peele (S. S. 13), John Lilly, Christopher Marlowe (S. S. 10), Fulke Greville (S. S. 22) u. A. m. Ihnen schloss sich der unsterbliche Shakspeare unmittelbar darin an, dass er, wie sie, streng Rücksicht auf den Geschmack des Volkes nahm, doch das Gebiet der dramatischen Poesie nach allen Seiten hin erweiternd, den grössten Reichthum der Phantasie neben tiefster, consequentester Characterschilderung siegreich walten liess (Vgl. S. 32). Eine grosse Zahl talentvoller Männer wetteiferte mit ihm in gleichen Bestrebungen und wenn sie ihn auch nicht erreichten, so lieferten sie doch Erzeugnisse, die in jeder Periode ihnen grosse Ehre bringen mussten. Als die Bedeutendsten mögen hier Ben Jonson (S. 43), Thomas Decker (S. 50), John Fletcher und Francis Beaumont, welche das Meiste gemeinschaftlich arbeiteten (S. 53), George Chapman (S. 57), John Webster (S. 58), J. Marston, Th. Heywood, Massinger u. s. w. genannt werden. — Die Neigung für die Bühne erhielt sich im englischen Volke bis zur Enthauptung Karl's I., als aber mit dem Sturze dieses unglücklichen Monarchen, der bigotteste Obscurantismus die Oberhand erhielt, ward auch der dramatischen Kunst auf eine vernichtende Weise der Krieg erklärt und sämmtliche Theater geschlossen (1647), womit denn natürlich alle dramatische poetische Production von selbst ein Ende fand.

Während jener glänzenden Tage hatte man indessen auch die übrigen Gattungen der Poesie nicht vernachlässigt und namentlich die Lyrik mit Vorliebe behandelt. Shakspeare selbst war auch in Liedern und Sonnetten der Liebe und in epischen Versuchen bedeutend, neben ihm glänzten fast gleichzeitig oder bald nachher Southwell (S. S. 24) als religiöser Dichter, Daniel (S. S. 26), ausgezeichnet durch Correctheit und Eleganz, Drayton (S. 30) der Verfasser des Polyolbion und trefflicher kleinerer Poesieen, Davies (S. 38) gefeiert als didakitscher Poet, Donne (S. 39) einer der ersten englischen Satyriker, der schon erwähnte Ben Jonson, Phineas Fletcher (S. 64) ein Nachahmer Spensors, Giles Fletcher, dessen Bruder (S. 65), Verfasser einer religiösen Epopöe Drummond (S. 68), gepriesen als Lyriker u. A. m. — Im Ganzen wurde keine Gattung der Poesie vernachlässigt, man nahm das klassische Alterthum und unter den Neueren vorzüglich die Italiener zum Muster,

ohne jedoch dem eigenen Nationalgeiste Eintrag zu thun; nur gegen das Ende
Periode begann der Hofton, namentlich bei lyrischen Poesien seinen Einflu
üben; man gefiel sich in Spielen des Witzes und Verstandes mit denen man zu
zen suchte, aber diese Bemühungen arteten nicht selten in Schwulst und U
treibung aus.

III. Die Periode des Einflusses der puritanischen Denkw
und ihrer Gegensätze (1647—1689). Eine neue Aera für die Dichtl
gestaltete sich nun nach kurzer Pause während der bürgerlichen Unruhen und
darauf folgenden Protectorates, worauf sich nach der Restauration bis zur Revol
eigenthümliche Gegensätze offenbarten. Während der Herrschaft der Independe
entwickelte sich eine neue Lebens- und Weltanschauung, die dem Nationalg
eine bei Weitem ernstere und tiefere Richtung gab und selbst ihre Wirkung auf
Dichter, welche zur royalistischen Partei gehörten, nicht verfehlte. Religi
Enthusiasmus, sittliche Strenge, Streben nach grösster Correctheit und Glanz
Diction sind als die Leitsterne dieser Epoche zu betrachten, welche Dichter
Waller (S. 86), unbedingt der geschmackvollste unter seinen Zeitgenossen, Co
ley, der die Ode mit reicher Phantasie und tiefem Geiste behandelte und eigentl
diese Gattung einführte (S. S. 101), Denham, der der erste elegante descript
Dichter unter den Engländern mit Recht gerühmt wird, (S. S. 100) Samu
Butler (S. 96) dessen satyrisches Epos Hudibras unerreicht geblieben ist u. A.
aufzuweisen hat. Unter diesen überstrahlt jedoch Alle, als ein Stern erster Grös
der genialste epische Dichter der Engländer, John Milton (Vgl. S. 89 d. S.), dess
grossartiges Heldengedicht, das verlorene Paradies zu den tiefsten und eigen
thümlichsten Erzeugnissen, welche je der menschliche Geist an das Licht bracht
gerechnet werden muss. — Mit der Restauration drang der französische Geschmack
welcher von dem Hofe sehr begünstigt wurde, in England ein und bereitete die folgende Periode vor, welche am Besten characterisirt wird als

IV. Die Periode der Herrschaft des Verstandes in der englischen Poesie (1689—1800). Mit dem Schlusse des siebenzehnten Jahrhunderts begann die Dichtkunst eine neue Wendung in England zu nehmen; die strengste Correctheit in Sprache und Form, neben möglichster Eleganz des äusseren Schmuckes ward das leitende Princip, wobei der Verstand die Oberhand behielt und Phantasie und Gemüth sich nothwendig unterordnen mussten. Zwei Dichter waren es vorzüglich, welche den Uebergang bildeten, Davenant, der am Hofe Karl's II. die Oper einführte und die Bühne mit correcten Dramen versorgte, bei denen Prunk und Decorationen die Hauptsache waren (S. S. 85 d. S.) und der talentvolle, methodische aber oft zu geleckte Dryden (S. S. 109) der sich in fast allen Gattungen versuchte und an die Spitze der neuen Dichterschule trat. Ihm folgten viele begabte Männer nach auf der eingeschlagenen Bahn wie z. B. Pomfret (S. 120), Philips (S. 131), Parnell (S. 133) u. A. m., doch litt das eigentliche Wesen der Poesie darunter, indem einerseits die Künstlichkeit nach welcher gestrebt wurde sich mehr an die Oberfläche hielt, andererseits der practische Sinn der Engländer zu sehr hervortrat und die Neigung für satyrische, descriptive und didactische Poesie so die Oberhand gewann, dass die anderen Gattungen immer mehr in den Hintergrund geschoben wurden. Diese Correctheit erreichte ihre höchste Stufe in der nächstfolgenden Zeit,

die von den Literarhistorikern gewöhnlich mit dem Namen das Pope'sche Zeitalter bezeichnet wird, indem sich nur Scharfsinn, geistige Feinheit und wahrer Geschmack zu derselben gesellten. Fast alle Gattungen wurden mit Erfolg behandelt, doch herrschten die eben erwähnten vor, weil ihnen die allgemeinere Neigung zugewandt blieb, und Namen wie Prior (S. 118) einer der glücklichsten Liederdichter, Gay (S. 145) unerreicht in seinen Fabeln, Tickell (S. 139) ausgezeichnet durch Balladen, Somerville (S. 147) berühmt durch sein beschreibendes Gedicht, die Jagd, Pope (S. 142) der Leitstern dieser Epoche, Thomson (S. 153) der gefeierte Dichter der Jahreszeiten, Dyer (S. 160) dessen Grongar-Hill ewig im Andenken der Nation fortlebt und v. A. m., von denen sich Poesieen in unserer Sammlung finden, deren Aufzählung hier jedoch zu weit führen würde, verleihen dieser Periode nicht mit Unrecht den Namen einer klassischen Zeit. — Die didactische Richtung blieb während des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts und namentlich während der zweiten Hälfte desselben die vorwaltende und obwohl einzelne bedeutende Talente dieselbe mit dem grössten Erfolge cultivirten und in ihren didactisch-descriptiven Leistungen viel Schönes brachten, so artete dieselbe doch so aus, dass man zuletzt jeden Gegenstand für passend hielt, auf diese Weise verherrlicht zu werden, sobald nur reeller Nutzen darin zu finden war. Nur wenige wirklich geniale Leistungen offenbaren sich zuletzt und selbst die talentvollsten Männer wie z. B. Goldsmith (S. 188) und Cowper (S. 198) welche den Uebergang zu freierer Natürlichkeit vermitteln, wagen doch nicht gänzlich frei die poetischen Flügel zu rühren. Es ging so weit, dass man ordentliche Compendien in Versen schrieb und selbst die abstractesten Wissenschaften darin zu behandeln versuchte.

In der dramatischen Poesie befliss man sich ebenfalls strengerer Regelmässigkeit, schied das tragische Element sorgfältig von dem komischen und suchte das Ziel durch glänzende Diction und äussern Schmuck mehr als durch Wahrheit und Tiefe in der Auffassung des Lebens zu erreichen. Es war hier ein beständiges Schwanken vorherrschend und so ist es auch bis auf die neuesten Zeiten geblieben, obwohl viele talentvolle Männer sich in dramatischen Leistungen versuchten, bald ängstlich sich französischen Mustern anschliessend wie es z. B. Addison gethan, bald Shakspeare's Weise anstrebend; die Heroen des Zeitalters der Elisabeth hat Keiner erreicht und ganz Vorzügliches wurde nur im bürgerlichen Lustspiel geliefert.

V. Die Periode der Natürlichkeit und der Geltung der Leidenschaft (1800 — ***). Endlich zu Anfang dieses Jahrhunderts brach die echte Poesie wieder mächtig hervor und machte sich siegreich Bahn. Auffassung des Lebens und der Natur in ihren tiefsten Tiefen und veredelte Darstellung derselben mit allem Reichthum der Phantasie, allem Zauber der Diction ausgestattet, ruhend auf der Basis der strengsten inneren Wahrheit wurden als unerlässlich zur Erreichung des vorgesteckten Ziels betrachtet und diesem, wenn auch auf verschiedenen Wegen zugestrebt. Drei geniale Männer traten fast gleichzeitig auf, Jeder ganz von seinem hohen Berufe erfüllt, Jeder mit den herrlichsten Mitteln ausgestattet und obwohl innig mit den Andern verwandt doch seinen eigenen Pfad wandelnd. Es waren W. Scott, Byron, Moore. Der erstere liess das Objective, der zweite das Subjective in der Poesie vorwalten; der dritte wusste Beides auf das Innigste zu vereinen und sich gegenseitig durchdringen zu lassen. Die Aufmerksamkeit von ganz

Europa richtete sich erstaunt auf England und folgte gespannt dem Laufe dieser glänzenden Gestirne, die bald bei allen gebildeten Völkern Bewunderung und Nachahmung fanden. Ihnen schlossen sich im Vaterlande eine Menge begabter Dichter an, aber fast scheint es als ob diese Periode sich fast auch schon ihrem Ende nahe, denn Viele sind bereits geschieden von der Erde wie Scott, Byron, Southey, Campbell, Hogg, Crabbe, Coleridge u. s. w., Andere verstummt, und unter den jüngern Talenten hat sich in den beiden letzten Decennien durch mehr als gewöhnliche Leistungen, keines so hervorgethan, dass es diesen mit Recht würdig anzureihen wäre. Die Gegenwart scheint nirgends der Poesie günstig zu sein und der wahre Freund der Dichtkunst, den nur das Grosse befriedigt, muss sich entweder der Vergangenheit zuwenden oder hoffend auf die Zukunft harren.

3.

Ueber Zweck und Einrichtung dieser Sammlung.

So viele Hülfsmittel es auch bereits für die Kenntniss der englischen Dichter und ihrer Werke giebt, so fehlte es doch an einer Sammlung, die dem Gebildeten ohne Ausnahme — nicht den Gelehrten oder Studirenden allein — einen Ueberblick des Entwickelungsganges der englischen Poesie und ihrer Sprache zugleich mit einer Auswahl der schönsten Gedichte der bedeutendsten englischen Dichter von der ersten Epoche der Kunstpoesie an bis zur Gegenwart darböte. Die in England selbst erschienenen Werke dieser Art sind für unsere deutschen Verhältnisse meist zu theuer und schwer zugänglich, die in Deutschland besorgten dagegen entweder nur für Männer von Fach oder Studirende, wie z. B. das in jeder Hinsicht musterhafte Handbuch von Ideler und Nolte, oder zu voluminös, auch in Hinsicht auf die Auswahl unter den Dichtern selbst, besonders der älteren Zeit nicht vollständig genug. Um den obenerwähnten Zweck zu erreichen ward daher diese Sammlung veranstaltet und ihr ein verwandtes, aber leider sehr kostbares englisches Werk (The Book of Gems. The Poets and Artists of Great Britain, London 1836—38, 3 Bde in gross 8. mit sehr vielen Stahlstichen; Ladenpreis 21 Thlr.) zu Grunde gelegt, worauf sich indessen der Verfasser nicht beschränkte, sondern theils noch viele Auszüge aus anderen dort nicht aufgenommenen Dichtern hinzufügte, theils die biographischen Notizen aus zuverlässigeren Quellen entlehnte und sorgfältiger bearbeitete, theils endlich die literärischen Notizen, welche dort ganz fehlten, zugesellte, so dass also dieser eine Band bei Weitem mehr enthält als jene drei. Indem er auf diese Weise seinen Zweck zu erreichen suchte, Freunden der englischen Poesie im deutschen Vaterlande, namentlich aber der, sich am Grossen und Schönen mit Vorliebe bildenden erwachsenen Jugend jedes Standes und Geschlechtes, eine möglichst vollständige und leicht zu erwerbende Anthologie zu verschaffen, welche, indem sie die Kenntniss der englischen Dichter vermittelte, zugleich eine eben so reichhaltige als angenehme Lectüre darbot, richtete er vorzüglich sein Augenmerk auf die Lyrik, einmal weil diese es gestattete von jedem Dichter etwas Vollständiges zu geben, dann weil in ihr sich der Entwickelungsgang der Poesie im Allgemeinen doch stets am Deutlichsten wiederspiegelt. Nur wo nichts Genügendes dieser Gattung vor-

handen war, wurde aus anderen Gattungen ausgewählt, wo es sich denn leider als unmöglich zeigte das Fragmentarische zu vermeiden. Dass aus Shakspeare's Dramen aus Milton's Paradiese, aus Byron's, Moore's und anderer Heroen grossen Dichtungen Nichts gewählt wurde, wird man wohl bei näherer Prüfung billigen. Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Moore, Scott u. s. w. sind in Deutschland durch deutsche Ausgaben und Uebersetzungen so verbreitet und so allgemein zugänglich, dass eine weit genauere Kenntniss als diese Sammlung sie gewähren kann, leicht zu erlangen ist; hier würden grössere Mittheilungen nur den Raum unnöthig eingenommen und die Auszüge aus älteren, wenig bekannten und doch sehr eigenthümlichen und interessanten Dichtern, besonders der Elisabethischen und der Puritanischen Periode über die Gebühr beschränkt haben.

Wir fügen für diejenigen, welche vielleicht durch diese Sammlung noch mehr dazu angeregt der Kenntniss der englischen Poesie und ihrer Geschichte ein tieferes und gründliches Studium widmen wollen, hier ein Verzeichniss von unschwer zu habenden Hülfsmitteln hinzu.

4.

Verzeichniss von Werken über die Geschichte der englischen Poesie und Sammlungen englischer Dichter.

Warton, History of the English poetry from the close of the eleventh to the commencement of the eighteenth century. A new edition. London 1824. 4.

Ein vortreffliches, sehr gründliches und umfassendes Werk, jedoch nur eigentlich für den Fachgelehrten brauchbar, da es mehr das Material zu einer Geschichte liefert, als die leitenden Ideen, welche den Entwickelungsgang der englischen Dichtkunst bestimmten und deren Ursprung und Veranlassung darstellt.

Bouterwek, Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit, Bd. 7 u. 8. Göttingen 1809. (die englische Poesie). —

Ein geistreiches, umfassendes Werk, das neben der geschichtlichen Entwickelung eine treffliche ästhetische Kritik darbietet, gegen den Schluss hin, die neuere Zeit jedoch zu kurz behandelt.

Allan Cunningham, Biographische und kritische Geschichte der englischen Literatur von Samuel Johnson's bis zu Walter Scott's Tode. — Deutsch von A. Kaiser. Leipzig 1834.

Ursprünglich ein Artikel in der Londoner Zeitschrift: Athenaeum. — Obgleich sehr flüchtig gearbeitet, enthält es doch manche schätzenswerthe Notiz und manches geistreiche Urtheil.

F. J. Jacobsen, Briefe über die neuesten englischen Dichter. Altona 1820.

Mit Fleiss und Geschmack zusammengetragen, nur etwas zu weitschweifig.

O. L. B. Wolff, Vorlesungen über die schöne Literatur Europa's in der neuesten Zeit. Leipzig 1832. S. 158—385.

S. Johnson, Lives of the most eminent English poets. Neueste Ausgabe. London 1816. 3 Bde in 8. Deutsch, Altenburg 1781. 2 Bde in 8. Meisterhaft geschriebene Biographieen.

S. Johnson, the English Poets. Neue Ausgabe, London 1810. 21 Bde in 8. (besorgt von Alex. Chalmers).

J. Bell, the English Poets. Edinburgh 1792. 109 Bde in 8.

R. Anderson, A complete Edition of the Poets of Great Britain. London und Edinburgh 1792. 14 Bde in 8.

Th. Campbell, Specimens of the British Poets, with biographical and critical notes. London 1819. 7 Bde in 8.

Dodsley, Collection of plays by ancient authors, published by J. Reed. London 1780. 10 Bde in 8.

R. Cumberland, The British Drama etc. London 1817. 14 Bde in 8.

Inhalt.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

Ueber die Familienverhältnisse dieses Dichters, mit dem die Geschichte der englischen Kunstpoesie beginnt, sind keine zuverlässigen Nachrichten vorhanden und seine Biographen streiten selbst über den Stand, welchem sein Vater angehörte, denn nach Einigen war er ein Edelmann, nach Anderen ein Ritter und wieder Andere lassen ihn Kaufmann oder Winzer gewesen sein. Höchst wahrscheinlich jedoch gehörte Chaucer einer edeln und begüterten Familie an, wofür besonders die ausgezeichnete Erziehung spricht, die ihm zu Theil ward. Im Jahre 1328 zu London geboren, studirte er in Cambridge und Oxford, machte darauf grössere Reisen und widmete sich dann der Rechtswissenschaft. Später sehr vom Hofe begünstigt, bekleidete er mehrere Aemter und wurde als Gesandter nach Genua und Rom verwandt. Seine Neigung zu den Anhängern Wiklefs zog ihm jedoch die Ungnade seiner Vorgesetzten zu. Er ward vom Hofe verbannt und benutzte diese Zeit, sein schönes Werk zu dichten. Heinrich's IV. Thronbesteigung gewann ihn dem öffentlichen Leben wieder. Doch scheint er keine erfreulichen Früchte davon eingeerndtet und der Gram darüber seinen Tod beschleunigt zu haben, der am 25. October 1400 erfolgte. Seine irdischen Ueberreste wurden in der Westminster-Abtei beigesetzt und die Stätte, wo sie ruhn, später mit einem Denkmal geschmückt. Er soll einer der schönsten Männer am Hofe der Plantagenets gewesen sein.

Chaucers bedeutendstes poetisches Werk sind The Canterbury Tales; die Idee zu denselben entlehnte er wahrscheinlich dem Decamerone des Boccaccio, dessen Teseide er auch in einer freien Bearbeitung hier einflocht. Personen verschiedenen Geschlechtes und Standes wallfahrten gemeinschaftlich nach Canterbury und vertreiben sich unterwegs die Zeit mit theils ernsten theils lustigen Erzählungen, welche dadurch gleichsam wie in einen Rahmen gefasst werden und den eigentlichen Inhalt bilden, in der äusseren Form und in der Weise des Vortrages von einander abweichend. Die Erzählungen sind nicht des Dichters eigene Erfindung, sondern meist Italienern und Franzosen entlehnt, wohl aber ist es der Prolog, der die Characteristik der einzelnen Mitglieder der Wallfahrtsgesellschaft enthält, und ein Meisterwerk naiver und feiner poetischer Sittenschilderung ist. Nirgends kann Chaucer den Einfluss der italienischen und französischen Dichter verleugnen, doch steht er durch seine geistreiche Behandlung des Stoffes und seine Herrschaft über Sprache und Form selbstständig und als seiner Zeit vorangeeilt da. Anmuth der Phantasie, scharfer Verstand, Witz, Gelehrsamkeit und ein seltenes Talent der Darstellung sind ihm eigen und weisen ihm, abgesehen davon, dass er der Zeit nach der erste ist, einen hohen Rang unter den Dichtern seiner Nation an.

Ausser den Canterbury Tales schrieb er noch eine Uebersetzung des altfranzösischen Romans von der Rose, ein Testament der Liebe, eine Bearbeitung von Boccaccio's Filostrato, kleinere Erzählungen, Balladen in französischer Weise, eine Uebertragung von Boethius Werk de consolatione philosophiae u. A. m. theils in Versen, theils in Prosa. Eine Ausgabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke veranstaltete I. Urry, Lond. 1721. Fol.; später öfter wieder aufgelegt, u. A., Lond. 1812, 4 Bde. in 4.; die beste Edition der Canterbury Tales ist von Th. Tyrwhitt, Lond. 1775, 5 Bde. in 8., und seitdem öfter. — Sein Leben schrieb W. Godwin, History of the Life and Age of G. Chaucer. Lond. 1803, 2 Bde. in 4; deutsch von Breyer, Jena 1805. — Das hier mitgetheilte Bruchstück ist dem Gedichte The Floure and the Leafe entnommen.

Description of the Lady.
From the Floure and the Leafe.

And as I stode, and cast aside mine eye,
I was ware of the fairist medler tre
That avir yet in all my life I se,
As full of blossomis as it might be;
Therein a goldfinch leping pretily
Fro bough to bough, and, as him list, he ete
Here and there of buddis and flouris swete.

And to the herbir side was adjoyning
This fairist tre, of which I have you told,
And, at the last, the bird began to sing
(When he had etin what he etin wold)
So passing swetely, that, by many fold,
It was more plesaunt than I couth devise:
And whan his song was endid in this wise,

The nightingale, with so mery a note,
Answerid him, that alle the wode yrong
So sodainly, that, as it were a sote,
I stode astonied, and was, with the song,
Thorow ravishid; that, till late and long,
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where;
And ayen, methought, she song even by mine ere.

Wherefore I waitid about busily
On every side, if I hir might se;
And, at the last, I gan full well aspy
Where she sate in a fresch grene lauryr tre,
On the furthir side, evin right by me,
That gave so passing a delicious smell,
According to the eglatere full well.

Whereof I had so inly grete plesure, —
As methought, I surely ravishid was
Into Paradise, wherein my desire
Was for to be, and no ferthir pas
As for that day, and on the sote grass
I sat me down; for, as for mine entent,
The birdis song was more convenient,

And more plesaunt to me by many fold,
Than mete or drink, or any othir thing.
Thereto, the herbir was so fresh and cold,
The wholsome savours eke so comforting,
That (as I demid) sith the beginning
Of the worlde, was nevir seen, er than,
So plesaunt a ground of none erthly man.

And as I sat, the birdis herkening thus,
Methought that I herd voicis, suddainly,
The most swetist, the most delicious
That evir any wight, I trow trewly,
Herdin in ther life; for the armony
And swete accord, was in so gode musike,
That the voicis to angels most were like.

At the last, out of a grove, evin by,
(That was right godely and plesaunt to sight)
I se where there came singing, lustily,
A world of ladies; but to tell aright
Ther beauty grete, lyith not in my might,
Ne ther array; nevirtheless I shall
Tell you a part, tho' I speke not of all:

The surcots, white, of velvet well fitting
They werin clad; and the semis eche one,
As it werin a mannir garnishing,
Was set with emeraudis, one and one,
By and by, but many a riche stone
Was set on the purfilis, out of dout,
Of collours, sleves, and trainis, round about;

As of grete perlis, round and orient,
And diamondis fine, and rubys red,
And many othir stone, of which I went
The namis now; and everich on hire hede
A rich fret of gold, which, withoutin drede,
Was full of stately rich stonys set;
And every lady had a chapelet,

On ther hedis, of braunchis fresh and grene,
So wele ywrought, and so marvelously,
That it was a right noble sight to sene;
Some of laurir, and some full plesauntly,
Had chapelets of wodebind; and, sadly,
Some of agnus castus werin also,
Chaplets fresh, but there were many of tho,

That dauncid and, eke, song full sobirly;
But all they yede in maner of compace.
But one there yede, in mid the company,
Sole, by herself: but all follow'd the pace
That she kept: whose hevinly figured face
So plesaunt was, and hir wele shape person,
That of beauty she past them everichone.

And more richly beseen, by many fold,
She was also, in every manir thing;
Upon hir hede, full plesaunt to behold,
A coron of gold rich for any king;
A braunch of agnus castus eke bering
In hir hand; and, to my sight, trewily,
She lady was of all the company.

Thomas Wyat.

Einer der ersten englischen Nachahmer des Petrarca. Sir Thomas Wyat ward im Jahre 1503 auf dem Schlosse Allington in Kent geboren, studirte in Cambridge und Oxford und ward dann von Heinrich VIII. in Staatsgeschäften verwandt und sehr begünstigt. Der Verdacht, in einem genaueren Verhältniss zu Anna Boleyn zu stehen, zog ihm jedoch die Ungnade seines Monarchen, Kerkerhaft und eine Untersuchung wegen verrätherischer Verbindungen zu. Er erhielt jedoch seine Freiheit und die Gunst des Königs wieder. Doch ging er nicht an den Hof zurück, sondern begab sich nach Allington, wo er in ländlicher Zurückgezogenheit den Musen sein Leben widmete und nur dann und wann den Hof besuchte. Der Auftrag, dem Gesandten Kaiser Karl's V. das Geleit von Falmouth nach London zu geben, zog ihm, da er während eines sehr heissen Tages nicht vom Pferde gekommen war, ein hitziges Fieber zu, an welchem er 1542 zu Sherborn starb. Sein poetischer Nachlass, gröstentheils aus Liedern und Balladen bestehend, erschien zuerst, zugleich mit den Gedichten seines Freundes Surrey (vgl. S. 4.) 1557 zu London, später wieder aufgelegt, London 1717 in 8 u. ö.

Petrarca war, wie bereits oben bemerkt wurde, W.'s Vorbild, das er zwar nicht erreichte, aber mit Glück nachahmte; seine gelungensten Leistungen finden sich in seinen Liedern und in seinen poetischen Episteln; sein bedeutendstes Verdienst bestand aber in seiner Behandlung der Sprache, die er förderte und veredelte.

The lover complaineth the unkindness of his love.

My Lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast:
And ende that I have now begunne,
And when this song is song and past,
My lute be styll for I have done.

As to be heard where eare is none,
As leade to grave in marble stone,
My song may pearce her hart as soon!
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly,
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suite and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte,
Of simple hearts through Loves shot,
By whome unkind thou hast them wonne,
Think not he hath his bow forgott,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine
That makest but game of earnest payne,
Think not alone under the sunn,
Unquit to cause thy lovers playne,
Although my lute and I have done,

May chaunce thee lye withred and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playning in vaine unto the moon:
Thy wishes then dare not be told!
Care then who list for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sighe and swone:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last,
Labour that thou and I shall wast,
And ended is that we begonne,
Now is this song both song and past.
My lute be still for I have done.

The lover determineth to serve faithfully.

Since Love will needs, that I shall love,
Of very force I must agree:
And since no chaunce may it remove,
In wealth and in adversitie,
I shall alway myselfe apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

Though for good will I finde but hate,
And cruelly my life to wast,
And though that still a wretched state,
Should pyne my days unto the last:
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

For since my hart is bound to serve,
And I not ruler of myne owne,
Whatsoe befall, tyll that I sterve,
By proofe full well it shall be knowne,
That I shall still myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

Yet though my griefe finde noe redress,
But still encrease before myne eyes,
Though my reward be cruelnesse,
With all the harme, happs can devyse,
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

Yea though fortune her pleasant face,
Should shew, to set me up aloft,
And straight my wealth for to deface,
Should wrythe away, as she doth oft,
Yet would I still my self apply,
To serve and suffer patiently.

There is no griefe, no smert, no woe,
That yet I feel, or after shall,
That from this minde may make me goe,
And whatsoever me befall,
I do profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

Surrey.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey ward wahrscheinlich 1516 (nach Anderen 1512 oder 151 zu Framlingham in Suffolk, geboren, brachte seine Jugend am königlichen Hofe zu Winds zu, wo er ein enges Freundschaftsbündniss mit dem jungen Grafen von Richmond, einem natü lichen Sohne Heinrich's VIII. schloss. Sie besuchten dann gemeinschaftlich die Universit Oxford und machten darauf eine Reise durch Frankreich. Nach ihrer Rückkehr vermählte si Richmond mit einer Schwester der Geliebten Surrey's, der von ihm gefeierten Geraldine (ein Gräfin Fitzgerald), starb aber bald nachher und Surrey trat nun eine Reise nach Italien an, a welcher er alle zum Zweikampf gefordert, die seine Dame nicht für die erste Schönheit d Erde erklärten, und auch wirklich in einem Turnier zu Florenz den Sieg davon getragen habe soll. Trotz dem vermählte er sich nach seiner Rückkehr in das Vaterland mit einer Andern un zeichnete sich nun so als Krieger aus, dass er bereits 1544 das englische Heer als Feldmarscha auf dem Zuge nach Boulogne befehligte. Heinrich VIII. ward jedoch argwöhnisch gegen ih liess ihn verhaften, des Hochverrathes anklagen und trotz Surrey's männlicher und begeisterte Selbstvertheidigung am 21. Januar 1547 enthaupten.

Seine Gedichte (siehe vorige Seite.) sind selbstständige Nachahmungen Petrarca's, desse Vorzüge er zu erreichen strebte, dessen Fehler er hingegen zu vermeiden wusste. Meist lyrisch Poesien zeichnen sie sich durch Zartheit, Anmuth und Wärme aus. Zwar behandelt Surrey in den selben die Form mit grosser Freiheit, dagegen ist aber seine Sprache edel und geschmackvoll Nicht ohne Glück versuchte er die Uebertragung einiger Stellen der Aeneis in englische ungereimt fünffüssige iambische Verse (blank verse).

Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure there passed.

So cruell prison howe could betyde, alas!
As proude Windsor: Where I in lust and joye,
Wyth a kynges sonne, my chyldysh yeres dyd passe,
In greater feast, than Priam's sonnes of Troye:
Where eche swete place returnes a tast full sower:
The large grene where we were wont to rove,
Wyth eyes cast up into the Maydens tower,
And easy sighes, such as folkes draw in Love:
The stately seates, the ladies brighte of hewe;
The daunces short, long tales of greate delight
Wyth woordes and lookes, that tygers could but rewe.
Where eche of us dyd pleade the others ryghte,
The palme play, where despoyled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleames of love,
Have myst the ball, and gote sighte of our dame
To bayte her eyes, whyche kept the leads above
The gravel grounde, wythe sleves tyde on th helme
On foamyng horse, with swordes and frendly hartes;
Wythe chere as though one should anothe whelme
Where we have fought, and chased oft wyth dartes.
With silver droppes the meade yet spreade for ruthe,
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strayne trayned with swarmes of youthe
Our tender limmes, that yet shot up in lengthe.
The secrete groves which oft we made resounde,
Of pleasant playnte, and of our Ladies prayse,
Recordyng oft what grace eche one had founde,
What hope of spede, what dreade of long delayes.
The wylde forrest, the clothed holtes with grene,
With raynes availed and swiftly breathed horse;
Wyth cry of houndes and merry blastes betwene,

Where we did chase the fearful harte of force.
The wyde vales eke, that harborde us eche nyghte,
Wherewyth, (alas) reviveth in my breste
The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delyt,
The pleasant dreames the quyet bed of rest;
The secret thoughtes imparted with such trust,
The wanton talke, the dyvers chaunge of playe;
The friendship sworne, eche promise kept so fast,
Wherewith we past the winter nyghte away.
And wyth thys thoughte, the bloud forsakes the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whyche as soone as sobbyng sighes, (alas!)
Upsupped have, thus I my playnt renewe:
O place of blisse! renewer of my woes!
Give me accompt where is my noble fere,
Whom in thy walles thou doest eche nyghte enclose,
To other leefe, but unto me most dere:
Eccho (alas!) that doth my sorrow rewe,
Returns thereto a hollowe sounde of playnt;
Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe,
In pryson pyne, withe bondage and restraynt:
And with remembrance of the greater griefe,
To banish the lesse, I fynd my chief reliefe.

Description of Spring
wherein eche thinge renewes, save only the lover.

The soote season that bud and bloome forth bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale;
The nightingall with fethers new she singes;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale,
Somer is come, for every spray now springes;
The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale;
The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges;
The fishes flete with newe repayred scale;
The adder all her slough away she flynges;
The swift swallow pursueth the flyes smalle;
The busy bee her honey how she mynges;
Winter is worne that was the floures bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant thynges
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow sprynges.

A Praise of hys Love
wherein he reproves them that compare their ladies with his.

Give place ye lovers here before,
That spent your boastes and bragges in vain!
My ladies beaty passeth more,
The best of yours I dare well sayne,
Then doth the sunne the caundle-lyght,
Or bryghtest day the darkest nyght.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fayre;
For what she sayeth ye may it trust,
As it by wrytyng sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I wyth pen have skill to showe.

I could reherse, if that I would,
The whole effecte of Natures playnt,
When she had lost the perfecte mould,
The lyke to whome she could not paynte:
With wringeing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with rageing mynde,
Her kyngdome only set apart,
There was no losse by law of kynde,
That could have gone so nere her hearte;
And this was chiefely all her payne,
She could not make the lyke agayne.

Syth Nature thus gave her the prayse,
To be the chiefest worke she wroughte;
In fayth me thynke some better wayes,
On your behalfe myghte well be soughte,
Then to compare (as you have done)
To matche the caundle with the sunne.

Description of the restlesse state of a Lover with sute to his Lady, to rue on his dieing hart.

The Sunne hath twyse brought forth his tender grene,
Twyse cladde the earth in lyvely lustinesse;
Ones have the wyndes the trees dyspoled clene,
And once agayne begynnes theyr cruelnesse,
Synce I have hyd under my brest the harme,
That never shall recover healthfulnesse.
The wynters hurt recovers with the warme,
The parched grene restored is with shade:
What warmth, alas! may serve for to dysarme
The frosen hart that myne in flame hath made?
What colde agayne is able to restore
My fresh grene yeares, that wither thus and fade?
Alas! I see nothing hath hurt so sore
But Tyme, in tyme reduceth a returne:
In tyme my harme encreaseth more and more
And seemes to have my cure allwayes in scorne;
Strange kindes of death, in lyfe that I doe trye

At hand to melt, farre off in flame to burne:
And lyke as tyme lyst to my cure applye,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
All things alive, that seeth the heavens with eye,
With cloke of night may cover, and excuse
Itself from travayle of the dayes unrest,
Save I, alas! against all others use,
That then styrre up the tormentes of my breaste,
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate.
And when the sunne hath eke the darke opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The travayles of myne endless smarte and payne:
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night more covertly to playne;
And me withdrawe from every haunted place,
Lest by my chere my chaunce appeare to playne:
And in my mynde I measure pace by pace,
To seeke the place where I my self had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In semyng slacke, that knitteth ever most.
But never yet the travayll of my thought
Of better state, could catche a cause to bost:
For if I founde sometime that I have sought,
Those sterres by whom I trusted of the port,
My sayles do fall, and I advaunce right nought;
As ankred fast, my sprites do all resort
To stand agazed, and sink in more and more
The deadly harme which she doth take in sport.
Lo! if I seek, how do I find my sore!
And if I flee, I cary with me styll
The venomed shaft which doth hys force restore
By hast of flight; and I may plaine my fill
Unto my self, unless this carefull song
Print in your hart some parcell of my tene.
For I, alas! in silence all too long
Of myne olde hurt yet feele the wound but grene.
Rue on my lufe, or else your cruel wronge
Shall well appeare, and by my death be sene.

Description of the restless estate of a Lover.

When youth had led me halfe the race
Thad Cupides scourge had made me runne;
I looked back to meet the place,
From whence my weary course begunne:
And then I saw howe my desyre,
Misguiding me had led the waye,
Myne eyne too greedy of theyre hyre,
Had made me lose a better prey.
For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloake my grief with game;
The boyling smoke dyd still bewray,
The present heate of secret flame:
And when salt teares do bayne my breast,
Where love his pleasent traynes hath sowen,
Her beauty hath the fruytes opprest,
Ere that the buddes were spronge and blowne.
And when myne eyen dyd still pursue,
The flying chase of theyre request;
Theyre greedy looks dyd oft renew,
The hydden wounde within my breste.
When every loke these cheekes might stayne,
From dedly pale to glowing red;
By outward signes appeared playne,
To her for helpe my hart was fled.
But all too late Love learneth me,
To blynd theyre eyes that else should see
My speckled chekes with Cupids hew.
And now the covert brest I clame,
That worshipt Cupide secretely;
And nourished hys sacred flame,
From whence no blairing sparkes do flye.

The Lover excuseth himself of suspected change.

Though I regarded not
The promise made by me,
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honestie;
Yet were my fansie strange,
And wilful will to wite;
If I soughte now to change
A falkon for a kite.
All men might well dispraise
My wit and enterprise,
If I esteemed a pese
Above a pearle in price:
Or judged the owle in sight
The sparhauke to excell;
Which flyeth but in the night
As all men know righte well.
Or if I soughte to saile,
Into the brittle porte;
Where anker hold doth faile,
To such as do resort;
And leave the haven sure
Where blowes no blustring winde;
Nor ficklenesse in ure
So farforth as I finde.
No, think me not so lighte,
Nor of so churlish kinde,
Though it lay in my mighte,
My boundage to unbinde:
That I woulde leave the hinde
To hunt the ganders foe.
No, no, I have no minde
To make exchanges soe;

Nor yet to change at all;
For thinke it may not be
That I shoulde seke to fall
From my felicitie.
Desirous for to win,
And loth for to forgoe,
Or new change to begin;
How may all this be soe?

The fire it cannot frese,
For it is not his kinde;
Nor true love cannot lese
The constancye of minde:
Yet as sone shall the fire,
Want heate to blase and burne,
As I, in such desire,
Have once a thought to turne.

Vere.

Edward Vere, siebenzehnter Graf von Oxford, ward 1534 geboren, zeichnete sich bereits in seiner Jugend durch glänzende Fähigkeiten aus, studirte in Cambridge, machte darauf grössere Reisen und erbte 1562 nach seines Vaters Tode dessen Titel und Besitzungen. Als Oberkammerherr von England war er einer der Richter der unglücklichen Maria Stuart. Er starb 1604. Sein Character wird von seinen Zeitgenossen eben nicht gerühmt; als Jüngling soll er ein grosser Modenarr und vorzüglich ein Nachahmer italienischer Sitten, weshalb man ihn spottweise the Mirrour of Tuscanismo nannte, als Mann dagegen ein vollendeter Höfling gewesen sein.

Seine meist lyrischen Gedichte sind nie in einer besonderen Ausgabe erschienen, sondern finden sich in gleichzeitigen Sammlungen verstreut. Sie sind voll Anmuth und Grazie, aber mitunter auch dunkel und gesucht, und geben ein treues Abbild des damals herrschenden Geschmacks.

Fancy and Desire.

Come hither, shepherd's swayne:
"Sir, what do you require?"
I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.
"My name is Fond Desire."

When wert thou borne, Desire?
"In pompe and pryme of May."
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
"By fond Conceit men say."

Tell me who was thy nurse?
"Fresh Youth in sugred joy,"
What was thy meate and dayly foode?
"Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?
"Unsavoury lovers teares."
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
"In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe?
"Sweete speech, which likes me best."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?
"In gentle hartes I rest."

What thing doth please thee most?
"To gaze on beautye stille."
Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe?
"Disdayn of my good wille."

Doth companye displease?
"Yea, surelye, many one."
Where doth Desire delight to live?
"He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age
Bringe him unto decaye?
"No, no, Desire both lives and dyes
Ten thousand times a daye."

Then, fond Desire, farewelle,
Thou art no mate for mee;
I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle
With such a one as thee.

The Judgement of Desire.

The lively larke stretch't forthe her wyng
The messenger of mornyng bright,
And with her cherefull voyce dyd syng
The daie's approche, dischargyng night:
When that Aurora, blushyng redd,
Discride the gilt of Thetis bedd.

I went abroad to take the aire,
And in the meadds I mett a knight,
Clad in carnation colour faire:
I did salute the youthfull wight,
Of him I did his name enquire,
He sigh'd and saied it was Desire.

Desire I did desire to staie,
Awhile with him I craved talke:
The courteous wight said me no naie,
But hande in hande with me did walke
Then of Desire I ask'te againe,
What thing did please and what did pain.

He smil'd, and thus he answered than;
Desire can have no greater paine,
Then for to see an other man
The thyng desired to obtaine:
Nor greater joye can be then this,
That to injoye that others misse.

The Shepheards Commendation of his Nimph.

What shepheard can expresse
The favour of her face?
To whom in this distresse
I doe appeale for grace;
  A thousand cupids flye
  About her gentle eye;

From which each throwes a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
Possessed by desire
  No sweeter life I trie
  Than in her love to die.

The lilly in the field
That glories in his white
For purenesse now must yeeld
And render up his right.
  Heaven pictur'd in her face
  Doth promise joy and grace.

Faire Cynthiae's silver light
That beates on running streames,
Compares not with her white;
Whose haires are all sun-beames.
  So bright my nimph doth shine
  As day unto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceedes the damaske rose:
Which in her cheekes is spred
Where every favour growes;
  In skie there is no starre
  But she surmounts it farre.

When Phoebus from the bed
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red,
In faire carnation wise:
  He shewes in my nimphs face,
  As Queene of every grace.

This pleasant lilly white,
This taint of roseate red,
This Cynthiae's silver light,
This sweet faire Dea spred,
  These sun-beames in mine eye,
  These beauties make me die.

A Lover disdained complaineth.

If ever man had love too dearly bought,
So I am he that plaies within her maze:
And finds no waie, to get the same I sought,
But as the Dere are driven unto the gaze.
Myself to burne, I blowe the fire:
  But shall I come ny you,
  Of forse I must flie you.

What death, alas, may be compared to this?
I plaie within the maze of my swete foe:
And when I would of her but crave a kis,
Disdaine enforceth her awaie to goe.
Myself I check: yet doe I twiste the twine:
The pleasure hers, the paine is myne:
  But shall I come ny you,
  Of forse I must flie you.

You courtly wights, that want your pleasant choise,
Lende me a floud of teares to waile my chaunce:
Happie are thei in love that can rejoyse,
To their greate paines, where fortune doeth advance.
But sith my sute, alas, can not prevaile!
Full fraight with care in grief still will I waile:
  Sith you will needs flie me,
  I maie not comme ny you.

Woemen.

If woemen coulde be fayre and yet not fonde,
Or that theyre Love were firme not fickle still,
I would not mervaylle that they make me bonde
By servise longe to purchase theyre good will:
  But when I se how frayll those creatures are,
  I muse that men forget them selves so farr.

To marke the choyse they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus they do flee to Pann,
Unsettled still, like haggardes wild theye range,
These gentlle byrdes that flye from man to man:
Who woulde not scorne and shake them from the fyste,
And let them flye, fayre fooles, whiche waye they lyste.

Yet for disporte we fawne and flatter bothe,
To pass the tyme when nothinge else can please,
And trayne them to our lure with subtylle othe,
Till wearye of theyre wiles, our selves we easse:
And then we saye, when we theyre fancye trye,
To playe with fooles, oh! what a foole was I.

Gascoigne.

George Gascoigne ward (wahrscheinlich zu Anfang des sechszehnten Jahrhunderts) zu Walthamstow in Essex geboren, studirte zu Cambridge und widmete sich dann der Rechtsgelehrsamkeit. Von seinem Vater wegen Jugendstreiche enterbt, gab er jedoch diese Laufbahn auf, nahm Kriegsdienste in Holland, gerieth in spanische Gefangenschaft, kehrte dann in sein Vaterland zurück und wandte sich wieder zur Jurisprudenz. Er starb 1577 zu Stamford. Ausser lyrischen Poesieen hinterliess er zwei grössere erzählende Gedichte "The fruites of Warre" und "The Steele glass" und Bearbeitungen italienischer und altgriechischer Dramen und ausländischer Dichtungen. Seine gesammelten Werke erschienen zuerst zu London 1587 unter dem Titel: The Pleasauntest Works of George Gascoigne, Esquyre, newlye compyled into one volume, that is to saye: His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of Warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Trajedie of Jocasta, the Steele-glasse, the Complaint of Phylomene, the Story of Ferdinando Jeronimi and the Pleasure of Kenelworth Castle. — Das Letztere ist ein Maskenspiel, welches 1575 zu Kenilworth vor der Königin Elisabeth aufgeführt wurde. — Während seines Lebens erschien bereits eine Sammlung von Bearbeitungen ausländischer Gedichte von ihm, mit dem Titel: A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres, bound up in one small Posie etc.

Anmuth, Eleganz und Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form, Gedankenreichthum und eine gesunde Lebensanschauung verleihen seinen Leistungen nicht geringen Werth, doch leidet er auch an den Geschmacksfehlern seiner Zeit, namentlich an dem Streben nach Künstlichkeit und dem gesuchten Spiel mit Begriffen und Wörtern.

The Arraignment of a Lover.

At Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,
When false suspect accused mee,
George (quod the Judge) holde up thy hande,
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:
Tell therefore howe thou wylte bee tryde:
Whose judgement here wylt thou abyde?

My Lorde (quod J) this Lady here,
Whome I esteeme above the rest,
Doth knowe my guilte if any were:
Wherefore hir doome shall please me best
Let hir bee Judge and Jurour boathe,
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.

Quod Beautie, no, it fitteth not
A Prince hir selfe to judge the cause:
Wyll is our Justice well you wot,
Appointed to discusse our Lawes:
If you wyll guiltlesse seeme to goe,
God and your countrey quitte you so.

Then Crafte the cryer cal'd a quest,
Of whome was Falshoode formost feere,
A pack of pickethankes were the rest,
Which came false witnesse for to beare,
The Jurye suche, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was sayde I should be trust.

Jelous the Jayler bound mee fast,
To heare the verdite of the byll,
George (quod the Judge) nowe thou art cast,
Thou must goe hence to heavie hill,
And there be hangde all bye the head,
God rest thy soule when thou art dead.

Downe fell I then upon my knee
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,
And cryed, good Ladye pardon mee,
Which here appeale unto your grace,
You knowe if I have beene untrue,
It was in too much praysing you.

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,
To shead with shame my guiltlesse blood:
Yet let your pittie first bee plaste,
To save the man that meant you good,
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,
And I maye bee your servaunt seene.

(Quod Beautie) well: bicause I guesse,
What thou dost meane hencefoorth to bee,
Although thy faultes deserve no lesse,
Than Justice here hath judged thee,
Wylt thou be bounde to stynte all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I shall,
Loe Fayth and Trueth my suerties:
Why then (quod shee) come when I call,
I aske no better warrantise.
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,
At hir commaunde when shee doth call.

Christopher Marlowe.

Das Geburtsjahr dieses genialen, aber zügellosen Dichters ist nicht ermittelt und man weiss nur gewiss, dass es in die Zeit der Regierung Eduards VI. fiel. Marlowe studirte 1587 in Cambridge, verliess aber die Universität und ward Schauspieler, führte indessen ein regelloses Leben, machte sich als Freigeist verrufen und starb 1593 an einer Verwundung, die er sich in einem Streit zugezogen hatte.

Unter seinen Trauerspielen, Lust's Dominion, später von Behu unter dem Titel Abdelazer or the Moors Revenge überarbeitet, Edward II., First Part of Tamburlaine, the Jew of Malta, Doctor Faustus etc. zeichnet sich vorzüglich das Letztgenannte (deutsch von Wilhelm Müller, Berlin 1818) durch Gedankenreichthum, Kraft und Phantasie sehr vortheilhaft aus und verdient unter den Bearbeitungen der Sage von Faust, als eine der ersten und bedeutendsten, aufmerksame Beachtung. — Ueberhaupt ist Marlowe als der begabteste Vorgänger Shakspeare's zu betrachten, aber eben so roh wie genial, gestattete ihm seine wilde Lebensweise weder die nothwendige Ruhe noch die genügende Entwickelung und Reife seiner seltenen Fähigkeiten.

Scenes

from the tragical history of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus: by Christopher Marlowe.

(Faustus in his study, runs through the circle of the sciences; and being satisfied with none of them, determines to addict himself to magic.)

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenc'd, be a Divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me
Bene disserere est finis Logices.
Is, to dispute well, Logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid Oeconomy farewell: and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wond'rous cure.
Summum bonum medicinae sanitas:
The end of physic is our bodies' health.
Why, Faustus; hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And divers desperate maladies been cured?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men but live eternally,
Or being dead raise men to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic farewell. Where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, etc.
A petty case of paltry legacies.
Exhereditari filium non potest pater, nisi, etc.
Such is the subject of the Institute,
And universal body of the Law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, Divinity is best.
Jerome's bible, Faustus: view it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est: ha! Stipendium, etc.
The reward of sin is death: that's hard.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us.
Why then belike we must sin, and so consequently die.
Aye, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? Che sera, sera:
What will be, shall be. Divinity adieu.
These Metaphysics of Magicians,
And necromantic books, are heavenly.
Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters:
Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and Kings
Are but obey'd in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound Magician is a Demigod.
Here tire my brains to gain a deity.

How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprises I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy;
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
I'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces:
Yea stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I'll make my servile Spirits to invent.
Come German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me wise with your sage conference.

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

Faust. Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last,
To practise Magic and concealed Arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure:
Both Law and Physic are for petty wits:
'Tis Magic, Magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt;
And I that have with subtil syllogisms
Gravell'd the Pastors of the German Church,
And made the flowering pride of Wirtemberg
Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal Spirits
On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lords,
So shall the Spirits of every Element
Be always serviceable to us three:
Like Lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain Rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides:
Sometimes like Women, or unwedded Maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform,
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Inricht with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.

Faust. Come shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee, ere our conference cease.

Faustus being instructed in the elements of magic by his friends Valdes and Cornelius, sells his soul to the devil, to have an Evil Spirit at his command for twenty-four years. — When the years are expired, the devils claim his soul.

Faustus, the night of his death. Wagner, his servant.

Faust. Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my Will,
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.
(Exit.)

Three Scholars enter.

Faust. Gramercy, Wagner.
Welcome Gentlemen

First Sch. Now worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

Faust. Oh, Gentlemen.

Sec. Sch. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now must die eternally. Look, Sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

First Sch. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

Sec. Sch. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

Third Sch. He is not well with being over solitary.

Sec. Sch. If it be so, we will have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

Third. Sch. 'Tis but a surfeit, Sir; fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin that hath damn'd both body and soul.

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O Gentlemen, bear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years. O would I had ne'er seen Wirtemberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea heaven itself, heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever.. Hell, O hell, for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

Sec. Sch. Yet Faustus call on God.

Faust. On God whom Faustus hath abjured? on God whom Faustus hath blasphemed? O my God, I would weep but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears, yea life and soul. Oh, he stays my tongue: I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold'em, they hold'em.

Scholars. Who, Faustus?

Faust. God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood, the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

First. Sch. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity: and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Sch. O what may we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me but save yourselves and depart.

Third Sch. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus,

First Sch. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

Scholars. Faustus farewell.

Faustus alone. The Clock strikes Eleven.

Faust. O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you ever moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come.
Fair nature's Eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day: or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite noctis equi.
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O I will leap to heaven: who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood will save me: Oh, my Christ,
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.
Where is it now? 'tis gone;
And see, a threatning arm, and angry brow.
Mountains and hills come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.
No? then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape earth. O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoaky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

The watch strikes.

O half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
O if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years.,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved:

No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh Pythagoras' Metempsycosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements:
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engender'd me:
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock strikes twelve.

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul, be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

Thunder, and enter the devils.

O mercy heaven, look not so fierce on me.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile:
Ugly hell gape not; come not Lucifer:
I'll burn my books: Oh Mephistophilis.

Enter Scholars.

First Sch. Come Gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard.
Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

Sec. Sch. O help us heavens, see here are Faustus' limbs
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

Third Sch. The devil whom Faustus serv'd hath torn him thus:
For twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought,
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help;
At which same time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

Sec. Sch. Well Gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on:
Yet, for he was a Scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial:
And all the scholars, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full strait,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone. Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendfull fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things:
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

Peele.

Ueber das Leben dieses Mannes ist weiter Nichts bekannt, als dass er, ein Vorgänger Shakspeare's, 1579 Magister der freien Künste in Oxford und dann Stadtpoet in London wurde und noch zu seines grossen Nachfolgers Zeit lebte, jedoch vor 1597 starb. Er hinterliess fünf Stücke: The Arraignment of Paris, 1584 gedruckt; Edward I. (4°, 1593) The Old Wive's Tale (4°, 1595) King David and Fair Bethsabe, nach seinem Tode 1599 gedruckt, und The Turkish Mahomet and Hyron the Fair Greek, das nie gedruckt wurde und verloren gegangen ist, so wie mehrere von 1589 bis 1593 verfasste Gelegenheitsgedichte. David and Bethsabe findet sich abgedruckt im 2. Bande von Dodsley's Collection of old plays. —

Peele war roh aber genial, voller Fehler aber auch voll guter Eigenschaften als Dichter und besass für seine Zeit eine seltene Herrschaft über Sprache und Form; eigentliches Interesse bietet er jedoch nur durch den Vergleich mit seinem grossen Nachfolger.

Scene

from the Love of King David and fair Bethsabe, with the Tragedy of Absalom: by George Peele.

(Bethsabe with her maid bathing: she sings and David sits alone viewing her.)

The song.

Hot sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair,
Shine sun, burn fire, breathe air and ease me,
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me;
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Enflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Bethsabe. Come gentle Zephyr trick'd with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetned Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with the silken fan:
This shade (sun-proof) is yet no proof for thee,
Thy body smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce.
Thou and thy sister soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbor sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

David. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire!
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame!
Fair Eva, plac'd in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of Archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts,
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamel'd with discolour'd flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brim let be imbrac'd with golden curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn instead of dew;
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

Enter Cusay.

See Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king
In all the land the Lord subdued to me.
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh;
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On Zephyr's wings before the king of Heaven.

Cusay. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife
Urias, now at Rabath siege with Joab?

David. Go now and bring her quickly to the King;
Tell her, her graces hath found grace with him.

Cusay. I will my Lord.

David. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
In water mix'd with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids,
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings,
That carries pleasures to the hearts of Kings.

Raleigh.

Sir Walter Raleigh ward 1552 zu Hayes-Farm in Devonshire geboren, studirte in Oxford und widmete sich dann der Rechtswissenschaft. Die bewegte damalige Zeit bewog ihn jedoch, den Studien zu entsagen und Kriegsdienste zu nehmen. Nachdem er sich in Frankreich, den Niederlanden und Irland durch seine Tapferkeit ausgezeichnet, kehrte er nach England zurück und erwarb sich die Gunst der Königin Elisabeth. Unter ihrer Regierung that er sich wiederholt

hervor durch seine Theilnahme an der Zerstörung der Armada, die Colonisation von Virginien, dem er der jungfräulichen Monarchie zu Ehren diesen Namen gab, so wie durch viele andere grossartige Unternehmungen mehr, weshalb er auch von ihr mit Würden und Ehren geschmückt wurde und viele wichtige Aemter bekleidete. Mit ihrem Tode erlosch aber sein Stern; ihr Nachfolger Jacob I. hasste ihn und liess ihn, wegen nichtiger Gründe, absetzen und zum Tode verdammen. Das Urtheil wurde jedoch in Kerkerstrafe verwandelt und Raleigh musste zwölf Jahre lang im Tower schmachten. Endlich erhielt er seine Freiheit wieder und den Auftrag, das Gold aus den Minen von Guiana auszuführen. Diese Expedition missglückte jedoch und in Folge dessen wurde er bei seiner Rückkehr nach England von Neuem gefänglich eingezogen, und da man wegen seines Betragens in Guiana Nichts auf ihn zu bringen vermochte, in Kraft des früheren Todesurtheils am 24. October 1618 enthauptet. Männlich erlag er seinem Schicksal.

Neben mehreren andern Schriften hinterliess er ein grosses Werk in Prosa, eine Weltgeschichte (History of the World. London 1552 in Folio), eine jetzt zwar veraltete, für ihre Zeit aber höchst verdienstliche Arbeit. Als Dichter hat er sich vorzüglich durch eben so originelle als anmuthige Lieder ausgezeichnet; seine poetischen Leistungen erschienen jedoch nicht besonders, sondern finden sich in meist gleichzeitigen Sammlungen verstreut.

The Shepheard to the Flowers.

Sweet violets, Love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched beare
Within your palie faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calme breathing winde,
That playes amidst the plaine
If by the favour of propitious starres you gaine
Such grace as in my ladie's bosome place to finde,
Be proud to touch those places!
And when her warmth your moysture forth doth weare,
Whereby her daintie parts are sweetly fed,
Your honours of the flowrie meades I pray,
You pretty daughters of the earth and sunne,
With milde and seemely breathing straite display
My bitter sighs, that have my hart undone!

Vermillion roses, that with new dayes rise,
Display your crimson folds fresh looking faire,
Whose radiant bright disgraces
The rich adorned rayes of roseate rising morne!
Ah, if her virgin's hand
Do pluck your purse, ere Phoebus view the land,
And vaile your gracious pompe in lovely Nature's scorne,
If chaunce my mistresse traces
Fast by your flowers to take the Sommer's ayre,
Then wofull blushing tempt her glorious eyes
To spread their teares, Adonis' death reporting,
Whose drops of bloud, within your leaves consorting,
Report fair Venus' moanes to have no end!
Then may Remorse, in pittying of my smart,
Drie up my teares, and dwell within her hart!

The Shepheards Description of Love.

Melibeus.

Shepheard, what's Love, I pray thee tell?

Faustus.

It is that fountaine, and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell:
It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell,
That toules all into heaven or hell:
And this is Love, as I heard tell.

Melibeus.

Yet what is Love, I prethee say?

Faustus.

It is a worke on holy-day,
It is December match'd with May,
When lustie bloods in fresh aray
Heare ten months after of the play:
And this is Love, as I heare say.

Melibeus.

Yet what is Love, good Shepheard saine?

Faustus.

It is a sun-shine mixt with raine;
It is a tooth-ach; or like paine:
It is a game, where none doth gaine.
The lass saith no, and would full faine:
And this is Love, as I heare say.

Melibeus.

Yet what is Love, good Shepheard show?

Faustus.

A thing that creepes, it cannot goe;
A prize that passeth to and fro,

A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that prooves shall find it so,
And, Shepheard, this is Love I trow.

The silent Lover.

Passions are likened best to floods and streames;
The shallow murmur, but the deepe are dumb.
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come:
They that are rich in words must needs discover,
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistresse of my heart,
The conquest of thy beautie,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
Who sues for no compassion!

Since, if my plaints were not t' approve
The conquest of thy beautie,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t' exceed my dutie.

For, knowing that I sue to serve
A sainte of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want reliefe
Than venture the revealing:
Where glory recommends the griefe,
Despaire disdains the healing!

Thus those desires that boil so high
In any mortal lover,
When Reason cannot make them die,
Discretion them must cover.

Yet when Discretion doth bereave
The plaintes that I should utter,
Then your Discretion may perceive
That Silence is a Suitor.

Silence in Love bewrays more woe
Than words, though nere so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pitty!

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart!
My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion!

A Vision upon the Fairy Queen.

Methought I saw the grave, where Laura lay
Within that temple, where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and, passing by that way,
To see that buried; dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept:
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And, from thenceforth, those Graces were not seen;
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce:
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curs'd the access of that celestial thief!

The Lye.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thankelesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe, tell the court it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe, tell the church it showes
What's good, and doth no good;
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions;
Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise onely hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
Tell love, it is but lust;
Tell time, it is but motion;
Tell flesh, it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;
Tell honour, how it alters;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;
Tell favour, how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisedome, she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse;
And if they do reply
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill, it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldnesse;
Tell law, it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell Nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay;
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles they want profoundnesse;
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie,
Tell, vertue least preferreth;
And, if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

Spenser.

Edmund Spenser, der erste grosse epische Dichter der Engländer, ward zu London, wahrscheinlich im Jahre 1553 geboren. Er studirte in Cambridge, verliess aber diese Universität bald wieder und widmete sich nun poetischen Leistungen. Seine erste Arbeit war "The Shepherds Calendar;" sie erwarb ihm die Gunst des Sir Philipp Sidney und der Königin Élisabeth, doch war ihm der Erstere förderlicher als die Monarchin, da ihm hier der alte Staatsmann Burleigh, der überhaupt keine Dichter leiden konnte, stets im Wege stand. Nachdem er eine zeitlang in ländlicher Zurückgezogenheit gelebt, begab er sich wieder nach London und begleitete dann den Grafen Leicester als Secretair nach Irland. Hier erhielt er zur Belohnung für seine Dienste, ein kleines Landgut, wo er sein grosses Gedicht, "The Faerie Queene," vollendete. Bald nachher brach eine Empörung in Irland aus, die ihm sein ganzes Vermögen und eins seiner Kinder raubte und ihn zwang, nach England zurückzukehren. Er lebte hier noch zwölf Jahre, wahrscheinlich in Armuth und Entsagung, denn Alles, was die Königin für ihn that, war, dass sie ihm eine jährliche Pension von 50 l. st. bewilligte. Seine irdischen Ueberreste wurden nach seinem 1598 erfolgten Tode in der Westminster-Abtei neben Chaucer beigesetzt und ihm durch den Grafen von Essex ein Monument errichtet.

Als Dichter zeichnet sich Spenser durch reiche schöpferische Einbildungskraft, tiefes Gefühl und eine seltene Herrschaft über Sprache und Form höchst bedeutend aus. Leider blieb sein grosses Gedicht, die Feenkönigin, für das er eine eigene zehnzeilige Strophe, die nach ihm benannte Spenser-Stanze erfand, unvollendet, da die letzte Hälfte desselben verloren ging. Die beste Aus-

gabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke ist die von Todd besorgte, London 1806, 8 Bde. in 8. — Di Faerie queene ward oft besonders aufgelegt; die beste Ausgabe erschien London 1751, 3 Bde. in 4 Es ist ein romantisches allegorisirendes Epos, dessen Inhalt der Dichter dem Sagenkreise de Königs Arthur entlehnte.

From the Faerie Queene.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect;
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Brydling his will and maystering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate:

So fashioned a porch with rare device
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
All passers-by to taste their lushious wine
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,
Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened:

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest
Did bow adowne as overburdened.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest
Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disordered,
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for womanhed:

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast;
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat Excesse exceedinly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye;
The painted flowres; the trees upshooting hye;
The dales for shade; the hilles for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the christall running by;
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine),
That Nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine;
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on Earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew:
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,

Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew;
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee,
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise:
But th' other rather higher did arise
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd;
The rest, hidd underneath, him more desirous made.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd:
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signs of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton merriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned to approch more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold could reare.

Sidney.

Einer der grossartigsten und ausgezeichnetsten Männer der bedeutenden Zeit, der er angehörte, ward Sir Philipp Sidney am 20. November 1554 zu Penshurst in Kent geboren, studirte noch sehr jung in Oxford und machte dann eine grosse Reise durch Europa. Bei seiner Rückkehr vermählte er sich, aber seine Gattin, so schön sie auch sein mochte, war nicht die Dame seines Herzens, dies gehörte der Lady Penelope Devereux (der Philoclea seines Arkadiens und der Stella seines Astrophel) welche Familienrücksichten ihm verwehrt hatten als Gemahlin heimzuführen. Die Königin Elisabeth schenkte ihm schon früh ihre Gunst und Sidney zeigte sich als tapferer Krieger wie als umsichtiger Staatsmann derselben fortwährend im höchsten Grade würdig. Er starb an einer, bei der Schlacht von Zütphen am 22. September 1586 erhaltenen tödtlichen Wunde und wurde mit grosser Pracht in der St. Paulskirche zu London beigesetzt.

Sidney hinterliess einen mit Versen untermischten Schäferroman, Arkadia, eine zusammenhängende Reihe von Sonetten, Astrophel and Stella betitelt, viele kleinere, besonders lyrische Gedichte und einige prosaische Schriften. Die beste Ausgabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke ist die vierzehnte, London 1725, 3 Bde. in 8. — Eine ausführliche Biographie des vortrefflichen Mannes lieferte Th. Zouch, Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ph. S. York 1809. 1 Bd. in 4.

Als Dichter zeichnet er sich durch Eleganz, Zartheit, Gedankenreichthum, Phantasie und tiefes Gefühl, so wie durch Herrschaft über Form und Sprache sehr ehrenvoll aus; doch ist er auch nicht frei von dem herrschenden Geschmack seiner Zeit und sein Bestreben das Klassische mit dem Romantischen zu verbinden, führte ihn mitunter zu Verirrungen. Dahin gehört z. B. sein Versuch, englische Hexameter und Alexandriner zu bilden, den man als gänzlich misglückt betrachten muss. Unter seinen kleinen Liedern findet sich dagegen mehr als ein Meisterwerk.

Song.

Who is it that this darke night,
Underneath my window playneth?
It is one, who from thy sight
Being (ah!) exil'd, disdayneth
Ev'ry other vulgar light.

Why, alas! and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changed?
Dere, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my chaunge to ruine be.

Well, in absence this will dy;
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.
Absence sure will helpe, if I
Can learne, how myselfe to sunder
From what in my heart doth ly.

But time will these thoughts remove;
Time doth work what no man knoweth;
Time doth as the subject prove;
With time still affection groweth
In the faithfull turtle-dove.

What if ye new beauties see,
Will not they stir new affection?
I will thinke thy pictures be,
Image-like, of saints perfection
Poorely counterfeting thee.

But your reason's purest light,
Bids you leave such minds to nourish.
Dere, do reason no such spite;
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More then in thy reason's sight.

But the wrongs love beares, will make
Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fooles it do shake,
In a ground of so firme making,
Deeper still they drive the stake.

Peace! I think that some give care;
Come no more, lest I get anger.
Blisse, I will my blisse forbeare;
Fearing (sweete) you to endanger;
But my soule shall harbour there.

Well, begone; begone, I say,
Lest that Argus eyes perceive you.
O unjust is fortune's sway!
Which can make me thus to leave you;
And from lowts to run away.

Song.

Have I caught my heav'nly jewell,
  Teaching sleepe most faire to be?
  Now will I teach her that she,
When she wakes, is too too cruell.

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charm'd
  The two only darts of Love;
  Now will I, with that boy, prove
Some play, while he is disarm'd.

Her tongue, waking, still refuseth,
  Giving frankly niggard no:
  Now will I, with that boy, prove
What no her tongue, sleeping, useth.

See the hand which, waking, gardeth,
  Sleeping, grants a free resort:
  Now will I invade the fort;
Cowards Love with losse rewardeth.

But, O foole! thinke of the danger
  Of her just and high disdaine:
  Now will I, alas! refraine;
Love feares nothing else but anger.

Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,
  Do invite a stealing kisse:
  Now will I but venture this,
Who will read, must first learne spelling.

Oh! sweet kisse! but ah! she's waking;
  Low'ring beautie chastens me:
  Now will I away hence flee:
Foole! more foole! for no more taking.

Song.

O You that heare this voice,
O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choice
Deserves the former place:
Feare not to judge this bate,
For it is void of hate.

This side doth beauty take,
For that doth musike speake,
Fit oratours to make
The strongest judgements weake:
The barre to plead their right
Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
These gentle lawyers wage,
Like loving brothers case
For fathers heritage:
That each while each contends,
It selfe to other lends.

For beautie beautifies,
With heavenly hew and grace
The heavenly harmonies;
And in this faultlesse face,
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmony.

Musike more loftly swels
In speeches nobly placed:
Beauty as farre excels,
In action aptly graced:
A friend each party drawes,
To countenance his cause:

Love more affected seemes,
To beauties lovely light,
And wonder more esteemes
Of musikes wondrous might,
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

Musike doth witnesse call
The eare his truth to trie:
Beauty brings to the hall,
Eye-judgement of the eye.
Both in their objects such
As no exceptions tutch.

The common sense, which might
Be arbiter of this,
To be forsooth upright,
To both sides partiall is:
He layes on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

Then reason princesse try,
Whose throne is in the mind,
Which musike can in sky
And hidden beauties find,
Say whither thou wilt crowne
With limitlesse renowne.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

Dieser ausgezeichnete Staatsmann, ein Liebling der Königin Elisabeth und Jakob's I. ward 1554 zu Alcaster in Warwickshire geboren, studirte zu Oxford und Cambridge und trat dann in Staatsdienste, in welchen er bis zum Staatskanzler und Pair emporstieg. Er starb am 30. September 1628, von einem seiner Diener, wahrscheinlich in einem Anfall von Wahnsinn, erstochen.

Ausser mehreren didactischen Gedichten hinterliess Lord Brooke zwei Trauerspiele: Alaham und Mustapha, welche ihn als Dichter am Längsten im Andenken der Nachwelt erhalten haben. Er war ein Mann von seltenen Fähigkeiten, aber der Verstand hatte bei Allem, was er that und schrieb, die Oberhand; was ein Poet durch geschickte Combination erreichen kann, das hat er, die Rücksicht auf seine Zeit nicht unbeachtet gelassen, erreicht, aber, allen seinen Leistungen fehlt der warme, lebendige Odem der Begeisterung und des Gefühls; sie, selbst die Trauerspiele, sind Untersuchungen und Abhandlungen in Versen, bei denen man den Scharfsinn des Verfassers bewundert, ohne vom Inhalt ergriffen zu werden.

Scene from Mustapha.

A Tragedy.

By Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

(Rossa, Wife to Solyman the Turkish Emperor, persuades her Husband, that Mustapha, his Son by a former Marriage, and Heir to his crown, seeks his life: that she may make way, by the death of Mustapha, for the advancement of her own children, Zanger and Camena. Camena the virtuous Daughter of Rossa defends the Innocence of Mustapha in a Conference which she holds with the Emperor.)

Camena. Solyman.

Cam. They that from youth do suck at fortune's breast,
And nurse their empty hearts with seeking higher,
Like dropsy-fed, their thirst doth never rest;
For still, by getting, they beget desire:
Till thaughts, like wood, while they maintain the flame
Of high desires, grow ashes in the same.
But virtue! those that can behold thy beauties,
Those that suck, from their youth, thy milk of goodness,
Their minds grow strong against the storms of fortune,
And stand, like rocks in winter-gusts, unshaken;
Not with the blindness of desire mistaken.
O virtue therefore! whose thrall I think fortune,
Thou who despisest not the sex of women,
Help me out of these riddles of my fortune,
Wherein (methinks) you with yourself do pose me:
Let fates go on: sweet virtue! do not lose me.
My mother and my husband have conspired,
For brother's good, the ruin of my brother:
My father by my mother is inspired,
For one child to seek ruin of another.
I that to help by nature am required,
While I do help, must needs still hurt a brother.
While I see who conspire, I seem conspired
Against a husband, father, and a mother.
Truth bids me run, by truth I am retired;
Shame leads me both the one way, and the other.
In what a labyrinth is honour cast,
Drawn divers ways with sex, with time, with state,
In all which, error's course is infinite,
By hope, by fear, by spite, by love, and hate;
And but one only way unto the right,
A thorny way, where pain must be the guide,
Danger the light, offence of power the praise:
Such are the golden hopes of iron days.
Yet virtue, I am thine, for thy sake grieved
(Since basest thoughts, for their ill-plac'd desires,
In shame, in danger, death and torment, glory),
That I cannot with more pains write thy story.
Chance, therefore, if thou scornest those that scorn thee;
Fame, if thou hatest those that force thy trumpet
To sound aloud, and yet despise thy sounding;
Laws, if you love not those that be examples
Of nature's laws, whence you are fall'n corrupted;
Conspire that I, against you all conspired,
Joined with tyrant virtue, as you call her,
That I, by your revenges may be named,
For virtue, to be ruin'd, and defamed.
My mother oft and diversly I warned,
What fortunes were upon such courses builded:
That fortune still must be with ill maintained,
Which at the first with any ill is gained.
I Rosten warn'd, that man's self-loving thought
Still creepeth to the rude-embracing might
Of princes' grace: a lease of glories let,
Which shining burns; beeds serenes when 'tis set.
And, by this creature of my mother's making,
This messenger, I Mustapha have warn'd,
That innocence is not enough to save,
Where good and greatness, fear and envy have.

Till now, in reverence I have forborn
To ask, or to presume to guess, or know
My father's thoughts; whereof he might think scorn:
For dreadful is that power that all may do;
Yet they, that all men fear, are fearful too.
Lo where he sits! Virtue, work thou in me,
That what thou seekest may accomplish'd be.

Solym. Ah death! is not thyself sufficient anguish,
But thou must borrow fear, that threatning glass,
Which, while it goodness hides, and mischief shows,
Doth lighten wit to honor's overthrows?
But hush! methinks away Camena steals;
Murther, belike, in me itself reveals.
Camena! whither now? why haste you from me?
Is it so strange a thing to be a father?
Or is it I that am so strange a father?

Cam. My Lord, methought, nay, sure I saw you busy:
Your child presumes, uncall'd, that comes unto you.

Solym. Who may presume with fathers, but their own,
Whom nature's law hath ever in protection,
And gilds in good belief of dear affection?

Cam. Nay, reverence, Sir, so children's worth doth hide,
As of the fathers it is least espy'd.

Solym. I think 'tis true, who know their children least,
Have greatest reason to esteem them best.

Cam. How so, my lord? since love in knowledge lives,
Which unto strangers therefore no man gives.

Solym. The life we gave them soon they do forget,
While they think our lives do their fortunes let.

Cam. The tenderness of life it is so great,
As any sign of death we hate too much;
And unto parents sons, perchance, are such.
Yet nature meant her strongest unity
Twixt sons and fathers; making parents cause
Unto the sons, of their humanity;
And children pledge of their eternity.
Fathers should love this image in their sons.

Solym. But streams back to their springs do never run.

Cam. Pardon, my lord, doubt is succession's foe:
Let not her mists poor children overthrow.
Though streams from springs do seem to run away
'Tis nature leads them to their mother sea.

Solym. Doth nature teach them, in ambition's strife,
To seek his death, by whom they have their life?

Cam. Things easy, to desire impossible do seem:
Why should fear make impossible seem easy?

Solym. Monsters yet be, and being are believed.

Cam. Incredible hath some inordinate progression:
Blood, doctrine, age, corrupting liberty,
Do all concur, where men such monsters be.
Pardon me, Sir, if duty do seem angry:
Affection must breathe out afflicted breath,
Where imputation hath such easy faith.

Solym. Mustapha is he that hath defil'd his nest;
The wrong the greater for I loved him best.
He hath devised that all at once should die.
Rosten, and Rossa, Zanger, thou, and I.

Cam. Fall none but angels suddenly to hell?
Are kind and order grown precipitate?
Did ever any other man but he
In instant lose the use of doing well?
Sir, these be mists of greatness. Look again:
For kings that, in their fearful icy state,
Behold their children as their winding-sheet,
Do easily doubt; and what they doubt, they hate.

Solym. Camena! thy sweet youth, that knows no ill,
Cannot believe thine elders, when they say,
That good belief is great estates' decay.
Let it suffice, that I, and Rossa too,
Are privy what your brother means to do.

Cam. Sir, pardon me, and nobly as a father,
What I shall say, and say of holy mother;
Know I shall say it, but to right a brother.
My mother is your wife: duty in her
Is love: she loves: which not well govern'd, bears
The evil angel of misgiving fears;
Whose many eyes, whilst but itself they see,
Still makes the worst of possibility:
Out of this fear she Mustapha accuseth:
Unto this fear, perchance, she joins the love
Which doth in mothers for their children move.
Perchance, when fear hath shew'd her yours must fall,
In love she sees that hers must rise withall.
Sir, fear a frailty is, and may have grace,
And over-care of you cannot be blamed;
Care of our own in nature hath a place;
Passions are oft mistaken and misnamed;
Things simply good grow evil with misplacing.
Though laws cut off, and do not care to fashion,
Humanity of error hath compassion.
Yet God forbid, that either fear, or care
Should ruin those that true and faultless are.

Solym. Is it no fault, or fault I may forgive,
For son to seek the father should not live?

Cam. Is it a fault, or fault for you to know,
My mother doubts a thing that is not so?
These ugly works of monstrous parricide,

Mark from what hearts they rise, and where they bide:
Violent, despair'd, where honor broken is;
Fear lord, time death; where hope is misery;
Doubt having stopt all honest ways to bliss;
And custom shut the windows up of shame
That craft may take upon her wisdom's name.
Compare now Mustapha with this despair:
Sweet youth, sure hopes, honor, a father's love,
No infamy to move, or banish fear,
Honor to stay, hazard to hasten fate:
Can horrors work in such a child's estate?
Besides, the gods, whom kings should imitate,
Have placed you high to rule, not overthow;
For us, not for yourselves, is your estate:
Mercy must hand in hand with power go.
Your sceptre should not strike with arms of fear,
Which fathoms all men's imbecility,
And mischief doth, lest it should mischief bear.
As reason deals within with frailty,
Which kills not passions that rebellious are,
But adds, subtracts, keeps down ambitious spirits,
So must power form, not ruin instruments;
For flesh and blood, the means 'twixt heav'n and hell,
Unto extremes extremely racked be;
Which kings in art of government should see:
Else they, which circle in themselves with death,
Poison the air wherein they draw their breath.
Pardon, my lord, pity becomes my sex:
Grace with delay grows weak, and fury wise.
Remember Theseus' wish, and Neptune's haste,
Kill'd innocence and left succession waste.

Solym. If what were best for them that do offend,
Laws did enquire, the answer must be grace.
If mercy be so large, where's justice' place?

Cam. Where love despairs, and where God's promise ends.
For mercy is the highest reach of wit,
A safety unto them that save with it,
Born out of God, and unto human eyes,
Like God, not seen, till fleshly passion dies.

Solym. God may forgive, whose being, and whose harms
Are far removed from reach of fleshly arms
But if God equals or successors had,
Even God of safe revenges would be glad.

Cam. While he is yet alive, he may be slain;
But from the dead no flesh comes back again.

Solym. While he remains alive, I live in fear.

Cam. Though he were dead, that doubt still living were.

Solym. None hath the power to end what he begun.

Cam. The same occasion follows every son.

Solym. Their greatness, or their worth, is not so much.

Cam. And shall the best be slain for being such?

Solym. Thy mother, or thy brother, are amiss;
I am betrayed, and one of them it is

Cam. My mother if she errs, errs virtuously;
And let her err, ere Mustapha should die.

Solym. Kings for their safety must not blame mistrust.

Cam. Nor for surmises sacrifice the just.

Solym. Well, dear Camena, keep this secretly:
I will be well advised before he die.

Southwell.

Robert Southwell ward 1560 zu St. Faith in Norfolk geboren und im englischen Collegium zu Douay in Flandern erzogen. Im Jahre 1576 ging er nach Rom, trat daselbst in die Gesellschaft Jesu und kehrte dann als Missionnair nach England zurück, in der Absicht den Fortschritten der Reformation entgegen zu arbeiten. Seine Bemühungen wurden jedoch, wie er selbst klagt, nicht mit Erfolg gekrönt und er lebte in seinem eignen Vaterlande gleich einem Fremdling unter Fremden. 1592 ward er angeblich wegen Verschwörung, im Tower eingekerkert, und dort drei Jahr lang festgehalten und wiederholt auf die Folter gespannt und endlich am 20. Februar 1595 wegen Hochverrath hingerichtet. Er erlitt den Tod mit standhafter Ruhe und Unerschrockenheit.

Seine Gedichte, sämmtlich religiösen Inhaltes, erschienen in folgenden verschiedenen Sammlungen: St. Peter's Complaint and St. Mary Magdalen's Funeral Teares with sundry other selected and devout Poems; — Maeoniae or certain excellent Poems and spirituals Hymns; — The Triumphs over Death und erlebten ausserordentlich viele Auflagen. Ein tiefes religiöses Gefühl, das sich oft zur Begeisterung steigert, Innigkeit, Phantasie, Kraft und edle Diction, verleihen ihnen, abgesehen von der Beschränktheit der Richtung dieses Dichters, keinen geringen Werth.

Love's Servile Lot.

Love, mistresse is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serve;
They reckon least how little Love
Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sence from reason's lore;
Shee is delightfull in the rynde,
Corrupted in the core.

Shee shroudeth vice in vertue's veil
Pretending good in ill;
Shee offereth joy, affordeth griefe,
A kisse where she doth kill.

A honie-showre raines from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face;
Shee hath the blush of virgin minde,
The minde of viper's race.

Shee makes thee seeke, yet fear to finde;
To finde, but not enjoy:
In many frownes some gliding smiles
Shee yeelds to more annoy.

Shee wooes thee to come neere her fire,
Yet doth she draw it from thee;
Farre off she makes thy heart to fry,
And yet to freeze within thee.

Shee letteth fall some luring baits
For fooles to gather up;
Too sweet, too sowre, to everie taste
Shee tempereth her cup.

Soft soules she binds in tender twist,
Small flyes in spinner's webbe;
Shee sets afloate some luring streames,
But makes them soone to ebbe.

Her watrie eyes have burning force;
Her floods and flames conspire:
Teares kindle sparkes, sobs fuell are,
And sighs doe blow her fire.

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowres;
But rather April, wet by kind,
For love is full of showres.

Like tyrant cruell wounds she gives,
Like surgeon, salve she lends;
But salve and sore have equall force,
For death is both their ends.

With soothing words inthralled soules
Shee chaines in servile bands;
Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sowres,
Short hap immortall harmes;
Her loving lookes are murdring darts,
Her songs bewitching charmes.

Like winter rose and summur ice
Her joyes are still untimely;
Before her Hope, behind Remorse:
Faire first, in fine unseemely.

Moodes, passions, fancies, jealous fits,
Attend upon her traine:
Shee yeeldeth rest without repose
And heaven in hellish paine.

Her house is Sloth, her doore Deceit,
And slipperie Hope her staires,
Unbashfull Boldnesse bids her guests,
And everie vice repaires.

Her dyet is of such delights
As please till they be past;
But then the poyson kills the heart
That did intice the taste.

Her sleep in sinne doth end in wrath,
Remorse rings her awake;
Death calls her up, Shame drives her out,
Despaires her upshot make.

Plow not the seas, sowe not the sands,
Leave off your idle paine;
Seeke other mistresse for your mindes,
Love's service is in vaine.

Daniel.

Samuel Daniel, der Sohn eines Musiklehrers, ward 1562 in der Nähe von Taunton geboren und erhielt durch die Unterstützung der Gräfin Pembroke eine gelehrte Erziehung. Nachdem er seine Studien zu Oxford vollendet, wurde er Erzieher der Lady Anna Clifford und dann Hofpoet (Poet Laureat) der Königin Elisabeth, was ihm jedoch Nichts eintrug. Nach ihrem Tode erhielt er das Amt eines Kammerdieners bei der Gemahlin Jacobs I. Später zog er sich auf das Land zurück und starb daselbst im October 1619. Seine gesammelten Werke wurden von seinem Bruder, London 1623, 1 Bd. in 4. herausgegeben und sind später neu aufgelegt worden u. A. London 1718, 2 Bde. in 12. Sie enthalten: The Complaint of Rosamond (57 Sonnette), Letter of Octavia to Mark Anthony; Hymen's Triumph und the Queens Arcadia (zwei Schäferdramen), Cleopatra und Philotas (zwei Trauerspiele) Musophilus (ein didactisches Gedicht), the History of the Civil Wars (ein episches Gedicht, den Kampf zwischen York und Lancaster schildernd) und vermischte Gedichte. Daniel ist als Dichter correct, elegant und oft gefühlvoll und natürlich, aber auch trocken, gesucht und künstelnd und der Form nicht selten den Inhalt opfernd.

To the Ladie Margaret, Countesse of Cumberland.

He that of such a height hath built his minde,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither feare nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved pow'rs, nor all the winde
Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong
His setled peace, or to disturbe the same;
What a faire seate hath he, from whence he may
The boundlesse wastes and weids of man survay.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe
Upon these lower regions of turmoyle
Where all the stormes of passions mainly beat
On flesh and bloud, where honour, pow'r, renowne
Are onely gay afflictions, golden toyle,
Where greatnesse stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and onely great doth seeme
To little minds, who doe it so esteeme.

He lookes upon the mightiest monarchs warres
But onely as on stately robberies,
Where evermore the fortune that prevailes
Must be the right, the ill-succeeding marres
The fairest and the best-fac't enterprize:
Great pirat Pompey lesser pirats quailes,
Justice, he sees, as if seduced, still
Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appeare as manifolde
As are the passions of uncertaine man,
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends and make his courses holde:
He sees, that let deceit worke what it can,
Plot and contrive base wayes to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoake of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others crimes,
Charg'd with more crying sinnes then those he checks;
The stormes of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present, for the comming times,
Appall not him, that hath no side at all
But of himselfe, and knowes the worst can fall.

Although his heart so neere allied to earth,
Cannot but pitty the perplexed state
Of troublous and distrest mortalitie,
That thus make way unto the ougly birth
Of their owne sorrowes, and doe still beget
Affliction upon imbecillitie:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must runne,
He lookes thereon, not strange; but as foredone.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses
And is incompast, whil'st as craft deceives
And is deceived, whil'st man doth ransacke man,
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves

To great expecting hopes, he lookes thereon
As from the shore of peace with unwet eie,
And beares no venture in impietie.

Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him, and hath learn'd this booke of man,
Full of the notes of frailty and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings,
By whom I see you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as neare
His glorious mansion as your pow'rs can beare.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that cleere judgement that hath carryed you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kinde,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make, inur'd to any hue
The world can cast, that cannot cast that minde
Out of her forme of goodnesse, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalles
You in the region of your selfe remaine,
Where no vaine breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brasen walles
Of a cleere conscience, that without all staine
Rises in peace, in innocencie rests,
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shewes her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoyce more in revenge
Then women use to doe, yet you well know,
That wrong is better checkt, by being contemn'd
Then being pursu'd leaving to him t'avenge
To whom it appertaines; wherein you show
How worthily your cleerenesse hath condemn'd
Base Malediction, living in the darke,
That at the raies of goodnesse still doth barke.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roule, where all th' aspects of miserie
Predominate, whose strong effects are such
As he must beare, being pow'rlesse to redresse;
And that unlesse above himselfe he can
Erect himselfe, how poore a thing is man!

And how turmoyl'd they are, that levell lie
With earth, and cannot lift theemselves from thense
That never are at peace with their desires,
But worke beyond their yeeres, and even denie
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispence
With death: that when ability expires,
Desire lives still: so much delight they have
To carry toyle and travell to the grave.

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the summe
And reckonings of their glory, and you know
This floting life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that feares no ill to come:
And that mans greatnesse rests but in his show,
The best of all whose dayes consumed are
Either in warre, or peace conceiving warre.

This concord, madame, of a well-tun'd minde
Hath beene so set, by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out, by discords most unkinde
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man, nor ever will be forc't
From that most sweet accord, but still agree
Equall in fortunes inequalitie.

And this note (madame) of your worthinesse
Remaines recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th' inheritance of fame you must possesse
You that have built you by your great deserts,
Out of small meanes, a farre more exquisit
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
Then all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

To Henry Wriothesly, Earle of Southampton.

He who hath never warr'd with miserie,
Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distresse
Hath had n'occasion nor no field to trie
The strength and forces of his worthinesse:
Those parts of judgement which felicitie
Keepes as conceal'd, affliction must expresse
And onely men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not beene undone,
And onely thy affliction hath begot
More fame, then thy best fortunes could have done;

For ever, by adversitie are wrought
The greatest workes of admiration.
And all the faire examples of renowne
Out of distresse and miserie are growne.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeale,
Exile renown'd, and grac'd Rutilius;
Imprisonment and poyson did reveale
The worth of Socrates; Fabritius
Povertie did grace that common-weale
More then all Syllaes riches got with strife;
And Catoes death did vie with Caesars life

Not to b' unhappy is unhappynesse;
And misery not t' have knowne miserie:
For the best way unto discretion, is
The way that Leades us by adversitie
And men are better shew'd what is amisse,
By th' expert finger of calamitie
Then they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never shewes them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st have indur'd,
With a reposed cheere, wrong and disgrace;
And with a heart and countenance assur'd
Have lookt sterne Death and horror in the face!
How should we know thy soule had beene secur'd
In honest counsels and in way unbase!
Hadst thou not stood to shew us what thou wert,
By thy affliction, that discri'd thy heart.

It is not but the tempest that doth show
The sea-mans cunning; but the field that tries
The captaines courage: and we come to know
Best what men are, in their worst jeoperdies:
For lo, how many have we seene to grow
To high renowne from lowest miseries,
Out of the hands of death, and many a one
T' have beene undone, had they not beene undone.

He that indures for what his conscience knowes
Not to be ill, doth from a patience hie
Looke onely on the cause whereto he owes
Those sufferings, not on his miserie:
The more h'endures, the more his glory growes,
Which never growes from imbecillitie:
Onely the best compos'd and worthiest harts
God sets to act the hardest and constant'st parts.

Sonnet.

Restore thy tresses to the golden ore,
Yeeld Cithereas sonne those arkes of love;
Bequeath the heavens the starres that I adore,
And to th' orient do thy pearles remove.
Yeeld thy hands pride unto th' ivory white,
T' Arabian odors give thy breathing sweete;
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
To Thetis give the honour of thy feete.
Let Venus have thy graces, her resign'd,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheares.
But yet restore thy fierce and cruell mind,
To Hyrcan tygres, and to ruthles beares.
Yeeld to the marble thy hard hart againe;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

Sonnet.

Care-charmer Sleepe, sonne of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darknes borne:
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With darke forgetting of my care returne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne
The shipwracke of my ill adventred youth
Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorne,
Without the torment of the nights untruth.
Cease dreames, th' images of day desires,
To modell forth the passions of the morrow.
Never let rising sunne approve you liers,
To adde more griefe to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine,
And never wake to feele the dayes disdaine.

A Pastoral.

O happy golden age,
Not for that rivers ranne
With streames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees,
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husband-man
Her voluntary fruites, free without fees:
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th' eternall flowring spring
Wherein liv'd every thing,
And whereon th' heavens perpetually did smile,
Not for no ship had brought
From forraine shores, or warres or wares ill sought.

But onely for that name,
That idle name of wind:
That idoll of deceit, that empty sound
Call'd Honor, which became
The tyran of the minde:
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet sad griefes imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyfull amorous wights.
Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne hearts.
But golden lawes like these
Which Nature wrote. That's lawfull which doth please!
Then amongst flowres and springs
Making delightfull sport,
Sate lovers without conflict, without flame,
And nymphs and shepheards sings
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisp'rings with songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came:
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveales
Which now her vaile conceales,
The tender apples in her bosome seene,
And oft in rivers cleere
The lovers with their loves consorting were,
Honor, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight:
Denying water to the amorous thirst;
Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose
The glory of their light,
Restrain'd from men, and on themselves reverst.
Thou in a lawne didst first
Those golden haires incase,
Late spred unto the wind;
Thou mad'st loose grace unkind,
Gav'st bridle to their words, arts to their pace.
O Honour it is thou
That mak'st that stealth, which love doth free allow.
It is thy worke that brings
Our griefes, and torments thus:
But thou fierce lord of Nature and of Love,
The quallifier of kings,
What doest thou here with us
That are below thy power shut from above?
Goe and from us remove,
Trouble the mighties sleepe,
Let us neglected, base,
Live still without thy grace,
And th'use of th' ancient happy ages keepe;
Let's love, this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all devours.
Let's love, the sun doth set, and rise againe,
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.

An Ode.

Now each creature joyes the other,
Passing happy dayes and howers,
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver showers,
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
Hath her bosome deckt with flowers.
Whilst the gratest torch of heaven,
With bright rayes warmes Floras lap,
Making nights and dayes both even,
Chearing plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereven,
Wants refresh of better hap.
Eccho, daughter of the aire,
(Babling guest of rocks and hils,)
Knows the name of my fierce faire,
And sounds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my dispaire,
Whilst that she her lover kils.
Whilst that she (O cruell mayd)
Doth me and my love despise,
My lives florish is decayed
That depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obeyed,
And well he ends for love who dies.

Drayton.

Michael Drayton ward 1563 zu Harfull in Warwickshire geboren, zeichnete sich schon früh durch seine Fähigkeiten aus und studirte, nachdem er einige Jahre hindurch Page eines vornehmen Mannes gewesen, zu Oxford. Später trat er in die Armee und bekleidete lange Zeit daselbst einen höheren Posten. 1621 erhielt er die Würde eines Hofdichters (poet laureat). Er starb 1631 und wurde in der Westminsterabtei begraben, wo ihm die Gräfin von Dorset ein Denkmal errichten liess.

Drayton hinterliess sehr viele poetische Werke, zwei derselben haben sich jedoch nur im Andenken der Nachwelt erhalten: Nymphidia or the Court of the Faeries und the Polyolbion. Das Erstere ist eine Nachahmung und gewissermaassen Fortbildung von Shakspeare's Sommernachtstraum, doch keinesweges ohne selbstständigen Werth; das Letztere dagegen eine poetische Topographie von England mit eingemischten Episoden und Beschreibungen: wichtiger für den Alterthumsforscher als für den Freund englischer Dichtkunst. Unter seinen kleineren Poesieen zeichnen sich besonders seine Ideas, womit er Sonnette in freierer Form bezeichnete, vortheilhaft aus. Warmes Gefühl, Lebendigkeit, Phantasie und glückliche, wenn auch nicht immer streng correcte, Behandlung der Sprache und der Form characterisiren seine poetischen Leistungen überhaupt.

Ideas.

Since there's no help, come, let us kisse and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myselfe can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancell all our vowes;
And when we meet at any time againe,
Be it not seen in either of our browes
That we one jot of former love retaine.
Now at the last gaspe of Love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechlesse lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st yet recover.

Love banish'd heaven, in earth was held in scorne,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggery;
And wanting friends, though of a goddesse borne,
Yet crav'd the almes of such as passed by:
I like a man devout and charitable,
Cloth'd the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest,
With sighes and teares still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest;
But this ungratefull, for my good desert,
Intic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steale away my heart,
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my friends, when beggers grow thus bold
No marvell then though charity grow cold.

As Love and I late harbour'd in one inne
With proverbs thus each other entertaine:
In love there is no lucke, thus I begin;
Faire words make fooles; replieth he againe;
Who spares to speake, doth spare to speed, (quoth I);
As well (saith he) too forward, as too slow:
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply;
A hasty man (quoth he) ne'er wanted woe:
Labour is light, where love (quoth I) doth pay;
(Saith he) Light burthens heavy, if far borne:
(Quoth I) The maine lost, cast the by away;
Y' have spun a faire thred, he replies in scorne
And having thus awhile each other thwarted,
Fooles as we met, so fooles again we parted.

To Himselfe and the Harpe.

And why not I, as hee
That's greatest, if as free,
(In sundry strains that strive
Since there so many be)
Th' old Lyrick kind revive?

I will, yea, and I may;
Who shall oppose my way?
For what is he alone,
That of himselfe can say,
Hee's heire of Helicon?

Apollo, and the Nine,
Forbid no man their shrine,
That commeth with hands pure
Else they be so divine.
They will him not indure.

For they be such coy things,
That they care not for kings,
And dare let them know it;
Nor may he touch their springs,
That is not borne a Poet.

The Phocean it did prove,
Whom when foule lust did move,
Those mayds unchaste to make
Fell, as with them he strove,
His neck, and justly, brake.

That instrument ne'r heard,
Strooke by the skilfull bard,
It strongly to awake;
But it th' infernalls skar'd
And made Olympus quake.

As those prophetike strings
Whose sounds with fiery wings
Drave fiends from their abode,
Touch'd by the best of kings,
That sang the holy ode:

So his, which women slue,
And it int' Hebrus threw,
Such sounds yet forth it sent,
The bankes to weepe that drue,
As downe the streame it went.

That by the tortoyse-shell,
To Maya's sonne it fell,
The most thereof no doubt,
But sure some power did dwell
In him who found it out.

The wildest of the field,
The ayre, with rivers t'yeeld,
Which mov'd; that sturdy glebes
And massie oakes could weeld
To rayse the pyles of Thebes.

And diversly though strung,
So anciently we sung
To it, that now scarce knowne,
If first it did belong
To Greece or if our owne.

The Druydes imbrew'd
With gore, on altars rude
With sacrifices crown'd
In hollow woods bedew'd,
Ador'd the trembling sound.

Though we be all to seeke
Of Pindar that great Greeke,
To finger it aright,
The soule with power to strike,
His hand retain'd such might.

Or him that Rome did grace,
Whose ayres we all imbrace,
That scarcely found his peere,
Nor giveth Phoebus place
For strokes divinely cleere.

The Irish I admire,
And still cleave to that lyre,
As our musike's mother,
And thinke, till I expire,
Apollo's such another.

As Britons, that so long
Have held this antike song,
And let all our carpers
Forbeare their fame to wrong,
Th' are right skilfull harpers.

Southerne, I long thee spare,
Yet wish thee well to fare,
Who me so pleased'st greatly,
As first, therefore more rare,
Handling thy harpe neatly.

To those that with despight
Shall terme these numbers slight,
Tell them their judgment's blind,
Much erring from the right,
It is a noble kind

Nor is't the verse doth make,
That giveth or doth take,
'Tis possible to clyme,
To kindle, or to slake,
Although in Skelton's ryme.

An Ode written in the Peake.

This while we are abroad,
Shall we not touch our lyre?
Shall we not sing an Ode?
Shall that holy fire,
In us that strongly glow'd,
In this cold ayre expire?

Long since the summer layd
Her lustie brav'ry downe,
The autumne halfe is way'd,
And Boreas' gins to frowne,
Since now I did behold
Great Brute's first builded towne.

Though in the utmost Peake
A while we doe remaine,
Amongst the mountaines bleake
Expos'd to sleet and raine,
No sport our houres shall breake
To exercise our vaine.

What though bright Phoebus' beames
Refresh the southerne ground,
And though the princely Thames
With beauteous nymphs abound,
And by old Camber's streames
Be many wonders found;

Yet many rivers cleare
Here glide in silver swathes,
And what of all most deare,
Buckston's delicious bathes,
Strong ale and noble cheare,
T' asswage breeme winter's scathes.

Those grim and horrid caves,
Whose lookes affright the day,
Wherein nice Nature saves
What she would not bewray,
Our better leisure craves,
And doth invite our lay.

In places farre or neare,
Or famous, or obscure,
Where wholesome is the ayre,
Or where the most impure,
All times, and every-where,
The muse is still in ure.

Shakspeare.

William Shakspeare, der grösste dramatische Dichter der neueren Zeit, ward am 23. April 1564 zu Stratford-on-Avon geboren, wo sein Vater als Wollhändler lebte und er bestimmt wurde, dessen Geschäft fortzusetzen. Bereits 1582 vermählte er sich mit Anna Hathaway, verliess aber in Folge von Wilddieberei 1586 seine Heimath und seine Familie und wandte sich nach London, wo er Schauspieler wurde und zuerst 1593 mit einer eigenen dramatischen Production auftrat und zwanzig Jahre hindurch durch seine Bühnenstücke den höchsten Beifall seiner Nation erwarb. 1603 wurde er Mitdirector des Globe-Theaters und trat nun von der Bühne als Schauspieler ab; 1613 zog er sich nach seiner Vaterstadt zurück, um den Rest seiner Tage in ländlicher Abgeschiedenheit hinzubringen. Leider starb er schon in der vollen Kraft seiner Jahre an seinem zwei und funfzigsten Geburtstage 1616 zu Stratford.

Shakspeare ausführlich und nach allen Seiten hin zu charakterisiren, gestattet theils der beschränkte Raum nicht, theils ist dies in Deutschland so oft und von so grossen Meistern geschehen, dass wir doch nur längst Gesagtes wiederholen könnten. Hinsichtlich seines Einflusses auf die dramatische Poesie der Engländer überhaupt, verweisen wir auf das, was wir in der Einleitung darüber bemerkten. Das Treffendste, was je in wenigen Worten über ihn gesagt wurde, hat ein nicht minder grosser Geist, Goethe, ausgesprochen. (S. Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre 3. B. 11. Cap.) Möge es hier folgen.

„Sie (Shakspeare's Dramen) scheinen ein Werk eines himmlischen Genius zu sein, der sich den Menschen nähert, um sie mit sich selbst auf die gelindeste Weise bekannt zu machen. Es sind keine Gedichte. Man glaubt vor den aufgeschlagenen, ungeheuern Büchern des Schicksals zu stehen, in denen der Sturmwind des bewegtesten Lebens saust und sie mit Gewalt rasch hin und wieder blättert."

„Es scheint, als wenn er (Shakspeare) uns alle Räthsel offenbarte, ohne dass man doch sagen kann: hier oder da ist das Wort der Auflösung. Seine Menschen scheinen natürliche Menschen zu sein und sie sind es doch nicht. Diese geheimnissvollen und zusammengesetztesten Geschöpfe der Natur handeln vor uns in seinen Stücken als wenn sie Uhren wären, deren Zifferblatt und Gehäuse

man von Krystall gebildet hätte; sie zeigten nach ihrer Bestimmung den Lauf der Stunden an, und man kann zugleich das Räder- und Federwerk erkennen, das sie treibt."

Ausser seinen Dramen hat Shakspeare noch zwei epische Gedichte, The Rape of Lucretia und Venus and Adonis, so wie eine Reihe von Sonetten und Liedern hinterlassen. Die neueste, vollständigste und eleganteste Ausgabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke ist: The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakspere. Edited by Charles Knight. London (1839 fgde) 8 Bde in gr. 8.

When in disgrace with fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deafe heaven with my bootlesse cries,
And looke upon my selfe, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest!
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most injoy contented least:
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
Haply I thinke on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the larke, at breake of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembred, such welth brings,
That then I scorne to change my state with kings.

Let me confesse that we two must be twaine,
Although our undevided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone,
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a seperable spight,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steale sweet houres from love's delight.
I may not ever more acknowledge thee,
Least my bewailed guilt should doe thee shame;
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
Unlesse thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child doe deeds of youth
So I made lame by fortune's dearest spight,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth,
For whether beautie, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Intitled in their parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy aboundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

No longer mourne for me when I am dead,
Than you shall heare the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest wormes to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you looke upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Doe not so much as my poore name reherse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Least the wise world should looke into your mone
And mocke you with me after I am gone.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lamenesse, and I straight will hault;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me halfe so ill,
To set a forme upon desired change,
As Ile myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and looke strange;
Be absent from thy walkes; and on my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against my selfe Ile vow debate,
For I must nere love him whom thou dost hate.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made my selfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine owne thoughts, sold cheape what is most deare,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have lookt on truth
Askaunce and strangely; but by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worst assaies proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grinde
On newer proofe, to trie an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

O for my sake doe you with fortune chide,
The guiltie goddess of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than publick meanes, which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subbu'd
To what it workes in, like the dyer's hand.
Pitty me then, and wish I were reneu'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drinke
Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitternesse that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.
Pitty me then, deare friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pitty is enough to cure me.

Your love and pittie doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandall stampt upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you ore-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my All-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and prayses from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive.
That my steel'd sense or changes; right or wrong.
In so profound abisme I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I doe dispense: —
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides me thinks y' are dead.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be, receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterat eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I thinke good?
No, — I am that I am; and they that levell
At my abuses, reckon up their owne:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevell;
By their rancke thoughts my deeds must not be showne;
Unlesse this generall evill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

Tyr'd with all these, for restfull death I cry; —
As, to behold desart, a begger borne,
And needie nothing trim'd in jollitie,
And purest faith unhappily forsworne,
And gilded honour shamefully misplast,
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authoritie,
And folly, (doctor like,) controuling skill,
And simple truth, mis-calde simplicitie,
And captive Good attending captaine Ill:
Tyr'd will all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to dye, I leave my love alone.

Or shall I live your epitaph to make?
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten?
From hence your memory death cannot take
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life shall have,
Though I, (once gone,) to all the world must dye:
The earth can yeeld me but a common grave,
When you intombed in men's eyes shall lie:
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse:
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall live (such vertue hath my pen,)
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

Two loves I have of comfort and despaire,
Which like two spirits doe suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right faire,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To winne me soone to hell, my female evill
Tempteth my better angell from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devill,
Wooing his puritie with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angell be turn'd feend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guesse one angell in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Those pretty wrongs that libertie commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beautie and thy yeares full well befits,
For still temptation followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman wooes, what woman's sonne
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed.
Aye me! but yet thou might'st my seate forbeare
And chide thy beautie and thy staying youth,
Who lead thee in their ryot even there
Where thou art forct to break a two-fold truth;
Her's, by thy beautie tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beautie being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my griefe,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wayling cheef,
A losse in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse yee: —
Thou doest love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I loose thee, my losse is my love's gaine,
And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse;
Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
And both for my sake lay on me this crosse:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! — then shee loves but me alone.

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie.
As easie might I from my selfe depart,
As from my soule which in thy breast doth lye:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travails, I returne againe;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged, —
So that my selfe bring water for my staine.
Never beleeve, though in my nature raign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy summe of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's marke was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beautie is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest ayre:.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstayned prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young dayes,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tye up envy, evermore inlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.

What potions have I drunke of Syren teares,
Distill'd from limbecks foule as hell within,
Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheares beene fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I finde true
That better is by evill still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Growes fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I returne rebuked to my content,
And gaine by ills thrice more than I have spent.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now;
And for that sorrow, which I then did feele,
Needes must I under my transgressions bow,
Unless my nerves were brasse or hammer'd steele.
For if you were by my unkindnesse shaken,
As I by yours, y'have pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leasure taken
To waigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remembred
My deepest sence, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you, as you to me, then tendred
The humble salve which wounded bosomes fits!

But that your trespasse now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms your's, and your's must ransome me.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyselfe deceivest
By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refusest.
I doe forgive thy robb'ry, gentle theefe,
Although thou steale thee all my povertie;
And yet, love knowes, it is a greater griefe,
To beare love's wrong, than hate's knowne injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well showes,
Kill me with spight; yet we must not be foes.

How sweete and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy dayes,
(Making lascivious comments on thy sport,)
Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise:
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
O what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation choose out thee!
Where beautie's vaile doth cover every blot,
And all things turne to faire that eyes can see!
Take heede, deare heart, of this large priviledge;
The hardest knife ill-used doth loose its edge.

How oft, when thou, my musicke, musicke play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
Doe I envie those jackes, that nimble leape
To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poore lips, which should that harvest reape
At the wood's bouldnesse by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips
O're whom thy fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips
Since saucie jackes so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pittying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdaine;
Have put on blacke, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my paine.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheekes of the east,
Nor that full starre that ushers in the even,
Doth halfe that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face;
O let it then as well beseeme thy heart
To mourne for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And sure thy pitie like in every part.
Then will I sweare beauty herselfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complection lacke.

So now I have confest that he is thine,
And I myselfe am morgag'd to thy will;
Myselfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still;
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kinde;
He learned but, suretie-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth binde.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I loose through my unkinde abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me,
He paies the whole, and yet I am not free.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oathes' breach doe I accuse thee
When I breake twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vowes are oathes but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworne deepe oathes of thy deepe kindenesse,
Oathes of thy love, thy truth, thy constancie;
And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindnesse,
Or made them sweare against the thing they see;
For I have sworne thee fair: more perjured I,
To sweare, against the truth, so foule a lie!

Wotton.

Sir Henry Wotton aus altem edlem Geschlechte stammend, ward 1568 zu Bocton Hall in Kent geboren, machte seine Studien in Winchester und Oxford, ging dann auf Reisen, und trat bei seiner Rückkehr in die Dienste des Grafen von Essex. Als dieser mächtige Günstling gestürzt wurde, begab sich Wotton nach Florenz und verweilte hier bis zur Thronbesteigung Jakob's I., der ihn zum englischen Gesandten in Venedig ernannte. Nach seiner Zurückberufung wurde er Provost von Eton College wo er 1639 starb.

Henry Wotton ist nicht mit dem Kritiker William Wotton der mehr als ein Jahrhundert später lebte, zu verwechseln. Der Erstere hat im Ganzen nur wenige Gedichte hinterlassen, aber diese wenigen zeichnen sich durch Gedankenreichthum, Anmuth und Kraft so vortheilhaft aus, dass sie sich fortwährend im Andenken der Nation erhalten haben.

On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eyes
More by your number, than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets, that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By vertue first, then choice a queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

The Character of a happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will!
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Unti'd unto the world by care
Of publick fame, or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend:
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book, or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Davies.

John Davies, der Sohn eines Gerbers, ward 1570 zu Chisgrove in Wiltshire geboren, studirte zu Oxford, widmete sich der Rechtswissenschaft, und trat, nach einer bewegten Jugend, 1601 in das Parlament, als Mitglied für Corfe-Castle. Jakob I. wurde ihm ausserordentlich gewogen und ernannte ihn zuerst zum Solicitor dann zum Attorney general in Irland. 1607 ward er zum Ritter geschlagen und darauf Sprecher des ersten irischen Hauses der Gemeinen. Im Jahre 1615 kehrte er nach England zurück, wo er von nun an das Amt eines Oberrichters, Lord Chief Justice, bekleiden sollte, jedoch vor seiner förmlichen Installation vom Schlagfluss getroffen am 7. December 1616 starb.

D. darf nicht mit seinem Namensvetter dem berühmten kritischen Philologen (1679—1731) in Cambridge verwechselt werden. Er hinterliess eine Sammlung von Lobgedichten, Akrostichen auf die Königin Elisabeth unter dem Titel Hymns to Astrea; ein didactisches Gedicht, Nosce te ipsum or the Immortality of the soul, welches zuerst 1599 zu London erschien; Orchestra, ein Gedicht über den Tanz, das unvollendet blieb und mehrere kleine lyrische Poesieen. Eine vollständige Sammlung seiner dichterischen Werke ist nie veranstaltet worden, doch finden sich die besten zusammengestellt im zweiten Bande von Anderson's British Poets. — Tiefes Gefühl, Scharfsinn, elegante Diction und für jene Zeit, seltene Correctheit, zeichnen Davies als Dichter aus.

From the Immortality of the Soul.

What is this knowledge? but the sky-stoll'n fire,
For which the thief still chain'd in ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it.

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain,
Which when Jove's guest embrac'd, he monsters got?
Or the false pails, which oft being fill'd with pain,
Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it? but the fiery coach
Which the youth sought, and sought his death withal?
Or the boy's wings, which when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent,
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament:

What can we know, or what can we discern,
When error clouds the windows of the mind?
The divers forms of things, how can we learn,
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath, in play,
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

If ought can teach us ought, affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves, beyond all books
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my sences quick, and reason clear;
Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:
So working seas settle and purge the wine:
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry thing:
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

Donne.

John Donne ward 1573 zu London geboren und zeichnete sich schon so früh durch seine bedeutenden geistigen Fähigkeiten aus, dass er bereits in seinem zwölften Jahre die Universität Oxford besuchen konnte. Von hier ging er nach Cambridge, und widmete sich dann der Rechtswissenschaft; die kirchlichen Streitigkeiten seiner Zeit beschäftigten ihn aber so sehr, dass er ihnen seine ganze Zeit widmete und endlich in Folge seiner Forschungen offen vom Katholicismus zum Protestantismus übertrat. 1596 begleitete er den Grafen von Essex auf der Expedition nach Cadix, machte dann eine grössere Reise durch Spanien und Italien und ward bei seiner Heimkehr Secretair des Lord Kanzlers Egerton. Später trat er in den geistlichen Stand, wurde Caplan des Königs, dann Prediger der Gesellschaft von Lincolns-Inn und zuletzt Dechant von St. Paul. Er starb am 31. März 1631 und ward in der Kathedrale begraben, wo man ihm auch ein Monument errichtete. Seine poetischen Werke erschienen zuerst London 1633 in 4. und wurden später öfter und in verschiedenem Format wieder aufgelegt. Sie enthalten Satyren, Elegieen, Epigramme, Lieder, Sonette u. s. w. Er wird gewöhnlich als einer der ersten englischen Satyriker gepriesen, doch sind seine Satyren, welche Pope später überarbeitete, ihnen jedoch dadurch viel von ihrer Originalität raubte, mehr durch meisterhafte Reflectionen als durch Schilderungen bedeutend. Donne besass reiche Phantasie, Scharfsinn, Witz und tiefes Gefühl, aber seine Bilder sind oft zu gehäuft, sein Styl gesucht und dunkel und seine Diction selten correct. Unter seinen lyrischen Poesieen findet sich dagegen viel Gelungenes und Hübsches.

The Storm.

The south and west winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line did the gale,
Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sailes assaile;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas! I pitty thee, and curse those men
Who, when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then.
Sleepe is paines easiest salve, and doth fullfill
All offices of death except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I saw that I saw not;
I and the sunne, which should teach me, had forgot
East, west, day, night; and I could onely say,
If the world had lasted, now it had beene day.
Thousands our noyses were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name but thunder call
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the sunne had drunke the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must dye;
And as sin-burd'ned soules from grave will creepe
At the last day, some forth their cabbins peepe,
And, tremblingly, aske what newes? and doe hear so
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some, sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,
With hideous gazing, to feare away Feare:

There note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast
Shak'd with an ague, and the hold and waist
With a salt dropsie clog'd, and our tacklings
Snapping, like too high-stretched treble strings,
And from our totter'd sailes raggs drop downe so
As from one hang'd in chaines a yeere ago:
Even our ordinance, plac'd for our defence,
Strive to breake loose, and 'scape away from thence:
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?
Seas into seas throwne we suck in againe:
Hearing hath deaf'd our saylors; and if they
Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say.
Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermud a calme.
Darknesse, Light's eldest brother, his birth-right
Claimd o'er this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.
All things are one; and that one none can be,
Since all formes uniforme deformity
Doth cover; so that wee, except God say
Another Fiat, shall have no more day:
So violent, yet long these furies bee,
That though thine absense sterve mee I wish not thee.

The Good Morrow.

I wonder, by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd! Were we not wean'd till then,
But suck'd on countrey pleasures chiildishly?
Or snorted we in the seven-sleeper's den?
'Twas so; but thus all pleasures fancies bee.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dreame of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking soules,
Which watch not one another out of feare;
For love, all love of other sights controules,
And makes one little roome, an every-where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other worlds our world have showne,
Let us possesse one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
Where can we finde two fitter hemispheares
Without sharp North, without declining West?
Whatever dyes was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

The Will.

Before I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,
Great Love, some legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blinde, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadours mine ears;
To women or the sea, my teares.
Thou, Love, hast taught mee heretofore
By making mee serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such, as had too much before.

My constancie I to the planets give,
My truth to them, who at the court doe live;
Mine ingenuity and opennesse
To Jesuites; to buffones my pensivenesse;
My silence to any, who abroad hath been,
My money to a capuchin.
Thou, Love! taught'st me, by appointing mee
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie.

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
All my good works unto the schismaticks
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an universitie:
My modesty I give to souldiers bare;
My patience let gamester's share.
Thou, Love, taught'st mee, by making mee
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industrie to foes:
To schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulnesse;
My sicknesse to physitians or excesse;
To Nature, all that I in ryme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making mee adore
Her, who begot this love in mee before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I did but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physick books; my written rowles
Of morall counsels, I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which passe among
All forraigners, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making mee love one
Who thinkes her friendship a fit portion
For yonger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undoe
The world by dying; because Love dies too.
Then all your beauties will bee no moore worth
Then gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have
Then a sun dyal in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st mee, by making mee
Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,
To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all three.

The Bait.

Come, live with mee and bee my love,
And wee will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands and christall brookes,
With silken lines and silver hookes.

There will the river whispering runne,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sunne;
And there the inamor'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channell hath,
Will amorously to thee swimme,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seene, art loath
By sunne or moone, thou dark'nest both;
And if myselfe have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legges, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poore fish beset
With strangling snare or windowie net.

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleave-silke flies,
Bewitch poore fishes' wand'ring eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyselfe art thine owne Bait;
That fish that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser farre then I.

Love's De itie.

I long to talke with some old lover's ghost,
Who dyed before the god of love was borne:
I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov'd most,
Sunke so low, as to love one which did scorne:
But since this god produc'd a destinie,
And that vice-nature, custome, lets it be,
I must love her, that loves not mee:

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it,
But when an even flame two heart's did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives; correspondencie
Only his subject was; it cannot bee
Love, till I love her that loves mee.

But every moderne god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove,
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlewe of the god of love.
Oh! were wee wakned by this tyrannie
To ungod this child againe, it could not bee.
I should love her, who loves not mee.

Rebell and Atheist too, why murmure I,
As though I felt the worst that love could doe?
Love may make me leave loving, or might trie
A deeper plague, to make her love mee too,
Which, since she loves before, I am loth to see
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must bee,
If shee whom I love, should love mee.

Breake of Day.

'Tis true, 't is day, what though it be?
O! wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 't is light?
Did we lie down, because 't was night?
Love which, in spight of darkness, brought us hither,
Should, in despight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speake as well as spie,
This were the worst, that it could say,
That being well, I faine would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honor so,
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?
Oh that 's the worst disease of love,
The poore, the foule, the false, love can

Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth wooe.

The Message.

Send home my long strayd eyes to mee
Which, (oh) too long have dwelt on thee,
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmlesse heart againe,
Which no unworthy thought could staine,
Which if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings
And breake both
Word and oath
Keepe it, for then 't is none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and see thy lyes,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguish
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.

The Legacy.

When I dyed last, and, Deare, I dye
As often as from thee I goe,
Though it be but an houre agoe,
And lovers houres be full eternity,
I can remember yet, that I,
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent mee, I might be
Mine owne executor and legacie.

I heard mee say, Tell her anon
That my selfe, that's you, not I,
Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,
I bid mee send my heart, when I was gone,
But I alas could there finde none.
When I had ripp'd me and search'd where hearts should lye,
It kill'd mee again, that I who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
But colours it and corners had,
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part.
As good as could be made by art
It seem'd, and therefore for our losses sad,
I meant to send this heart in stead of mine;
But oh, no man could hold it, for't was thine.

Song.

Sweetest Love, I do not goe
For wearinesse of thee
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for mee;
But since that I
Must dye at last, 't is best,
To use myselfe in jest
Thus by fain'd death to dye.

Yesternight the sunne went hence,
And yet is here to-day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor halfe so short a way:
Then feare not mee,
But beleeve that I shall make
Speedier journeyes, since I take
More wings and spurres then hee.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another houre,
Nor a lost houre recall?
But come bad chance,
And wee joine to it our strength,
And wee teach it art and length,
Itselfe or us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not winde,
But sigh'st my soule away,
When thou weep'st, unkindly kinde,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot bee
That thou lov'st mee, as thou say'st:
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of mee.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethinke me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy feares fulfill;

But thinke that wee
Are but turn'd aside to sleepe;
They who one another keepe
Alive, ne'er parted bee.

Song.

Goe, and catche a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell mee, where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the divels foot,
Teach me to heare mermaides singing,
Or to keep off envies stinging,
And finde what winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Rede ten thousand daies and nights,
Till age snow white haires on thee,
Thou, when thou retorn'st, wilt tell mee
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And sweare no where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findst one, let mee know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet,
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet shee will bee
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

Jonson.

Benjamin Jonson, gewöhnlicher Ben Jonson genannt, ein Zeitgenosse und nicht unwürdiger Nebenbuhler Shakspeare's, ward nach dem Tode seines Vaters, eines Predigers, 1574 in Westminster geboren. Ein Ereund machte es ihm möglich die Schule zu besuchen, aber sein Stiefvater, ein Maurer, zwang ihn, sein Handwerk zu ergreifen. Höchst wahrscheinlich entlief er aus der Lehre und diente als gemeiner Soldat in den Niederlanden, wenigstens deutet eins seiner Epigramme entschieden auf das Letztere hin. In das Vaterland zurückgekehrt, gelang es ihm nun doch in Cambridge zu studiren; da aber seine Mittel nicht ausreichten ward er Schauspieler, hatte jedoch das Unglück, einen Gegner im Duell zu tödten und musste in Folge dessen in das Gefängniss, worauf er sich überreden liess zum Katholicismus überzutreten und endlich seine Freiheit wieder erhielt. Dies Alles erlebte er vor seinem fünf und zwanzigsten Lebensjahre. Von nun an widmete er sich der dramatischen Poesie und erwarb sich durch seine Leistungen grosses Ansehen, doch auch durch seine kühnen Angriffe viele Feinde, so dass er nochmals in den Kerker geworfen wurde. Im Jahre 1616 gab er selbst seine gesammelten Werke in einem Bande in Folio heraus. Die Universität Oxford ertheilte ihm darauf 1619 das Magisterdiplom und er ward fast gleichzeitig Hofdichter mit Besoldung. — Er starb am 6. August 1637 und ward in der Westminsterabtei begraben. Drei Tage später kam einer seiner Freunde gelegentlich dazu als ein Steinhauer das Pflaster über seiner Gruft wieder festlegte. Dieser gab dem Manne achtzehn Pence dafür die Worte einzuhauen "O rare Ben Jonson!" und diese eigenthümliche naive Grabschrift bezeichnet noch jetzt die Stätte, wo seine Gebeine ruhen.

Ausser seinen zahlreichen Tragödien, Komödien und Maskenspielen schrieb er noch Episteln, Epigramme, Elegien und Oden, bearbeitete Horaz Poetik und verfasste eine englische Grammatik. Seine dramatischen Werke sind wiederholt aufgelegt worden. Die vollständigste Ausgabe derselben ist die von P. Whalley, London 1756, 7 Bde in 8. Er ist am glücklichsten als Lustspieldichter durch Charakterzeichnung und Streben nach Regelmässigkeit, aber zu gesucht und ermüdend, selbst da wo er natürlich sein will, und sehr oft hart, trocken und eintönig; auch seinen übrigen Gedichten kleben diese Fehler an; er schätzte gelehrtes Wissen höher als natürliche Wahrheit, und ange-

borene Fähigkeit und seine Leistungen bieten daher mehr Interesse als Hülfsmittel zum Verständniss der bedeutenden Zeit, in der er lebte, denn wirklichen und tieferen poetischen Genuss dar, obwohl sich auch manches Ausgezeichnete in ihnen findet.

To Penshurst.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show,
Of touch, or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polish'd pillars or a roofe of gold:
Thou hast no lantherne, whereof tales are told;
Or stayre, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudg'd at, are reverenc'd the while.
Thou joy'st in better markes, of soyle, of ayre,
Of wood, of water: therein thou art faire.
Thou hast thy walkes for health, as well as sport:
Thy Mount, to which the Dryads doe resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the Muses met.
There, in the writhed barke, are cut the names
Of many a Sylvane, taken with his flames.
And thence, the ruddy Satyres oft provoke
The lighter Faunes, to reach thy Ladies oke.
Thy copps, too, nam'd of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never failes to serve thee season'd deere,
When thou would'st feast or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheepe, thy bullocks, kine, and calves doe feed:
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.
Each banke doth yeeld thee coneyes; and the topps
Fertile of wood, Ashore, and Sydney's copps,
To crowne thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side:
The painted partrich lyes in every field,
And, for thy messe, is willing to be kill'd.
And if the high swolne Medway faile thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat, aged carps, that runne into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their owne kinde to eat,
As loth, the second draught, or cast to stay,
Officiously, at first, themselves betray.
Bright eeles, that emulate them, and leape on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the ayre, and new as are the houres.
The earely cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot, and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the contrey stone,
They're rear'd with no mans ruine, no mans grone,
There's none that dwell about them, wish them downe;
But all come in, the farmer and the clowne,
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no sute.
Some bring a capon, some a rurall cake
Some nuts, some apples; some that thinke they make
The better cheeses, bring 'hem; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets beare
An embleme of themselves, in plum or peare.
But what can this (more then expresse their love)
Adde to thy free provisions, farre above
The neede of such? whose liberall boord doth flow,
With all that hospitalitie doth know!
Where comes no guest, but is allow'd to eate,
Without his feare, and of thy lords owne meate:
Where the same beere, and bread, and selfe-same wine,
That is his Lordships, shall be also mine.
And I not faine to sit (as some, this day,
At great mens tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor, standing by,
A waiter doth my gluttony envy:
But gives me what I call, and lets me eate,
He knowes, below he shall finde plentie of meate,
Thy tables hoord not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray,
For fire, or lights, or livorie: all is there;
As if thou, then, wert mine, or I raign'd here:
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found King James, when, hunting late this way,
With his brave sonne, the prince, they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every harth as the desires
Of thy Penates had beene set on flame,
To entertayne them; or the countrey came,
With all their zeale, to warme their welcome here.
What (great, I will not say, but) sodayne cheare
Didst thou, then, make 'hem! and what praise was heap'd,
On thy good lady, then! who, therein, reap'd
The just reward of her high huswifery;
To have her linnen, plate, and all things nigh,
When shee was farre: and not a roome, but drest

As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitfull, chaste withall.
His children thy great lord may call his owne:
A fortune, in this age, but rarely knowne.
They are, and have been taught religion: thence
Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.
Each morne and even they are taught to pray,
With the whole household, and may, every day,
Reade, in their vertuous parents noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, armes, and arts.
Now Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

The sweet Neglect.
From the silent Woman.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though arts hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Then all th' adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Echo on Narcissus.
From Cynthia's revells.

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keepe time with my salt teares,
Yet slower, yet, ô faintly gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the musique beares,
Woe weepes out her division, when shee sings.

Droupe hearbs, and flowres;
Fall griefe in showres;
Our beauties are not ours:
O, I could still
(Like melting snow upon some craggie hill,)
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Natures pride is, now, a wither'd daffodill.

To Celia.

Drinke to me, onely with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kisse but in the cup,
And Ile not looke for wine.
The thirst, that from the soule doth rise,
Doth aske a drinke divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late, a rosie wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered bee.
But thou thereon did'st onely breath,
And sent'st it backe to mee:
Since when it growes, and smells, I sweare,
Not of it selfe, but thee.

Hymne to Diana.
From Cynthia's revells.

Queene, and huntresse, chaste, and faire,
Now the sunne is laid to sleepe,
Seated, in thy silver chaire,
State in wonted manner keepe:
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare it selfe to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orbe was made
Heaven to cleere, when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

Lay thy how of pearle apart,
And thy cristall-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

Song.
From the Poetaster.

If I freely may discover,
What would please me in my lover:
I would have her faire, and wittie,
Savouring more of court, then cittie;
A little proud, but full of pittie

Light, and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying
Neither too easie, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have bar'd.

Shee should be allowed her passions,
So they were but us'd as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,
Every fit, with change, still crowning.
Purely jealous, I would have her,
Then onely constant when I crave her
'Tis a vertue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishnesse annoy me.

Song.

From the Foxe.

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vaine,
Sunnes, that set, may rise againe:
But if, once, we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetuall night.
Why should wee deferre our joyes?
Fame, and rumor are but toies;
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poore houshold-spies?
Or his easier eares beguile,
Thus remooved, by our wile?
'Tis no sinne, loves fruits to steale
But the sweet thefts to reveale:
To be taken, to be seene,
These have crimes accounted beene.

Scene from Volpone;

or, the Fox. A Comedy. By Ben Jonson.

Volpone as on his death bed.

Mosca. Corbaccio, an old gentleman.

Mos. Signior Corbaccio,
You are very welcome, sir.
Corb. How does your patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, sir, no amends.
Corb. What? mends he?
Mos. No, sir, he is rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
Corb. Does he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.
Corb. Good! he shall take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor —
Mos. He will not hear of drugs.
Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by, while 'twas made; saw all th' ingredients;
And know it cannot but most gently work
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. I, his last sleep if he would take it.
Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.
Corb. Say you, say you?
Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does think,
Most of your doctors are the greatest danger,
And worst disease t'escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.
Corb. Not I his heir?
Mos. Not your physician, sir.
Corb. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.
Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says they flay a man,
Before they kill him.
Corb. Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then, they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great reward; and he is loth
To hire his death, so.
Corb. It is true, they kill,
With as much licence as a Judge.
Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
Corb. I, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont. —
Corb. How? how?
Stronger than he was wont?
Mos. No, sir: his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
Corb. O, good.
Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
Corb. Good.
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like dead.

Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still.
Mos. And from his brain —
Corb. Ha? how? not from his brain?
Mos. Yes, sir, and from his brain —
Corb. I conceive you, good.
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.
Corb. Is't possible? yet I am better, ha!
How does he with the swimming of his head?
Mos. O, sir 'tis past the scotomy; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him that he breathes.
Corb. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall outlast him:
This makes me young again a score of years.
Mos. I was coming for you, sir.
Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he giv'n me?
Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing? ha?
Mos. He has not made his will, sir.
Corb. Oh, oh, oh,
What then did Voltore the lawyer here?
Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good —
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
Corb. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.
Corb. True,
I know it too.
Mos. By your own scale, sir.
Corb. Well, I shall prevent him yet. See Mosca, look
Here I have brought a bag of bright cecchines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.
Mos. Yea marry, sir,
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir.
Corb. Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.
Mos. It shall be miniser'd to him in his bowl?
Corb. I, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessed cordial.
This will recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my venture:
Give me't again.
Mos. At no hand; pardon me
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All sir, 'tis your right, your own; no man
Can claim a part; 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.
Corb. How? how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament:
And shew him this.
Corb. Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.
Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
Corb. And disinherit
My son?
Mos. O sir, the better; for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.
Corb. O, but colour?
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will do)
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last produce your will; where (without thought,
Or least regard unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting)
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience, and mere gratitude —
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which when he hath done, sir —
Corb. Published me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him —
Corb. I.
Mos. Being so lusty a man —

Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir —
Corb. I thought on that too. See how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour, here.
Corb. I, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it.
Mos. Rook go with you, raven.
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir —
Corb. And —
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, sir.
Corb. I do not doubt to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.
Corb. I may ha' my youth restored to me, why not?
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass —
Corb. What saist thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go. (Exit.)
Volp. O, I shall burst;
Let out my sides, let out my sides —
Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope
Is such a bait it covers any hook.
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold: good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do, as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give 'em words:
Pour oil into their ears: and send them hence.
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!
Mos. I, with our help, sir.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'em; their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsy, feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With charms, like Aeson, have his youth restored:
And with these thoughts so battens, as if Fate
Would be as easily cheated on as he:
And all turns air! Who's that there, now? a third?
(Another knocks.)
Mos. Close to your couch again: I hear his voice.
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.
Volp. Dead.
Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. Who's there?

Corvino, a Merchant, enters.

Mos. Signior Corvino! come most wisht for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it now!
Corv. Why? what? wherein?
Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.
Corv. He is not dead?
Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good;
He knows no man.
Corv. How shall I do then?
Mos. Why, sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.
Mos. Perhaps he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, sir:
He still calls on you: nothing but your name
Is in his mouth: is your pearl orient, sir?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.
Volp. Signior Corvino.
Mos. Hark.
Volp. Signior Corvino.
Mos. He calls you, step and give it him. He's here, sir?
And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Corv. How do you, sir?
Tell him it doubles the twelfth caract.
Mos. Sir,
He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him to see you —
Corv. Say,
I have a diamond for him too.
Mos. Best shew't, sir,
Put it into his hand; 'tis only there
He apprehends: he has his feeling yet.
See how he grasps it!
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman!
How pitiful the sight is!
Mos. Tut forget, sir.
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter,
Under a visor.
Corv. Why, am I his heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew the will,
Till he be dead: but, here has been Corbaccio,
Here has been Voltore, here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many

All gaping here for legacies; but I,
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
(Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino) took
Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I ask'd him,
Whom he would have his heir? Corvino. Who
Should be executor? Corvino. And
To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods, he made
Through weakness, for consent: and sent home the others,
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry, and curse.

Corv. O, my dear Mosca. Does he not perceive us?

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who 't was that fed him last, or gave him drink,
Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.

Corv. Has he children?

Mos. Bastards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gypsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he was drunk:
Knew you not that, sir? 'Tis the common fable,
The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his;
He's the true father of his family,
In all, save me: but he has given 'em nothing.

Corv. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does not hear us?

Mos. Sure, sir? why look you, credit your own sense.
The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Throughly, and throughly, and the plague to boot.
(You may come near, sir) would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of your's that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits: and those same hanging cheeks,
Cover'd with hide, instead of skin: (nay help, sir)
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end.

Cor. Or, like an old smok'd wall, on which the rain
Ran down in streaks.

Mos. Excellent, sir, speak out;
You may be louder yet: a culvering
Discharged in his ear, would hardly bore it.

Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.

Mos. 'Tis good; and what his mouth?

Corv. A very draught.

Mos. O, stop it up —

Corv. By no means.

Mos. Pray you let me.
Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow,
As well as any woman that should keep him.

Corv. Do as you will, but I'll begone.

Mos. Be so;
It is your presence makes him last so long.

Corv. I pray you use no violence.

Mos. No, sir, why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous? 'Pray you, sir.

Corv. Nay at your discretion.

Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.

Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.

Mos. Puh, nor your diamond. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here, whom you have made your creature,
That owe my being to you?

Corv. Grateful Mosca!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.
(Exit.)

Volp. My divine Mosca!
Thou hast to-day out-gone thyself.

Thomas Decker.

Die Lebensverhältnisse dieses dramatischen Dichters, der bald allein, bald in Verbindung mit Anderen für die Bühne arbeitete, sind unermittelt geblieben. Man weiss nur, dass er 1597 zuerst ein Drama lieferte und seit 1603 sich als Prosaist, vorzüglich durch scharfe und treffende Sittenschilderungen bekannt machte, welche ihm wahrscheinlich eine dreijährige Gefangenschaft zuzogen. Ben Jonson griff ihn in seinem Poetaster als Crispinus heftig an, was Decker in seinem Satyromastix erwiderte, in welchem er seinen Gegner siegreich geisselte. Er muss um 1639 gestorben sein.

Decker war sehr fruchtbar und hinterliess u. A. zwei und dreissig Dramen, die er zum Theil allein, zum Theil mit Anderen gemeinschaftlich verfasst hatte, die aber nicht alle im Druck erschienen sind. Sein Talent war nicht gering und offenbart sich besonders durch kräftige und consequente Characterzeichnung und gute Erfindung. Fortunat, von dem wir hier einige Scenen mittheilen, wird als sein gelungenstes Werk betrachtet.

Scenes
rom the Comedy of old Fortunatus.
By Thomas Decker.

The Goddess Fortune appears to Fortunatus, and offers him the choice of six things. He chuses Riches.

Fortune. Fortunatus.

Fortune. Before thy soul at this deep lottery
Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by destiny,
Know that here's no recanting a first choice.
Chuse then discreetly: for the laws of fate,
Being grav'n in steel, must stand inviolate.

Fortunat. Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd Night,
Most righteous Parcae, guide my genius right:
Wisdom, Strength, Health, Beauty, Long Life, and Riches.

Fortune. Stay Fortunatus; once more hear me speak.
If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou (like Phoebus) shall speak oracle;
Thy heav'n-inspired soul on Wisdom's wings
Shall fly up to the Parliament of Jove,
And read the Statutes of Eternity,
And see what's past and learn what is to come.
If thou lay claim to Strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown: as Kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery,
Make Health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting,
Be ever merry, ever revelling.
Wish but for Beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim
And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and red,
That Jove shall turn away young Ganimede,
And with immortal arms shall circle thee.
Are thy desires Long Life? thy vital thread
Shall be stretch'd out, thou shalt behold the change
Of monarchies, and see those children die
Whose great great grandsires now in cradles lie.
If through Gold's sacred hunger thou dost pine,
Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run
To warm their slender bodies in the sun,
Shall stand for number of those golden piles
Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet:
As those are, so shall these be infinite.

Fortunat. O whither am I rapt beyond myself?
More violent conflicts fight in every thought
Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.
Shall I contract myself to Wisdom's love?
Then I lose Riches; and a wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read;
To himself he lives and to all else seems dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of a threadbare saint in Wisdom's school.
I will be strong: then I refuse Long Life;
And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
The greatest Strength expires with loss of breath,
The mightiest in one minute stoop to death.
Then take Long Life, or Health; should I do so,
I might grow ugly, and that tedious scroll
Of months and years much misery may enroll:
Therefore I'll beg for Beauty; yet I will not:
The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
The Wisdom of this world is idiotism;

Strength a weak reed; Health Sickness' enemy,
And it at length will have the victory.
Beauty is but a painting; and Long Life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation.
Therefore, dread sacred Empress, make me rich:
My choice is Store of Gold; the Rich are Wise,
He that upon his back rich garments wears
Is Wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears.
Gold is the Strength, the Sinews of the world,
The Health, the Soul, the Beauty most divine:
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative;
Oh therefore make me Rich.

Fortune gives to Fortunatus a Purse that is inexhaustible. With this he puts on costly attire, and visits all the Asian Courts, where he is caressed and made much of for his infinite wealth. At Babylon he is shewn by the Soldan a wondrous Hat, which in a wish transports the wearer whithersoever he pleases, over land and sea. Fortunatus puts it on, wishes himself at home in Cyprus; where he arrives in a minute, as his sons Ampedo and Andelocia are talking of him: and tells his Travels.

Fortunatus. Ampedo. Andelocia.

Fort. Touch me not, boys, I am nothing but air, let none speak to me till you have marked me well. — Am I as you are, or am I transformed?

And. Methinks, father, you look as you did, only your face is more withered.

Fort. Boys, be proud; your father hath the whole world in this compass. I am all felicity, up to the brims. In a minute am I come from Babylon; I have been this half hour in Famagosta.

And. How! in a minute, father? I see travellers must lie.

Fort. I have cut through the air like a falcon. I would have it seem strange to you. But 'tis true. I would not have you believe it neither. But 'tis miraculous and true. Desire to see you brought me to Cyprus. I'll leave you more gold, and go to visit more countries.

Amp. The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,
And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,
And gives you warning that within few years
Death needs must marry you: those short lines, minutes,
That dribble out your life, must needs be spent
In peace, not travel; rest in Cyprus then.
Could you survey ten worlds, yet you must die;
And bitter is the sweet that's reapt thereby.

And. Faith, father, what pleasure have you met by walking your stations?

Fort. What pleasure, boy? I have revelled with Kings, danced with Queens, dallied with Ladies; worn strange attires; seen Fantasticoes; conversed with Humourists; been ravished with divine raptures of Doric, Lydian and Phrygian harmonies; I have spent the day in triumphs and the night in banquetting.

And. O rare: this was heavenly. — He that would not be an Arabian Phoenix to burn in these sweet fires, let him live like an owl for the world to wonder at.

Amp. Why, brother, are not all these Vanities?

Fort. Vanities! Ampedo, thy soul is made of lead, too dull, too ponderous, to mount up to the incomprehensible glory that Travel lifts men to.

And. Sweeten mine ears, good father, with some more.

Fort. When in the warmth of mine own country's arms
We yawn'd like sluggards, when this small horizon
Imprison'd up my body, then mine eyes
Worship'd these clouds as brightest: but my boys,
The glist'ring beams which do abroad appear
In other heavens, fire is not half so clear.
For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorn'd to croud among the muddy throng
Of the rank multitude, whose thicken'd breath
(Like to condensed fogs) do choke that beauty,
Which else would dwell in every Kingdom's cheek.
No; I still boldly stept into their Courts.
For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine,
There shall you see faces angelical;
There shall you see troops of chaste Goddesses,
Whose star-like eyes have power (might they still shine)
To make night day, and day more chrystaline.
Near these you shall behold great Heroes,
White-headed Counsellors, and Jovial Spirits,
Standing like fiery Cherubins to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers by being the fair workmanship.

And. Oh how my soul is rapt to a Third Heaven!
I'll travel sure, and live with none but Kings.

Amp. But tell me, father, have you in all Courts
Beheld such glory, so majestical,
In all perfection, no way blemished?

Fort. In some Courts shall you see Ambition
Sit, piecing Dedalus' old waxen wings;
But being slapt on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt against the sun of Majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction.

By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down,
Trickt in outlandish feathers; all his words,
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
All apish, childish, and Italianate. . . .

Orleans to his friend Galloway defends the passion with which, (being a Prisoner in the English King's Court) he is enamoured to frenzy of the King's daughter Agripyna.

Orleans. Galloway.

Orl. This music makes me but more out of tune.
O Agripyna.
Gall. Gentle friend, no more.
Thou sayst Love is a madness: hate it then,
Even for the name's sake.
Orl. O I love that Madness,
Even for the name's sake.
Gall. Let me tame this frenzy,
By telling thee thou art a prisoner here,
By telling thee she's daughter to a King,
By telling thee the King of Cyprus' son
Shines like a sun between her looks and thine,
Whilst thou seem'st but a star to Agripyne.
He loves her.
Orl. If he do, why so do I.
Gall. Love is ambitious and loves Majesty.
Orl. Dear friend, thou art deceiv'd: Love's voice doth sing
As sweetly in a beggar as a king.
Gall. Dear friend thou art deceiv'd: O bid thy soul
Lift up her intellectual eyes to heaven,
And in this ample book of wonders read,
Of what celestial mold, what sacred essence,
Her self is form'd: the search whereof will drive
Sounds musical among the jarring spirits,
And in sweet tune set that which none inherits.
Orl. I'll gaze on heaven if Agripyne be there.
If not: fa, la, la, sol, la, etc.
Gall. O call this madness in: see, from the windows
Of every eye Derision thrusts out cheeks
Wrinkled with idiot laughter; every finger
Is like a dart shot from the hand of Scorn,
By which thy name is hurt, thy honour torn.
Orl. Laugh they at me, sweet Galloway?
Gall. Even at thee.
Orl. Ha, ha, I laugh at them: are they not mad,
That let my true true sorrow make them glad?
I dance and sing only to anger Grief,
That in his anger he might smite life down
With his iron fist: good heart! it seemeth then,
They laugh to see grief kill me: O fond Men,
You laugh at others tears; when others smile,
You tear yourselves in pieces: vile, vile, vile.
Ha, ha, when I behold a swarm of Fools
Crowding together to be counted Wise,
I laugh because sweet Agripyne's not there.
But weep because she is not any where;
And weep because (whether she be or not)
My love was ever and is still forgot: forgot, forgot, forgot.
Gall. Draw back this stream: why should my Orleans mourn?
Orl. Look yonder, Galloway, dost thou see that sun?
Nay, good friend, stare upon it, mark it well:
Ere he be two hours elder, all that glory
Is banish'd heaven, and then, for grief, this sky
(That's now so jocund) will mourn all in black.
And shall not Orleans mourn? alack, alack:
O what a savage tyranny it were
To enforce Care laugh, and Woe not shed a tear!
Dead is my Love; I am buried in her scorn:
That is my sunset; and shall I not mourn!
Yes by my troth I will.
Gall. Dear friend forbear;
Beauty (like Sorrow) dwelleth every where.
Rase out this strong idea of her face:
As fair as her's shineth in any place.
Orl. Thou art a Traitor to that White and Red,
Which sitting on her cheeks (being Cupid's throne)
Is my heart's Soveraine: O when she is dead,
This wonder (beauty) shall be found in none.
Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be
In love with nothing but deformity.
O fair Deformity, I muse all eyes
Are not enamour'd of thee: thou didst never
Murder men's hearts, or let them pine like wax
Melting against the sun of thy destiny;
Thou art a faithful nurse to Chastity;
Thy beauty is not like to Agripyne's,
For cares, and age, and sickness her's deface,
But thine's eternal: O Deformity,
Thy fairness is not like to Agripyne's
For (dead) her beauty will no beauty have,
But thy face looks most lovely in the grave.

John Fletcher und Francis Beaumont.

Die Namen dieser beiden Dichter, Shakspeare's Zeitgenossen und talentvollsten Nachfolger, sind nicht wohl von einander zu trennen, da sie ihre bedeutendsten Leistungen, nach damaliger Sitte, gemeinschaftlich verfassten. Fletcher, der ältere der beiden Freunde, ward 1576 in Northamptonshire geboren, studirte zu Cambridge und schloss hier den innigen Bund mit Beaumont, den erst der Tod löste. Beaumont war der Sohn eines Richters in Leicestershire und soll 1585 geboren, aber bereits 1615 gestorben sein, während Fletcher erst zehn Jahre nach ihm, 1625, von der Erde abgerufen wurde. Weiteres über ihre Lebensverhältnisse ist nicht auf die Nachwelt gekommen. Ein und funfzig Dramen sollen sie gemeinschaftlich gedichtet haben; Fletcher schrieb später noch mehrere allein oder in Verbindung mit Anderen.

Phantasie, Witz und gute Characterzeichnung, sowie ein lebendiger, wahrer Dialog und Reichthum der Erfindung zeichnen ihre Werke aus und weisen diesen den nächsten Rang nach denen Shakespeares an, aber ihnen fehlt die tragische Grösse, das tiefe Gefühl und die komische Grazie des grossen Meisters.

Ihre Werke sind wiederholt, auch in der neuesten Zeit wieder aufgelegt worden, doch betrachtet man die von Theobald, Seward und Sympson, 1750 zu London in 10 Octavbänden besorgte Ausgabe als eine der besten. — Eine hinsichtlich des Commentars nicht so reiche, aber nicht minder correcte ist folgende: The dramatic Works of Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher (by P. Whalley and G. Colman). London 1811; 4 Bde gr. 8.

Scenes from

Philaster; or, Love lies a bleeding. A Tragi-Comedy. By Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.

Philaster tells the Princess Arethusa how he first found the boy Bellario.

I have a boy sent by the gods,
Not yet seen in the court; hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears,
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland and did shew,
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all order'd thus,
Exprest his grief: and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd, so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept: him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Philaster prefers Bellario to the Service of the Princess Arethusa.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,
Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask, aye, or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing,
And only yet am something by being yours;
You trusted me unknown; and that which you are apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps might have been craft, the cunning of a boy

Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me: for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet.
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That placed thee in the noblest way of life:
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
Bell. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty; I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he, but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bell. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn.
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope.
For once; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected
To break my stubbornness if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee
Alas, I do not turn thee off; thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will;
Nay weep not, gentle boy; 'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.
Bell. I am gone;
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer;
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs.
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And heaven's hate those you curse, though I be one.

Bellario describes to the Princess Arethusa the manner of his master Philaster's love for her.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't not so?
Bell. Madam, I have not chang'd: I wait on you,
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me;
Tell me thy name.
Bell. Bellario.
Are. Thou can'st sing and play?
Bell. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Had'st thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of any other grief;
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes
And builds himself caves to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bell. Love, madam? I know not what it is.
Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me
As if he wish'd me well?
Bell. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily, as men i' the streets do fire:
If it be love to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt every prayer he says to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love;
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. O you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit; but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.

Philaster is jealous of Bellario with the Princess.

Bell. Health to you, my lord;
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you.
Phi. O Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me, she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy, she has made thee brave.
Bell. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert, more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. O let all women
That love black deeds learn to dissemble here.
Here by this paper she does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides, but unto me
A maiden snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I 'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why this is wond'rous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bell. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she 'll see my services
Regarded: and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bell. Are you ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.
Bell. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy. — And she strokes thy head?
Bell. Yes.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy, ha?
Bell. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bell. Not so, my lord.
Phi. Come, come, I know she does.
Bell. No, by my life.
Aye, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplext when first I went to her;
My heart held augury. You are abus'd,
Some villain has abus'd you; I do see
Whereto you tend; fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you; 'tis some subtil train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'st. I will be angry with thee. Come.
Thou shalt know all my drift. I hate her more,
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? is she fal'n to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bell. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. O my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do know thy face.
Bell. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice; but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it, thus; the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee; I could curse thee now.
Bell. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse,
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bell. O, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.
Bell. Yes I do know, my lord.
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;

A thing we all pursue; I know besides
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls: think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bell. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with: if I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.
Phi. O, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario,
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That though I know them false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: a love from me to thee
Is firm whate'er thou dost: it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee: but, good boy,
Let me not see thee more; something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee; if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.
Bell. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for ever more;
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

Bellario, discovered to be a Woman, confesses the motive for her disguise to have been Love for Prince Philaster.

My father would oft speak
Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd, but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found, till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates;
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had puft it forth, and suck'd it in
Like breath; then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a sheep-cot to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I; you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever; I did hear you talk
Far above singing; after you were gone
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas! I found it love,
Yet far from lust, for could I have but liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and drest myself
In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd; that I might ever
Abide with you: then sate I by the fount
Where first you took me up.

George Chapman.

Dieser Dichter ward 1557 geboren, studirte auf einer englischen Universität und wandte sich dann nach London wo er 1634 starb. Er war ein Freund Spensers und Shakspeare's, zeichnete sich vorzüglich als Uebersetzer des Homer, Musaeus und Hesiod aus und schrieb ausserdem sechzehn Bühnenstücke in welchen sich manches sehr Gelungene findet; besonders athmet sein Trauerspiel Bussy d'Ambois, aus dem wir hier eine Scene mittheilen, einen wahrhaft ritterlichen Geist.

Scene from

Bussy d'Ambois, a Tragedy: By George Chapman.

A Nuntius (or Messenger) in the presence of King Henry the Third of France and his court tells the manner of a combat, to which he was witness, of three to three; in which D'Ambois remained sole survivor: begun upon an affront passed upon D'Ambois by some courtiers.

Henry, Guise, Beaupre, Nuntius etc.

Nuntius. I saw fierce D'Ambois and his two brave friends
Enter the field, and at their heels their foes,
Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,
L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of arms:
All which arriv'd at the evenest piece of earth
The field afforded, the three shallengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood rank'd;
When face to face the three defendants met them,
Alike prepar'd and resolute alike.
Like bonfires of contributory wood
Every man's look shew'd, fed with other's spirit;
As one had been a mirror to another,
Like forms of life and death each took from other:
And so were life and death mix'd at their heights,
That you could see no fear of death (for life)
Nor love of life (for death): but in their brows
Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone;
That "life and death in all respects are one."

Henry. Past there no sort of words at their encounter?

Nuntius. As Hector 'twixt the hosts of Greece and Troy,
When Paris and the Spartan king should end
The nine years war, held up his brazen lance
For signal that both hosts should cease from arms,
And hear him speak: so Barrisor (advis'd)
Advanc'd his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,
Ript up the quarrel, and compar'd six lives
Then laid in balance with six idle words;
Offer'd remission and contrition too:
Or else that he and D'Ambois might conclude
The others' dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the last:
But Barrisor's friends, (being equally engag'd
In the main quarrel) never would expose
His life alone to that they all deserv'd.
And (for the other offer of remission)
D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire
Sparkled and spit) did much much more than scorn
That his wrong should incense him so like chaff
To go so soon out, and, like lighted paper,
Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes:
So drew they lots, and in them fates appointed
That Barrisor should fight with fiery D'Ambois;
Pyrrhot with Melynell; with Brisac L'Anou
And then like flame and powder they commixt,
So spritely, that I wish'd they had been Spirits;
That the ne'er-shutting wounds, they needs must open,
Might as they open'd shut, and never kill.
But D'Ambois' sword (that lightned as it flew)
Shot like a pointed comet at the face
Of manly Barrisor; and there it stuck:
Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts
From him, that of himself was free as fire;
Who thrust still, as he pluck'd, yet (past belief)
He with his subtil eye, hand, body, 'scap'd;
At last the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely
That (only made more horrid with his wound)
Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little ground
But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger,
And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger.
Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
(Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod
This way and that, as loth his curled brows
(Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)
Should stoop; and yet, his radical fibres burst,
Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth:
So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks

Of ten set battles in your highness' war
'Gainst the sole soldier of the world Navarre.

Guise. O piteous and horrid murder!

Beaupre. Such a life
Methinks had metal in it to survive
An age of men.

Henry. Such often soonest end.
Thy felt report calls on; we long to know
On what events the other have arrived.

Nuntius. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes
Met in the upper region of a cloud,
At the report made by this worthy's fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them rose Revenge,
Ent'ring with fresh pow'rs his two noble friends:
And under that odds fell surcharg'd Brisac;
The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou;
Which D'Ambois seeing: as I once did see
In my young travels through Armenia,
An angry Unicorn in his full career
Charge with too swift a foot a Jeweller
That watcht him for the treasure of his brow,
And, ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Nail him with his rich antler to the earth:
So D'Ambois ran upon reveng'd L'Anou;
Who eyeing th' eager point borne in his face,
And giving back, fell back, and in his fall
His foes uncurbed sword stopt in his heart:
By which time, all the life-strings of th' two other
Were cut, and both fell (as their spirit flew)
Upwards: and still hunt honour at the view.
And now, of all the six, sole D'Ambois stood
Untoucht, save only with the others blood.

Henry. All slain outright but he?

Nuntius. All slain outright but he:
Who kneeling in the warm life of his friends
(All freckled with the blood his rapier rain'd)
He kist their pale lips, and bade both farewell.

John Webster.

Ein Zeitgenosse Ben Jonson's und Nachahmer Shakspeare's; er blühte um 1612—1623 und hat drei Tragödien und eine Tragi-komödie hinterlassen, die er allein und zwei Komödien, die er in Verbindung mit W. Stowley verfasst hat. Seine beiden bedeutendsten Leistungen sind: The white Devil und the Duchess of Malfy. — In beiden beurkundet er seltene jedoch oft excentrische dramatische Kraft.

Scenes from

The white Devil: or, Vittoria Corombona, A Lady of Venice. A Tragedy. By John Webster.

The arraignment of Vittoria. — Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, for the love of Vittoria Corombona, a Venetian Lady, and at her suggestion, causes her Husband Camillo to be murdered. Suspicion falls upon Vittoria, who is tried at Rome, on a double Charge of Murder and incontinence: in the presence of Cardinal Monticelso, Cousin to the deseased Camillo; Francisco de Medicis, Brother in Law to Brachiano; the Ambassadors of France, Spain, England, etc. As the arraignment is beginning the Duke confidently enters the Court.

Mon. Forbear, my Lord, here is no place assign'd you:
This business, by his holiness, is left
To our examination.

Bra. May it thrive with you.

Fra. A chair there for his lordship.
(Lays a rich gown under him.)

Bra. Forbear your kindness; an unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutch women go to church,
Bear their stool with them.

Mon. At your pleasure, Sir.
Stand to the table, gentlewoman — Now, Signior,
Fall to your plea.

Lawyer. Domine judex converte oculos in hanc pestem mulierum corruptissimam.

Vit. What's he?

Fra. A lawyer, that pleads against you.

Vit. Pray, my Lord, let him speak his usual tongue,
I'll make no answer else.

Fra. Why, you understand Latin.

Vit. I do, Sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more

May be ignorant in 't.
Mon. Go on, Sir.
Vit. By your favor,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue: all this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with.
Fra. Signior,
You need not stand on't much; pray, change your language.
Mon. Oh, for God's sake! gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.
Law. Well then have at you.
Vit. I am the mark, Sir, I'll give aim to you,
And tell you how near you shoot.
Law. Most literated judges, please your lordships
So to connive your judgments to the view
Of this debauch'd and diversivolent woman;
Who such a concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp
The memory of it, must be the consummation
Of her, and her projections.
Vit. What's all this?
Law. Hold your peace!
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.
Vit. Surely, my Lords, this lawyer hath swallowed
Some apothecaries bills, or proclamations;
And now the hard and undigestible words
Come up like stones we use give hawks for physic.
Why, this is Welch to Latin.
Law. My Lords, the woman
Knows not her tropes, nor is perfect
In the academick derivation
Of grammatical elocution.
Fra. Sir, your pains
Shall be well spared and your deep eloquence
Be worthily applauded among those
Which understand you.
Law. My good Lord.
Fra. Sir,
Put up your papers in your fustian bag;
(Francisco speaks this as in scorn).
Cry mercy, Sir, 'tis buckram, and accept
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.
Law. I most graduatically thank your lordship;
I shall have use for them elsewhere.
Mon. (to Vittoria) I shall be plainer with you, and paint out
Your follies in more natural red and white,
Than that upon your cheek.
Vit. O you mistake,
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mother's.
Mon. I must spare you, till proof cry whore to that.
Observe this creature here, my honor'd Lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit.
Vit. My honorable Lord,
It doth not suit a reverend Cardinal
To play the Lawyer thus.
Mon. O your trade instructs your language.
You see, my Lords, what goodly fruit she seems,
Yet like those apples travellers report
To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see
She's fall to soot and ashes.
Vit. Your invenom'd apothecary should do't.
Mon. I am resolved,
Were there a second paradise to lose,
This devil would betray it.
Vit. O poor charity,
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.
Mon. Who knows not how, when several night by night
Her gates were choakt with coaches, and her rooms
Outbrav'd the stars with several kinds of lights;
When she did counterfeit a Prince's court
In musick, banquets, and most riotous surfeits;
This whore forsooth was holy.
Vit. Ha! whore? what's that?
Mon. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall.
I'll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweetmeats which rot the eater: In man's nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are cozening alchymy;
Shipwrecks in calmest weather. What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring
They are the true material fire of hell.
Worse than those tributes i' th' low countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep:
Ay even on man's perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of law,
Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune,
At weddings and at funerals. Your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion fill'd,
And empty'd by curs'd riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies, which are begg'd at th' gallows,
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What's a whore?
She's like the guilt counterfeited coin,
Which whosoe'er first stamps it, brings in trouble

All that receive it.
Vit. This character 'scapes me.
Mon. You, gentlewoman?
Take from all beasts and from all minerals
Their deadly poison —
Vit. Well, what then?
Mon. I'll tell thee;
I'll find in thee an apothecary's shop,
To sample them all.
Fr. Emb. She hath lived ill.
En. Emb. True, but the Cardinal's too bitter.
Mon. You know what whore is. Next the devil adultr'y,
Enters the devil murder.
Fra. Your unhappy husband
Is dead.
Vit. O he's a happy husband,
Now he owes Nature nothing.
Fra. And by a vaulting engine.
Mon. An active plot:
He jumpt into his grave.
Fra. What a prodigy was't,
That from some two yards high, a slender man
Should break his neck?
Mon. I' th' rushes?
Fra. And what's more,
Upon the instant lose allure of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each circumstance.
Mon. And look upon this creature was his wife,
She comes not like a widow: she comes arm'd
With scorn and impudence: is this a mourning-habit?
Vit. Had I foreknown his death as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.
Mon. O you are cunning?
Vit. You shame your wit and judgment,
To call it so; what, is my just defence
By him that is my judge call'd impudence?
Let me appeal then from this christian court
To the uncivil Tartar.
Mon. See, my Lords,
She scandals our proceedings.
Vit. Humbly thus
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Leiger embassadors, my modesty
And woman-hood I tender; but withall,
So entangled in a cursed accusation
That my defence, of force, like Perseus,
Must personate masculine virtue. To the point.
Find me but guilty, sever head from body,
We'll part good friends: I scorn to hold my life
At yours, or any man's intreaty, Sir.
En. Emb. She hath a brave spirit.
Mon. Well, well, such counterfeit jewels
Make true ones oft suspected.
Vit. You are deceived;
For know, that all your strict combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall break.
These are but feigned shadows of my evils.
Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted devils;
I am past such needless palsy. For your names
Of whore and murdress, they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind;
The filth returns in's face.
Mon. Pray you mistress, satisfy me one question.
Who lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck?
Bra. That question
Inforceth me break silence; I was there.
Mon. Your business?
Bra. Why, I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my Lord.
Mon. He was.
Bra. And 'twas strangely fear'd
That you would cozen her.
Mon. Who made you overseer?
Bra. Why, my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows.
Mon. Your lust.
Bra. Cowardly dogs bark loudest! sirrah, priest,
I'll take with you hereafter. Do you hear?
The sword you frame of thy coat resemble
Your common post-boys.
Mon. Ha!
Bra. Your mercenary post-boys.
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.
Servant. My Lord, your gown.
Bra. Thou liest, 'twas my stool.
Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge
The rest o' th' household-stuff, for Brachiano
Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool
Out of another's lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on't, or demy foot-cloth
For his most reverend moile. Monticelso, nemo me impune lacessit.
(Exit Brachiano.)
Mon. Your champion's gone.
Vit. The wolf may pray the better.
Fra. My Lord, there's great suspicion of the murder,

But no sound proof who did it. For my part,
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody: if she have,
As in cold countries husband-men plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them, even so
One summer she will bear unsavory fruit,
And e'er next spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass, only descend
To matter of incontinence.
Vit. I discern poison
Under your gilded pills.
Mon. Now the Duke's gone I will produce a letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, he and you shall meet,
At an apothecary's summer-house,
Down by the river Tiber. View't, my Lords:
Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet — I pray read it. —
I shame to speak the rest.
Vit. Grant I was tempted;
Temptation proves not the act:
Casta est quam nemo rogavit.
You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer.
Mon. Frost i' th' dog-days! strange.
Vit. Condemn you me for that the Duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and chrystal river
For that some melancholic distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in't.
Mon. Truly drown'd, indeed.
Vit. Sum up my faults. I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with.
In faith, my Lord, you might go pistol flies,
The sport would be more noble.
Mon. Very good.
Vit. But take you your course, it seems you've begged me first,
And now would fain undo me. I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of crusadoes;
Would these would make you charitable.
Mon. If the devil
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.
Vit. You have one virtue left,
You will not flatter me.
Fra. Who brought this letter?
Vit. I am not compell'd to tell you.
Mon. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand ducats,
The twelfth of August.
Vit. 'Twas to keep your cousin
From prison, I paid use for't.
Mon. I rather think,
'Twas interest for his lust.
Vit. Who says so but yourself? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my judge; come from the bench,
Give in your evidence against me, and let these
Be moderators. My Lord Cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving,
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue,
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.
Mon. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vain-glorious banquet
I'll give you a choak-pear.
Vit. Of your own grafting?
Mon. You were born in Venice, honorably descended
From the Vittelli; 'twas my cousin's fate,
Ill may I name the hour, to marry you;
He bought you of your father.
Vit. Ha!
Mon. He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my knewledge)
Receiv'd in dowry with you not one julio.
'Twas a hard penny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtain, now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued.
Vit. My Lord!
Mon. Nay hear me
You shall have time to prate. My Lord Brachiano —
Alas! I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary and Ryalto talk,
And ballated, and would be plaid o' th' stage
But that vice many times finds such loud friends,
That preachers are charm'd silent.
Your public fault,
Joyn'd to th' condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity,
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd
No less an ominous fate, than blazing stars
To Princes. Hear your sentence; you are confin'd
Unto a house of converts.
Vit. A house of converts! what's that?
Mon. A house of penitent whores.
Vit. Do the Noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?
Fra. You must have patience.
Vit. I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus.
Mon. Away with her,
Take her hence.
Vit. A rape! a rape!
Mon. How?

Vit. Yes, you have ravish'd justice;
Forc'd her to do your pleasure.
Mon. Fie, she's mad!
Vit. Die with those pills in your most cursed maw,
Should bring you health! or while you sit o' th' bench,
Let your own spittle choak you!
Mon. She's turn'd fury.
Vit. That the last day of judgment may so find you,
And leave you the same Devil you were before!
Instruct me some good horse-leach to speak treason,
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O woman's poor revenge!
Which dwells but in the tongue. I will not weep.
No; I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice: bear me hence
Unto this house of what's your mitigating title?
Mon. Of converts.
Vit. It shall not be a house of converts;
My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than thy soul, though thou art a Cardinal;
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light.

Corbet.

Richard Corbet ward 1582 in dem Dorfe Ewell in Surrey geboren, erhielt eine wissenschaftliche Bildung in Westminster und Oxford und trat dann in den geistlichen Stand. Durch seine Rednergabe erwarb er sich die Gunst Jakobs I., in Folge deren er 1629 Bischof von Oxford und 1632 von Norwich ward. Er starb im Juli 1635.

Corbet war ein lustiger Mann, der sein Amt oft über seiner Lustigkeit vergass und daher allgemein der witzige Bischof genannt wurde (wittee Bishop Corbet), seinen Witz aber nie missbrauchte, um Jemanden wehe zu thun.

Seine poetischen Werke erschienen zuerst gesammelt im Jahre 1647 und wurden dann 1672 wieder neu aufgelegt; später sind sie aber grösstentheils in Vergessenheit gerathen; sie enthalten vorzüglich Elegieen, Satyren und Lieder und athmen eine frische, lebendige Lustigkeit und gesunden Verstand, der über die Thorheiten der Menschen mit gutmüthigem Humor und herzlichem Mitleide spottet, in fliessender beseelter Ausdrucksweise. Viele derselben waren von dem Verfasser allerdings nicht für die Oeffentlichkeit bestimmt, sondern fanden erst später allgemeine Verbreitung; allerdings stimmen sie nicht immer recht zu seinem ernsten Berufe, doch findet sich auch Nichts darin, wodurch das Gefühl und die gute Sitte verletzt würden.

The Fairies Farewell.

Farewell rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now you may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies,
Doe fare as well as they:
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old Abbies,
The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land;
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth,
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their toes.
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and rounddelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queene Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punished sure:
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for noddle:
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

To his Son, Vincent Corbet.

What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

Phineas Fletcher.

Dieser zu seiner Zeit gefeierteste Nachahmer Spenser's, ward 1584 geboren, zu Eton und Cambridge wissenschaftlich gebildet und trat dann in den geistlichen Stand. 1621 erhielt er ein geistliches Amt zu Hilgay in Norfolk, das er neun und zwanzig Jahre hindurch bekleidete und in dem er wahrscheinlich 1650 starb. Seine Gedichte, the Purple Island, Piscatory Eglogues und Miscellaneous poems enthaltend, erschienen zuerst gesammelt 1633 und sind seitdem öfter wieder aufgelegt worden; sie finden sich auch im 4. Bande von Anderson's British Poets. Unter ihnen ist das beschreibende Gedicht die Purpurinsel, das eigenthümlichste; es soll nämlich das ganze Leben umfassen und ist eine — poetische Anthropologie; zuerst schildert nämlich der Dichter bald wirk-

lich, bald allegorisch den Körper des Menschen, dann die Seele bis in das Kleinste. Trotz der Geschmacklosigkeit der Idee und der Ausführung der ersten Gesänge namentlich, finden sich doch viele sehr schöne und erhabene Stellen in diesem Werke, so dass man lebhaft die Verirrung eines so begabten Dichters beklagen muss, der so reiche Phantasie, einen solchen Schwung des Geistes und eine so energische Ausdrucksweise besitzt; glänzende Eigenschaften, die sich auch in seinen übrigen Gedichten offenbaren.

The Shepherd's Home.

(From the Purple-Island.)

Thrice, oh, thrice happie shepherd's life and state
When courts are happinesse, unhappie pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate,
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns, and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their threed
Draw out their silken lives: — nor silken pride:
His lambes' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture di'd:
No emptie hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both miserie and spite.

Instead of music and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first-salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerfull lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.
In countrey playes is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance, unto the rurall Muses;
And but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent:
His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothfull ease;
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yeelds safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithfull spouse hath place:
His little sonne into his bosome creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Lesse he could like, if lesse his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassie tombe, content him.

The world's great Light his lowly state hath bless'd,
And left his Heav'n to be a shepherd base:
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe addrest:
Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones, ranne apace,
And serpents flew, to heare his softest strains:
He fed his flock where rolling Jordan reignes;
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

* * *

Fond man, that looks on Earth for happinesse,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due:
Tho' now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why should'st thou here look for perpetuall good,
At ev'ry losse against Heav'ns face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart, fearlesse of greyhound, feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds;
There shrieking satyres fill the people's emptie steads.

Where is th' Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once graspt in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian beare, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Thro' all the world with nimble pineons far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdomes shar'd?

Hardly the place of such antiquitie,
Or note of these great monarchies we finde:
Onely a fading verball memorie,
And empty name in writ, is left behinde:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nurst in Tiber's fenne,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping denne,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands;
Backt, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked stands.

And that black vulture, which with deathfull wing
Oreshadows half the Earth, whose dismall sight
Frighted the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flagges with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the aire we breathe.

* * *

Giles Fletcher.

Er war des Vorigen Bruder; Beide dürfen nicht mit dem dramatischen Dichter John Fletcher verwechselt werden. Der hier Genannte ward einige Jahre nach seinem Bruder geboren, studirte ebenfalls Theologie, erhielt eine Pfründe zu Alderton in Suffolk und starb daselbst um 1623. Ausser zwei Elegieen hinterliess er ein grösseres Gedicht, episch-descriptiver Art, das zuerst 1610 in Cambridge erschien und seitdem nur selten wieder aufgelegt worden ist. Es findet sich auch in Anderson's British Poets Bd. IV. wieder abgedruckt, führt den Titel Christ's Victory and Triumph, und besteht aus vier Gesängen, von denen der erste sich auf die Menschwerdung Christi, der zweite auf dessen Versuchung, der dritte auf die Kreuzigung und der vierte auf die Auferstehung bezieht; doch hat der Dichter so viel Profanes, namentlich aus der klassischen Mythologie eingemischt, dass das Ganze sehr buntscheckig geworden ist und den beabsichtigten Eindruck natürlich verfehlt. Trotz dem sind aber sehr schöne Stellen darin, die des Verfassers poetischen Beruf lebendig beurkunden, wie z. B. die hier mitgetheilten, in welchen der Erlöser geschildert wird, wie er in der Wildniss weilt, dann einen alten Einsiedler begleitet und nun vergeblich auf verschiedene Weise vom Satan versucht wird.

From Christ's Triumph on Earth.

(Christ's Victory and Triumph C. II.)

Twice had Diana bent her golden bowe,
And shot from Heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse
The sluggish salvages, that den belowe,
And all the day in lazie covert drouse
Since him the silent wildernesse did house:
The Heav'n his roofe, and arbour harbour was,
The ground his bed, and his moist pillowe grasse:
But fruit thear none did growe, nor rivers none did passe.

At length an aged syre farre off he sawe
Come slowely footing, every step he guest
One of his feete he from the grave did drawe.
Three legges he had, the woodden was the best,
And all the waie he went, he ever blest
With benedicities, and prayers store,
But the bud ground was blessed ne'r the more,
And all his head with snowe of age was waxen hore.

A good old hermit he might seeme to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himselfe betaken,
Whear all his former sinnes he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And almes, and fasts, and churche's discipline:
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

But when he neerer came, he lowted lowe
With prone obeysance, and with curtsie kinde,
That at his feete his head he seem'd to throwe:
What needs him now another saint to finde?
Affections are the sailes, and faith the wind,
That to this Sainte a thousand soules convey
Each hour: O happy pilgrims, thither strey!
What caren they for beasts, or for the wearie way?

* * *

Ere long they came nere to a balefull bowre,
Much like the mouth of that infernall cave,
That gaping stood all commers to devoure,
Dark, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carkasses doth crave.
The ground no hearbs, but venomous, did beare,
Nor ragged trees did leave; but every whear
Dead bones and skulls wear cast, and bodies hanged wear.

Upon the roofe the bird of sorrowe sat,
Elonging joyfull day with her sad note,
And through the shady aire the fluttering bat
Did wave her leather sayles, and blindely flote
While with her wings the fatal screech owle smote
Th' unblessed house: thear on a craggy stone
Celeno hung, and made his direfull mone,
And all about the murdered ghosts did shreek and grone.

Like cloudie moonshine in some shadowie grove,
Such was the light in which Despaire did dwell;
But he himselfe with night for darknesse strove,
His blacke uncombed locks dishevell'd fell
About his face; through which, as brands of Hell,
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glowe,
That made him deadly looke, their glimpse did showe
Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throwe.

His clothes wear ragged clouts, with thornes pin'd fast;
And as he musing lay, to stonie fright
A thousand wilde chimeras would him cast:
As when a fearefull dreame in midst of night,
Skips to the braine, and phansies to the sight
Some winged furie, strait the hasty foot,
Eger to flie, cannot plucke up his root:
The voyce dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

* * *

The garden like a ladie faire was cut,
That lay as if shee slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heav'n wear 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling starrs, that sparkle in the evening blew.

Upon a hillie banke her head shee cast,
On which the bowre of Vaine-delight was built.
White and red roses for her face wear plac't,
And for her tresses marigolds wear spilt:
Them broadly shee displaied, like flaming guilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day wear drown'd:
Then up againe her yellow locks she wound,
And with greene fillets in their prettie culls them bound.

What should I here depeint her lillie hand,
Her veines of violets, her ermine brest,
Which there in orient colours living stand:
Or how her gowne with silken leaves is drest,
Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughie crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at every winde their leavie spears
While she supinely sleeps ne to be waked fears?

Over the hedge depends the graping elme,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloodie helme,
And halfe suspect the bunches of the vine,
Least they, perhaps, his wit should undermine,
For well he knewe such fruit he never bore:
But her weake armes embraced him the more,
And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

Under the shadowe of these drunken elmes
A fountaine rose, where Pangloretta uses
(When her some flood of fancie overwhelms,
And one of all her favourites she chuses)
To bathe herselfe, whom she in lust abuses,
And from his wanton body sucks his soule,
Which, drown'd in pleasure in that shally bowle,
And swimming in delight, doth amorously rowle.

The font of silver was, and so his showrs
In silver fell, onely the gilded bowles
(Like to a fornace, that the min'rall powres)
Seemed to have moul't it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coles,
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when Panglorie here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ranne, and milke it rain'd, they say.

The roofe thicke cloudes did paint, from which three boyes
Three gaping mermaides with their eawrs did feede,
Whose brests let fall the streame, with sleepie noise,
To lions mouths, from whence it leapt with speede,
And in the rosie laver seem'd to bleed;
The naked boyes unto the water's fall,
Their stonie nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breath'd into their watery intervall.

And all about, embayed in soft sleepe,
A heard of charmed beasts a ground wear spread,
Which the faire witch in goulden chaines did keepe,
And them in willing bondage fettired:
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts; so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly soules in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bowre,
(Whome thousand soules devoutly idolize)
Our first destroyer led our Saviour;
Thear in the lower roome, in solemne wise,
They daunc'd a round, and powr'd their sacrifice
To plumpe Lyaeus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in yvie garlands drest,
Chaunted wild orgialls, in honour of the feast.

Others within their arbours swilling sat,
(For all the roome about was arboured)
With laughing Bacchus, that was growne so fat,
That stand he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freshly watered,
To quench his fierie cheeks, and all about
Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied out
Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spueing rout.

This their inhumed soules esteem'd their wealths,
To crowne the bousing kan from day to night,
And sicke to drinke themselves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a loft, carv'd all in yvorie white,
They came, whear whiter ladies naked went,
Melted in pleasure and soft languishment,
And sunke in beds of roses, amorous glaunces sent.

* * *

High over all, Panglorie's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of christall wrought,
Like Phoebus' lampe, in midst of Heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernall fraught,
Selfe-arching columns to uphold wear taught:
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystall, that, most like her glasse,
In beauty and in frailtie did all others passe.

A silver wand the sorceresse did sway,
And, for a crowne of gold, her haire she wore;
Onely a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollowe globe of glasse, that long before
She full of emptinesse had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured:
Whose colours, like the rainebowe, ever vanished.

Such wat'ry orbicles young boyes doe blowe
Out from their sopy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they rowe
With easie breath till it be waved higher:
But if they chaunce but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came, she 'gan for musique call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome him withall:

"Love is the blossome where thear blowes
Every thing that lives or growes:
Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
And the Sun doth burne in love:
Love the strong and weake doth yoke,
And makes the yvie climbe the oke;
Under whose shadowes lions wilde,
Soften'd by love, growe tame and mild:
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burnes the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a levie coat to wear,
While in his leaves thear shrouded lay
Sweete birds, for love that sing and play:
And of all love's joyfull flame,
I the bud and blossome am.
Onely bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooeing shall thy winning be.

"See, see the flowers that belowe,
Now as fresh as morning blowe,
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora showes:
How they all unleaved die,
Losing their virginitie;

Like unto a summer-shade,
But now borne, and now they fade.
Every thing doth passe away,
Thear is danger in delay:
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sande of Tagus' shore
Into my bosome casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corne
To my house is yerely borne:
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my traine have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me.
All the starres in Heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine:
Onely bend thy knee to mee,
Thy wooing shall thy winning bee."

Thus sought the dire enchauntress in his minde
Her guileful bayt to have embosomed:
But he her charmes dispersed into winde.
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optique glasses shattered.
So with her syre to Hell shee tooke her flight,
(The starting ayre flew from the damned spright)
Whear deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volie of light angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element; for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungrie grew:
And as he fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymne of the celestiall Trine;
All thought to passe, and each was past all thought divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joyes,
Attemper'd to the layes angelicall;
And to the birds the winds attune their noyse;
And to the winds the waters hoarcely call,
And eccho back againe revoyced all;
That the whole valley rung with victorie.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards flie:
See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.

Drummond.

William Drummond, ein schottischer Edelmann und der erste Schotte überhaupt, welcher in der englischen Schriftsprache dichtete, ward am 13. December 1585 zu Hawthornden in Mid-Lothian geboren, studirte in Edinburg und dann von 1606 bis 1610 in Bourges die Rechte, und lebte dann auf seinen Gütern an seinem Geburtsorte, wo er am 4. December 1649 starb. Als lyrischer Dichter nimmt er unter seinen Landes- und Zeitgenossen eine der ersten Stellen ein; er ist reich an Gedanken und Bildern, frei von jenem damals nur zu sehr vorherrschenden geschmacklosen Schwulste und von affectirter Gesuchtheit, und drückte sich anmuthig, gefällig und würdevoll aus; seine Sonnette und Madrigale gehören daher zu den besten jener Periode. Sie finden sich, so wie seine übrigen Poesien im vierten Bande von Anderson's Sammlung; früher waren sie entweder zerstreut, oder nur theilweise von ihm selbst gesammelt, wie z. B. in seinen Flowers of Sion erschienen. Auch als Historiker hat er sich durch seine treffliche Geschichte Schottlands (London 1655, Folio) ehrenvolle Anerkennung erworben.

The Instability of Mortal Glory.

Triumphing chariots, statues, crowns of bayes,
Skie-threatning arches, the rewards of worth,
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious layes,
Which men divine unto the world set forth:
States which ambitious minds, in bloud do raise,
From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange,
Gigantall frames held wonders rarely strange,
Like spiders webs are made the sport of daies,

Nothing is constant but in constant change,
What's done still is undone, and when undone
Into some other fashion doth it range;
Thus goes the floting world beneath the moone;
Where fore my mind above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

Sonnets.

I know that all beneath the Moon decaies,
And what by mortalls in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall returne to noughte;
That fairest states have fatal nights and daies.
I know that all the Muses heavenly layes,
With toyle of spright, which are so dearely bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vaine praise.
I know fraile beauty like the purple floure,
To which one morne oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of minds accords,
Where sence and will bring under Reason's power:
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, (alas!) I both must write, and love.

Sleep, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepheards and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
Loe, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulnesse possest,
And yet o're me to spread thy drowsie wings
Thou spar'st, (alas!) who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With faigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deafe god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kisse the image of my death.

Trust not, sweet soule, those curled waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spred with flakes of virgin snow,
Norsnow of cheeks with Tyrian graine enrol'd.
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure raies behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show,
Than of the Thracian harper have been told:
Look to this dying lilly, fading rose,
Dark hyacinthe, of late whose blushing beames
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grasse rejoyce,
And thinke how little is 'twixt life's extreames;
The cruell tyrant that did kill those flow'rs,
Shall once, aye me, not spare that spring of yours.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou did grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that deare voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious straines to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheares above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans wailings to the fainting eare,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a teare,
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee daigne,
Like widow'd turtle still her losse complaine.

A passing glance, a light'ning 'long the skies,
Which ush'ring thunder, dies straight to our sight,
A sparke that doth from jarring mixtures rise,
Thus drown'd is in th' huge depths of day and night:
Is this small trifle, life, held in such price,
Of blinded wights, who ne're judge aught aright?
Of Parthian shaft so swift is not the flight,
As life, that wastes itselfe, and living dies.
Ah! What is humane greatness, valour, wit!
What fading beauty, riches, honour, praise?
To what doth serve in golden thrones to sit,
Thrall earth's vaste round, triumphall arches raise?
That's all a dreame, learne in this prince's fall,
In whom, save death, nought mortall was at all.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternall love:
O how more sweet is birds harmonious moane,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings neer a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtfull, do the evill approve!
O how more sweet is zephyre's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vaine honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streames to poyson dranke in gold!
The world is full of horrours, troubles, slights;
Woods harmlesse shades have only true delights.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the earely houres,
Of winters past, or comming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding spraies, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bow'rs,
Thou thy Creator's goodnesse dost declare,
And what deare gifts on thee he did not spare,
A staine to humane sense in sin that low'rs.
What soule can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetnesse) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoiles, spights and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artlesse songster, thou my mind doest raise
To ayres of spheares, yes, and to angels layes.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly traine,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plaine,
The clouds for joy in pearls weepe down their show'rs.
Sweet Spring, thou com'st — but, ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not againe;
The sad memorials only of my paine
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the Aprill flow'rs,
A sweet with floods of gall, that runs combin'd,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devoures,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind;
A vaine delight our equalls to command,
A stile of greatnesse, in effect a dreame,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck't with a pompous name;
Are the strange ends we toyle for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errours know.

Look how the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoyl'd of that juyce which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spred,
And, (blasted,) scarce now shows what it hath been.
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Thinke on thy home, (my soule,) and thinke aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morne,
And twice it is not given thee to be borne.

Wither.

George Wither, ein eben so talentvoller als unruhiger Kopf, der Sohn eines Landedelmannes, ward 1588 zu Bentworth in Hampshire geboren und studirte in Oxford. Sein Vater rief ihn aber wieder zurück und verlangte, dass er sich der Landwirthschaft widmen solle; statt ihm zu gehorchen ging Wither nach London und gab, nachdem er sich bereits einigen literarischen Ruf erworben, hier 1613 eine Sammlung Satiren heraus (Abuses stript and whipt), die ihm lange Kerkerhaft zuzogen. Während derselben schrieb er sein bestes poetisches Werk: The Shepheards Hunting. — Nach seiner Freilassung führte er ein sehr unruhiges Leben und musste noch öfter wieder ins Gefängniss wandern; zuletzt aber bei dem ersten Ausbruche des Bürgerkrieges verkaufte er sein väterliches Landgut und stellte sich an die Spitze einer Reiterschaar auf Seiten des Parlaments. In Gefangenschaft gerathen, sollte er gehängt werden, aber der Dichter Denham verwandte sich für ihn und rettete ihm das Leben. Später ward er Cromwell's Generalmajor für Surrey und hatte reichen Antheil an der Beute, den er aber bei der Thronbesteigung Karl's II. wieder herausgeben musste. Seine Protestationen zogen ihm von Neuem Kerkerstrafe zu; elend und arm starb er endlich 1667.

Unter seinen poetischen Arbeiten sind die Leistungen seiner Jugend unstreitig die besten; sie beurkunden reiche Phantasie, Geist und Scharfsinn und sind correct und rein. Später wurde er jedoch gesucht und affectirt, und Künstelei sollte ersetzen, was ihm die Natur in reiferen Jahren versagte.

A Sonnet upon a stolen Kiss.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes,
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access, unto that sweet lip, lies,
From whence I long the rosie breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the thief reveal,
Nor rob I her of ought which she can miss:
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I had done so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

From the Shepheards Hunting.

As the sunne doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesie so sometimes draines,
Grosse conceits from muddy braines;
Mists of envie, fogs of spight,
Twixt mens judgements and her light:
But so much her power may doe,
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing, she gets power:
Yet the higher she doth sore,
She's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she restes with Fame at last,
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy rime,
To the very starres I 'de clime.
There begin againe, and flye,
Till I reach'd aeternity.
But (alas) my Muse is slow:
For thy page she flagges too low:
Yes, the more's her haplesse fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late.
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my selfe put up a muing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'le flye where I never did.
And though for her sake I'me crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more then ten times double:
I would love and keepe her too,
Spight of all the world could doe.
For though banisht from my flockes,
And confin'd within these rockes,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keepes many cares away.
Though I misse the flowry fields,
With those sweets the spring-tyde yeelds,

Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepheards chaunt their loves
And the lasses more excell,
Then the sweet voyc'd Philomel,
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remaines at last,
But Remembrance (poore reliefe)
That more makes, then mends my griefe:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envies evil will.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former dayes of blisse,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest objects sight;
By the murmure of a spring,
Or the least boughs rusteling;
By a dazie whose leaves spred,
Shut when Tytan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Then all natures beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her helpe I also now,
Make this churlish place allow
Somthings that may sweeten gladnes
In the very gall of sadnes;
The dull loaneness, the blacke shade,
That those hanging vaults have made,
The strange musicke of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This blacke den which rocks embosse,
Over-growne with eldest mosse,
The rude portals that give light,
More to terrour then delight.
This my chamber of neglect,
Wal'd about with disrespect,
From all these, and this dull ayre,
A fit object for despaire;
She hath taught me, by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore thou best earthly blisse,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesie, thou sweetest content
That ere Heav'n to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts can not conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorne,
That to nought but earth are borne:
Let my life no longer bee,
Then I am in love with thee.
Though our wise ones call it madnes,
Let me never taste of sadnes,
If I love not thy mad'st fits
Above all their greatest wits.
And though some too seeming holy,
Doe account thy raptures folly:
Thou dost teach me to contemne
What makes knaves and fooles of them.

* * *

Now that my body dead-alive,
Bereav'd of comfort lyes in thrall,
Doe thou, my soul, begin to thrive,
And unto honie turne this gall:
So shall we both through outward wo
The way to inw ard comfort know

As to the flesh we foode do give,
To keepe in us this mortall breath:
So soules on meditation live,
And shunne thereby immortall death:
Nor art thou ever neerer rest,
Then when thou find'st me most opprest.

First thinke, my soule, if I have foes
That take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure these outward woes
Have thus entrapt me unaware:
Thou should'st by much more carefull bee,
Since greater foes lay waite for thee.

Then when mew'd up in grates of steele,
Minding those joyes mine eyes doe misse
Thou find'st no torment thou do'st feele,
So grievous as privation is:
Muse how the damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the losse of blisse they know.

Thou seest there's given so great a might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright;
Which if in any thou espie
Thus thinke, if mortals frownes strike feare,
How dreadfull will God's wrath appeare!

By my late hopes that now are crost,
Consider those that firmer bee,
And make the freedome I have lost
A meanes that may remember thee:
Had Christ not thy Redeemer bin,
What horrid thrall thou had'st beene in.

These iron chaines, the bolt's of steele,
Which other poore offenders grinde,

The wants and cares which they doe feele,
May bring some greater thing to minde:
For by their griefe thou shalt doe well,
To thinke upon the paines of hell.

Or when through me thou seest a man
Condemn'd unto a mortall death,
How sad he lookes, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with feare his panting breath;
Thinke if in that such griefe thou see
How sad will, Goe yee cursed bee!

Againe, when he that fear'd to dye
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought
Reade but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought,
There thinke betwixt thy heart and thee,
How sweet will, Come ye blessed bee!

Thus if thou doe, though closed here,
My bondage I shall deeme the lesse,
I neither shall have cause to fear,
Nor yet bewaile my sad distresse:
For whether live, or pine, or dye,
We shall have blisse eternally.

The Shepheard's Resolution.

Shall I, wasting in despaire,
Dye, because a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosie are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The Turtle-Dove or Pelican:
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kinde she be?

Shall a woman's virtue move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings knowne,
Make me quite forget mine owne?
Be she with that goodnesse blest,
Which may merit name of Best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the foole and dye?
Those that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches finde,
Thinke what with them they would doe,
That without them dare to wooe;
And unlesse that minde I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kinde or faire,
I will ne'er the more despaire;
If she love me, this beleeve;
I will dye ere she shall grieve,
If she slight me when I wooe,
I can scorne and let her goe:
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

From fair Virtue.

Hall, thou fairest of all creatures
Upon whom the sun doth shine:
Model of all rarest features,
And perfections most divine.
Thrice all-hail: and blessed be
Those that love and honour thee.

This, thy picture, therefore shew I
Naked unto every eye,
Yet no fear of rival know I,
Neither touch of jealousie;
For, the more make love to thee,
I the more shall pleased be.

I am no Italian lover,
That will mewe thee in a jayle;
But, thy beautie I discover,
English-like, without a vail;
If thou mayst be won away,
Win and wear thee he that may.

Yet, in this thou mayst believe me;
(So indifferent tho' I seem)
Death with tortures would not grieve me,
More than loss of thy esteem;
For, if virtue me forsake,
All, a scorn of me will make.

Then, as I on thee relying
Doe no changing feare in thee:
So, by my defects supplying,
From all changing, keep thou me,
That, unmatched we may prove, —
Thou, for beautie; I, for love.

The stedfast Shepheard.

Hence away, thou Syren, leave me,
Pish! unclaspe these wanton armes;
Sugred words can ne'er deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charmes).
Fie, fie, forbeare;
No common snare
Can ever my affection chaine:
Thy painted baits,
And poore deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'm no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall that snowy brest,
Rowling eye, and lip of ruby
Ever robb me of my rest:
Goe, goe, display
Thy beautie's ray
To some more-soone ënamour'd swaine:
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie;
Turne away thy tempting eye:
Shew not me a painted beautie;
These impostures I defie:
My spirit lothes
Where gaudy clothes
And fained othes may love obtaine:
I love her so,
Whose looke sweares No;
That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every brest are worne;
That may plucke the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorne?
I can goe rest
On her sweet brest,
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
Then stay thy tongue;
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestowed on me in vaine.

He's a foole, that basely dallies,
Where each peasant mates with him:
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe?
No, no, though clownes,
Are scar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine:
And those Ile prove:
So will thy love
Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,
Where each lustfull lad may wooe:
Give me her, whose sun-like beautie
Buzzards dare not soare unto:
Shee, shee it is
Affords that blisse
For which I would refuse no paine:
But such as you
Fond fooles, adieu;
You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me;
Seeke no more to worke my harmes:
Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proofe against your charmes:
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart, that constant shall remaine:
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vaine.

Carew.

Thomas Carew aus altem Geschlechte in Devonshire stammend, ward wahrscheinlich in Gloucestershire, nach Einigen 1577, nach Anderen, und dies ist wohl das Richtigere, erst 1589 geboren, studirte zu Oxford, machte dann grössere Reisen und wurde darauf am Hofe Karls I., dessen Gunst er gewonnen, angestellt. Er führte ein sorgenfreies, aber ziemlich leichtsinniges Leben, dass er kurz vor seinem Tode ernstlich bereut haben soll und starb 1639, kurz vor dem Ausbruch des Bürgerskrieges.

Carew hinterliess nur lyrische Gedichte, welche zuerst gesammelt 1640 erschienen und ein Maskenspiel, das er auf Geheiss Karls I. schrieb: Coelum Britannicum und welches 1633 in Whitehall aufgeführt wurde. Seine Poesieen zeichnen sich durch Leichtigkeit, Anmuth und Natürlichkeit vor denen seiner Zeitgenossen aus, aber es fehlt ihnen an Tiefe und Gehalt.

Disdain returned.

He that loves a rosie cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise,
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some Pow'r, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

Ingrateful Beauty threatened.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate:
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

Song.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose:
For in your beauties orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither doe stray
The golden atomes of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to inrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all be-pearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:
Ask me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

Browne.

William Browne ward 1590 zu Tavistock, in Devonshire geboren, machte seine Studien in Oxford und widmete sich dann der Rechtswissenschaft in London, doch zog er die Beschäftigung mit den Musen den strengen Forderungen der Themis vor und der erste Band seiner Hirtengedichte, Britannia's Pastorals erschien bereits 1613 in London, dem drei Jahre später der zweite nachfolgte. Während der Zwischenzeit gab er noch sieben Eklogen, unter dem Titel, the Shepherds Pipe, sowie the Inner Temple Masque heraus. Später wurde er Erzieher des Earl von Caernarvon und kam dann zu dem Grafen von Pembroke, wo es ihm sehr wohl ging. Gegen das Ende seines Lebens kehrte er in seine heimathliche Provinz zurück und beschloss sein irdisches Dasein 1645 zu Ottery St. Mary.

Nach seinem Tode geriethen seine früher so gefeierten Schriften bald in Vergessenheit, doch wurde das Andenken an dieselben durch eine 1779 zu London veranstaltete Auflage wieder erneut, auch finden sie sich in Anderson's British poets Vol. IV. abgedruckt. Brown ist der bedeutendste unter den ältern bukolischen Dichtern der Engländer, reich an Phantasie, tiefem Gefühl, Natürlichkeit, Wahrheit und Gedanken; seine Sprache erscheint edel und correct, aber die Nachahmung des Italiener Marino führt ihn zu oft irre, und sein Bemühen Neues eigenthümlich und neu zu sagen macht ihn gesucht, geschwätzig und gekünstelt, besonders da, wo er allegorisirt, was ihm stets am Wenigsten gelingt.

From Britannia's Pastorals.

Now as an angler melancholy standing,
Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,
A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke,
Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke:
Here pulls his line, there throws it in againe,
Mending his croke and baite, but all in vaine,
He long stands viewing of the curled streame;
At last a hungry pike, or well-growne breame,
Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away
He, knowing it a fish of stubborne sway,
Puls up his rod, but soft; (as having skill)
Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishe's gill.

* * *

My free-borne Muse will not, like Danae, be,
Wonne with base drosse to clip with slavery;
Nor lend her choiser balme to worthless men,
Whose names would die but for some hired pen;
No: if I praise, vertue shall draw me to it,
And not a base procurement make me doe it
What now I sing is but to passe away
A tedious houre, as some musitians play;
Or make another my owne griefes bemone;
Or to be least alone when most alone.
In this can I, as oft as I will choose,
Hug sweet content by my retyred Muse,
And in a study finde as much to please
As others in the greatest pallaces.
Each man that lives (according to his powre)
On what he loves bestowes an idle howre;
Instead of hounds that make the wooded hils
Talke in a hundred voyces to the rils,
I like the pleasing cadence of a line
Strucke by the concert of the sacred Nine.
In lieu of hawkes, the raptures of my soule
Transcend their pitch and baser earth's controule.
For running horses, contemplation flyes
With quickest speed to winne the greatest prize.
For courtly dancing I can take more pleasure
To heare a verse keepe time and equall measure.
For winning riches, seeke the best directions
How I may well subdue mine owne affections.
For raysing stately pyles for heyres to come,
Here in this poem I erect my tombe.
And time may be so kinde, in these weake lines
To keepe my name enroll'd, past his, that shines
In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves:
Since verse preserves when stone and brasse deceives.
Or if (as worthlesse) time not lets it live
To those full dayes which others' Muses give,
Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung
Of most severest eld and kinder young
Beyond my dayes, and maugre Envye's strife
Adde to my name some houres beyond my life.
Such of the Muses are the able powres,
And, since with them I spent my vacant houres,
I find nor hawke, nor hound, nor other thing,

Turnyes nor revels, pleasures for a king,
Yeeld more delight; for I have oft possest
As much in this as all in all the rest,
And that without expence, when others oft
With their undoings have their pleasures bought.

* * *

Requests, that with deniall could not meet,
Flew to our shepheard, and the voyces sweet
Of fairest nymphes intreating him to say
What wight he lov'd; he thus began his lay:

"Shall I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versifie:
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone.

"Nature did her so much right,
As she scornes the help of art.
In as many vertues dight
As e're yet imbrac'd a hart.
So much good so truely tride
Some for lesse were deifide.

"Wit she hath without desire
To make knowne how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Ful of pitty as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

"Reason masters every sense,
And her vertues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Onely worth could kindle love.

"Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she browne, or faire, or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone."

Venus and Adonis.

(From the same work.)

Venus by Adonis' side
Crying kist and kissing cryde,
Wrung her hands and tore her hayre
For Adonis dying there.

"Stay," (quoth she) "O stay and live!
Nature surely doth not give
To the earth her sweetest flowres
To be seene but some few houres."

On his face, still as he bled
For each drop a tear she shed,
Which she kist or wipt away,
Else had drown'd him where he lay.

"Fair Proserpina" (quoth she)
"Shall not have thee yet from me;
Nor thy soul to flye begin
While my lips can keepe it in."

Here she clos'd again. And some
Say, Apollo would have come
To have cur'd his wounded lym,
But that she had smother'd him.

From the same work.

Nevermore let holy Dee
O're other rivers brave,
Or boast how (in his jollity)
Kings row'd upon his wave.
But silent be, and ever know
That Neptune for my fare would row.

Those were captives. If he say
That now I am no other,
Yet she that beares my prison's key
Is fairer than Love's mother;
A god tooke me, those one lesse high,
They wore their bonds, so doe not I.

Swell, then, gently swell, ye floods,
As proud of what you beare,
And nymphes that in low corrall woods
String pearles upon your hayre,
Ascend: and tell if ere this day
A fayrer prize was seene at sea.

See the salmons leape and bound,
To please us as we passe,
Each mermaid on the rockes around,
Lets fall her brittle glasse,
As they their beauties did despize,
And lov'd no myrrour but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow, fayre winde,
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the halcyon kinde,
Till we have ferry'd o're:
So maist thou still have leave to blow,
And fanne the way where she shall goe.

Floods, and nymphes, and windes, and all
That see us both together,
Into a disputation fall;
And then resolve me, whether
The greatest kindnesse each can show
Will quit our trust of you or no?

The Siren's song.
From the Inner Temple Masque.

Steere hither, steere, your winged pines,
All beaten mariners,
Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines,
A prey to passengers;
Perfumes far sweeter than the best,
Which make the phoenix' urn and nest,
Feare not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips;
But come on shore
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
Where never stormes arise,
Exchange; and be awhile our guests:
For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass, love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not misse
To tell each point he nameth with a kisse.

Herrick.

Robert Herrick, der Sohn eines Goldschmiedes ward 1591 in London geboren, studirte zu Cambridge und widmete sich erst der Jurisprudenz, dann der Theologie. 1629 erhielt er die Pfründe zu Dean Prior in Devonshire, ward aber durch die Revolution von dort vertrieben, worauf er als Privatmann in Westminster lebte und erst durch die Thronbesteigung Karls II. wieder eingesetzt. Er erreichte ein hohes Alter; sein Todesjahr ist jedoch nicht ermittelt.

Seine Poesieen sind nur lyrischer Gattung und erschienen in zwei Sammlungen, von denen die erstere unter dem Titel Hesperides (London 1618) weltliche, die zweite aber unter dem Titel Noble Numbers (London 1620) nur geistliche Gedichte enthält; diese letzteren stehen den ersteren mit wenigen Ausnahmen weit im Werthe nach. Warmes Gefühl, Anmuth und seltener Wohllaut sind Herrick eigen, aber er schwächt diese rühmlichen Eigenschaften durch den falschen Geschmack seiner Zeit, der ihn zu Künstelei und Gesuchtheit verleitete, so dass sich nur wenige Leistungen von ihm in Andenken der Nachwelt erhalten haben.

The Night Piece. — To Julia.

Her eyes the glowworme lend thee,
The shooting starres attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No will-o'-th'-wispe mislight thee;
Nor snake nor slowworme bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee!

Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber,
The starres of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare without number.

Then, Julia, let me wooe thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soule I'll poure into thee!

To Blossoms.

Faire pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why do yee fall so fast?
Your date is not so past:
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be
An houre or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pitie nature brought yee forth
Meerly to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'r so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

To Daffadils.

Faire daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soone;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noone:
Stay, stay,
Untill the hast'ning day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will goe with you along!

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours doe; and drie
Away
Like to the summer's raine.
Or as the pearles of morning dew,
Ne'r to be found again.

Corinna going a Maying.

Get up, get up for shame; the blooming morne
Upon her wings presents the God unshorne:
See how Aurora throwes her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herbe and tree:
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an houre since: yet you are not drest;
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have mattens said,
And sung their thankfull hymnes; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in;
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May!

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seene
To come forth like the spring time, fresh and greene,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gowne, or haire:
Feare not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearl unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying
Few beads are best, when once we goe a Maying!

Come, my Corinna, come, and, comming marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke
Made green, and trimm'd with trees, see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each doore, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying!

There's not a budding boy or girle this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May:
A deale of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with whitethorn laden home:
Some have dispatch't their cakes and creame,
Before that we have left to dreame;
And some have wept, and woo'd and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kisse, both odde and even:
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keyes betraying
This night, and locks pick't; yet w'are not a Maying!

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmlesse follie of the time:
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty:
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne
And, as a vapour, or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'r be found againe,
So when or you, or I, are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying!

To Primroses, filled with Morning-Dew.

Why doe ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak griefe in you,
Who were but borne
Just as the modest morne
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That marres a flower;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worne with yeares:
Or warp't, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flow'rs, (like to orphans young,)
To speak by teares before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings; and make known
The reason why
Ye droop, and weep.
Is it for want of sleep;
Or childish lullabie?
Or, that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kisse
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your teares shed
Wo'd have this lecture read,
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth."

Song.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And neerer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, goe marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Quarles.

Francis Quarles ward 1592 zu Stewards bei Romford in Essex geboren, studirte in Cambridge und widmete sich dann in London der juristischen Praxis. Nachdem er eine Zeitlang Mundschenk der Königin von Böhmen, Tochter Jakob's I. und darauf Geheimschreiber des Erzbischof Usher gewesen, ernannte ihn die Stadt London 1639 zu ihrem Chronologen. Wegen seiner Gesinnungen ward er im Bürgerkriege gemishandelt und geplündert. Er starb am 8. Sept. 1644 und hinterliess viele meist religiöse Poesieen, wie z. B. Job Militant, Sion's Elegies, History of Queen Esther, Argalus and Parthenia, the Morning Muse, the Feast for Worms, Divine Emblems, eine Nachahmung der Pia Desideria des Jesuiten Hugo, welche ebenso reich an geschmacklosen artistischen Beilagen ist, wie ihr Vorbild u. A. m., die sämmtlich noch bei seinen Lebzeiten erschienen. Er besitzt grosse Kraft, Originalität und reiche Phantasie, sowie Herrschaft über Sprache und Form, aber er ist oft bombastisch und eben so oft prosaisch und flach und sein Streben, wie er sich selbst ausdrückt "die Fluthen des Jordan und des Helicon in demselben Becher zu mischen," verleiten ihn fortwährend zu Geschmacklosigkeiten, wie sie in jener Zeit vorherrschten und den Beifall der Menge gewannen.

An Elegy.

People, that travel through thy wasted land,
Gaze on thy ruines, and amazed stand,
They shake their spleenful heads, disdain, deride
The sudden downfal of so fair a pride,
They clap their joyful hands, and fill their tongues
With hisses, ballads, and with lyrick songs:
Her torments give their empty lips new matter,
And with their scornful fingers point they at her:
Is this (say they) that place, whose wonted fame
Made troubled earth to tremble at her name?
Is this that state? Are these those goodly stations?
Is this that mistress, and that queen of nations?

Quarles'
From Divine Emblems.

O! whither shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day
And find some desert? if she springs away,
The wings of Vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice and not cleare in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
Where flame-ey'd Fury means to smite, can save.

The seas will part, groves open, rocks will split;
The shield will cleave; the frighted shadows flit:
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no, if stern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee, 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that's everywhere?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy show
Her better eye; the further off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand; but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls;
Poor cots are ev'n as safe as prince's halls.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Thou art my God! by thee I fall or stand;
Thy grace has giv'n me courage to withstand
All tortures but my conscience, and thy hand

I know thy justice is thyself; I know,
Just God, thy very self is mercy too;
If not to thee, where, whither shall I go?

Then work thy will; if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey; my wings shall be
Stretch'd out no further than from thee to thee.

Herbert.

George Herbert, ein Bruder des berühmten Lord Herbert of Cherbury ward 1593 zu Montgomery-Castle in Wales geboren, studirte zu Cambridge und wurde 1619 Redner der Universität. Später trat er in den geistlichen Stand und erhielt eine Pfarre zu Bemerton, wo er 1632 starb. Seine Gedichte, religiösen Inhalts erschienen 1633 zu London unter dem Titel: the Temple or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations, und fanden zu jener Zeit ausserordentlichen Beifall. Tiefe Frömmigkeit ist der eigenthümlichste Character derselben, aber sie offenbart sich nicht selten auf so sonderbare Weise, dass sie gerade den entgegengesetzten Eindruck hervorbringen und doch, trotz allen Verirrungen lässt sich nicht verkennen, dass H. ein grosses poetisches Talent besass.

Mattens.

I cannot ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-soul and sacrifice:
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or starre, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou shouldst it so eye and woo
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sunne-beam I will climbe to thee.

The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away like snow in May:
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greennesse? I was gone
Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they, together, all the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power!
Killing, and quick'ning, bringing down to hell,

And up to heaven, in an houre;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell,
We say amisse "This, or that, is;"
Thy word is all; if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower want a spring-showre,
My sins and I joyning together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn, when thou dost turn.
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again:
After so many deaths I live and write:
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. O my onely light,
It cannot be that I am he,
On whom thy tempests fell all night!

These are thy wonders, Lord of love!
To make us see we are but flow'rs that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Tho hast a garden for us where to bide;
Who would be more, swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

Virtue.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hew angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Shirley.

James Shirley ward 1594 in London geboren, studirte in Oxford und Cambridge, trat darauf in den geistlichen Stand und erhielt bald nachher ein Pfarramt in Hertfordshire. Dieses bekleidete er jedoch nicht lange, da er zur katholischen Religion überging. Er ernährte sich nun als Lehrer an der lateinischen Schule zu St. Alban's, gab aber diesen Beruf nach zwei Jahren auf, und liess sich in London nieder, wo er für die Bühne schrieb. Während des Bürgerkrieges war er auf Seite der Krone und folgte seinem Gönner, dem Grafen von Newcastle in das Feld. Bei dem unglücklichen Ausgange des Kampfes kehrte er nach London zurück und lebte wieder der Bühne, bis die Theater im Jahre 1642 durch ein Parlamentsedict unterdrückt wurden. Er wandte sich nun von Neuem dem Berufe eines Erziehers zu und erfreute sich in jeder Hinsicht guten Erfolges, bis ihn 1666 der grosse Brand von London aus seiner Wohnung vertrieb, und er von Angst und Schrecken aufgerieben mit seiner Gattin zweiter Ehe an einem und demselben Tage starb.

Shirley hinterliess 39 Schauspiele, einen Band Gedichte, die er bereits 1646 herausgegeben hatte und einige prosaische Schriften über Erziehung. Eine vollständige Sammlung seiner drama-

tischen Werke besorgten in neuester Zeit Gifford und Dyce. London 1832 fgde. Hier ist er am Glücklichsten im Lustspiele, da er mit consequenter Characterzeichnung glückliche Erfindung und richtigen Tact verbindet. Seine lyrischen Gedichte sind gefällige und anmuthige Erheiterungen von ernsten Beschäftigungen, doch findet sich auch manches durch Tiefe der Gedanken und begeisterte Darstellung Bedeutendere unter ihnen.

Death's Final Conquest.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All hands must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Victorious men of Earth.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you binde in every shore:
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are:
Nor to these alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

Good morrow.

Good morrow unto her who in the night
Shoots from her silver bow more light
Then Cynthia, upon whose state
All other servile stars of Beauty wait.

Good morrow unto her who gives the day,
Whose eyes preserve a purer ray,
Then Phoebus, when in Thetis streams
He hath new bath'd himself, and washt his beames.

The day and night are onely thine, and we
Were lost in darkness but for thee;
For thee we live, all hearts are thine
But none so full of faith and flame as mine.

Melancholy converted.

Welcom, welcom again to thy wits,
This is a Holy-day;
Wee'll have no plots, nor melancholy fits,
But merrily passe the time away,
They are mad that are sad;
Be rul'd by me,
And never were two so merry as we.
The kitchen shall catch cold no more,
Wee'll have no key to the buttry dore,
The fiddlers shall sing
The house shall ring,
And the world shall see
What a merry couple we will be.

Upon his mistress sad.

Melancholy hence, and get
Some peece of earth to be thy seat,
Here the ayre and nimble fire
Would shoot up to meet desire;
Sullen humor leave her blood,
Mixe not with the purer flood,
But let pleasures swelling here,
Make a spring-tide all the yeer.
Love a thousand sweets distilling,
And with pleasure bosoms filling,
Charm all eyes, that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us;
And while we thy raptures taste,
Compel time itself to stay,
Or by forelock hold him fast,
Least occasion slip away.

Davénant.

William Davenant, der jüngere Sohn eines Gastwirthes in Oxford, ward daselbst im Februar 1605 geboren, trat 1621 in das Lincoln College, wurde dann Page der Herzogin von Richmond, fand später freundliche Aufnahme im Hause des Lord Brooke und bekam 1637 nach Ben Jonson's Tode die Stelle eines Hofpoeten. Während des Bürgerkrieges zeichnete er sich aus als treuer Anhänger des Königs, focht tapfer und erhielt 1643 den Ritterschlag bei der Belagerung von Gloucester. Als die Parthei Karl's I. unterlag, zog er sich nach Frankreich zurück, wo er seinen Glauben änderte und deshalb von der Königin so begünstigt wurde, dass sie ihn mit einem heimlichen Auftrage an ihren Gemahl nach England sandte. Später wurde er zu einer Expedition von Frankreich aus nach Virginien verwendet, aber das Schiff, auf dem er sich befand, fiel dem Feinde in die Hände und Davenant wurde gefangen nach England geführt und wäre hingerichtet worden, hätte ihn Milton nicht durch seine Fürbitte gerettet, was er diesem später, als sich die Dinge wendeten, durch einen gleichen Dienst wieder vergalt. Da die Schauspiele verboten waren, so führte er jetzt eine Art von musikalischen Unterhaltungen ein, um sein Leben zu fristen welche sich bald in Opern umwandelten. Nach der Restauration erhielt er ein Patent für sein Theater. Er starb 1668 und ward in der Westminsterabtei beigesetzt, wo seinen Leichenstein die Inschrift, welche Ben Jonson erhielt, schmückte: O rare Sir William Davenant!

Seine Werke erschienen gesammelt 1673 zu London, ein Band in Folio. Sie enthalten ein unvollendetes episches Gedicht: "Gondibert", an dem er während seines ganzen Lebens arbeitete, das jedoch mit Ausnahme einzelner schöner Stellen kalt und langweilig ist. Seine dramatischen Arbeiten zeichnen sich durch Correctheit und Regelmässigkeit aus, entbehren aber der Originalität. Unter seinen kleinen Gedichten ist dagegen manches Gelungene, wie ihm überhaupt Talent für die Form nicht abzusprechen ist.

Song.

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.
The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your vails of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

Song.

Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girl!
To purify the air;
Thy tears to thread instead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair:

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum;
Expence of grief gains no remorse,
When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy peace,
Will hide her drowsy head;
And, for the sport of kings, increase
The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in war delight,
Who being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old,
Ordain'd a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
What he had stol'n away.

Thy payment shall but double be:
O then with speed resign
My own seduced heart to me
Accompany'd with thine.

Song.

O whither will you lead the fair,
And spicy daughter of the morn?
Those manacles of her soft hair
Princes, though free, would fain have worn.

What is her crime? what has she done?
Did she, by breaking beauty stay,
Or from his course mislead the sun;
So robb'd your harvest of a day?

Or did her voice, divinely clear!
(Since lately in your forest bred)
Make all the trees dance after her,
And so your woods disforested?

Run, run! pursue this Gothic rout
Who rudely love in bondage keep;
Sure all old lovers have the gout,
The young are overwatch'd and sleep.

Waller.

Der Sprössling eines alten edeln Geschlechts ward Edmond Waller am 3. März 1605 zu Coleshill geboren; seine Mutter war eine Schwester John Hampdon's. Er studirte zu Eton und Cambridge und trat schon im Alter von siebenzehn Jahren in das Parlament als Vertreter für Agmondesham, doch zeigte er sich sein ganzes Leben hindurch als eine Wetterfahne, die sich stets der eben herrschenden Macht zuwandte. Bis zu dem Ausbruche des Bürgerkrieges war er ein eifriger Hofmann, dann nahte er sich allmählig der Gegenpartei und rettete, in eine Verschwörung verwickelt, sein Leben auf Kosten seiner Mitverschworenen, worauf er sich nach Frankreich zurückzog und längere Zeit in Paris verweilte, bis ihn seine Vermögensumstände zwangen nach England zurückzukehren. Er wusste nun Cromwell's Gunst zu gewinnen, auf den er ein langes Lobgedicht schrieb, ward aber nach dem Eintritt der alten Ordnung der Dinge wieder mit Leib und Seele königlich gesinnt und besang mit gleicher Begeisterung Karl II. So erhielt er sich immer oben im Strom des Lebens und erreichte ein hohes Alter. Er starb 1687 und ward in der Kirche von Beaconsfield beigesetzt.

Seine Gedichte erschienen zuerst gesammelt 1645 in London. Eine Ausgabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke veranstaltete Fonton, London 1774 in 4., der früher schon eine von Perc. Stockdale besorgte, London 1772 in 8. vorausgegangen war. Er ist vorzüglich lyrischer Dichter, aber als solcher sehr überschätzt worden. Allerdings zeichnet er sich durch Grazie, Correctheit und Eleganz höchst vortheilhaft aus und übertrifft an Feinheit des Geschmacks alle seine Zeitgenossen, aber

seine Poesieen sind nur gemacht, nicht empfunden, Producte des combinirenden Verstandes nicht schöpferischer Phantasie und echten Gefühls und lassen daher kalt. Seine gefeierte Sacharissa war Lady Dorothea Sidney, Tochter des Grafen von Leicester; der Dichter huldigte ihr nur um der Mode zu genügen und die Dame war auch so klug ihn nicht zu erhören. Am Glücklichsten ist er in lyrischen erotischen Tändeleien; sein didactisches Poem On divine Love, so wie seine anderen religiösen Poesieen sind dagegen kalt und trocken und seine Lobgedichte, elegante aber verächtliche künstliche Reden in Versen, beurkunden den schmeichelnden Höfling.

To a very young Lady.

Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world which wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom, do not slight
That age which you may know so soon;
The rosie morn resigns her light,
And milder glory, to the noon;
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,
And summer, though it be less gay
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination or decay.
For, with a full hand, that does bring
All that was promis'd by the spring.

Song.

Go lovely rose
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her self to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.

Chloris, your self you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breath my thought,
That like a spirit with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had eccho, with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice the boy had burn'd.

On a Girdle.

That which her slender waste confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but wou'd give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'ns extreamest sphear,
The pale which held that lovely dear;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwell all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riban bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Love's Farewell.

Treading the path to nobler ends,
A long farewel to love I gave;
Resolv'd my country, and my friends,
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,
None but those eyes cou'd have o'erthrown,
The nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like her self alone.

Thus the tall oak which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm but build the house,
Tho' from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heav'n indure.

Habington.

William Habington ward am 5. November 1605 zu Hendlip in Worcestershire geboren; seine Familie war römisch-katholisch und tief in die damaligen Unruhen verwickelt. Er ward von den Jesuiten zu St. Omer erzogen, trat aber, obwohl dafür bestimmt, nicht in ihren Orden, sondern kehrte nach England zurück und vermählte sich mit Lucia Herbert, Tochter des ersten Lord Powis, die er in seinen Gedichten als Castara feierte. An den Bewegungen seiner Zeit nahm er nur geringen Antheil; auch starb er schon am 30. November 1654.

Seine Gedichte erschienen zuerst 1634 und zerfallen in drei Abschnitte: a Mistress, a Wife, a Holy Man. Jedem derselben geht eine Einleitung in Prosa, a Character betitelt, voran. Sie zeichnen sich durch reine Sittlichkeit, tiefes und wahres Gefühl und Anmuth aus und wenn sich der Dichter auch mitunter in künstlichen Witzspielen nach dem Geschmack seiner Tage gefällt, so verzeiht man ihm das gern um seiner übrigen trefflichen Eigenschaften willen.

The Description of Castara.

Like the violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade;
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For shee's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich't with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tweene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will,
Her grave parents' wise commands:
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet runne still astray
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast,
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that daye's pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight;
Without maske, or ball, or feast
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
O're that darknesse whence is thrust,
Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie;

And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven flie:
All her vowes religious be
And her love she vowes to me.

To Castara.

Give me a heart where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage,
Which jealousie doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expence ingage,
Nor wooed to madnesse by queint oathes,
Or the fine rhetoricke of cloathes,
Which not the softnesse of the age
To vice or folly doth decline;
Give me that heart (Castara) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke
Provokes new appetite:
With no fresh charm of beauty tooke,
Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wandring here and there,
Led by an am'rous eye or eare.
Aiming each beautious marke to hit;
Which vertue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
Observe but how it still
Doth listen how thine doth with me;
And guard it well, for else it will
Runne hither backe; not to be where
I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
But without discipline, or skill,
Our hearts shall freely 'tweene us move
Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by love.

Milton.

John Milton, der berühmteste epische Dichter der Engländer, ward am 9. December 1608 in London, wo sein Vater Notarius war, geboren. Er erhielt eine gelehrte Bildung und bezog bereits durch seine Fähigkeiten ausgezeichnet, im sechszehnten Lebensjahre die Universität Cambrigde, wo er sich vorzüglich mit poetischen Studien beschäftigte. Nachdem er dort Magister der freien Künste geworden, lebte er längere Zeit zurückgezogen im elterlichen Hause und machte dann eine Reise durch Frankreich und Italien. Nach seiner Rückkehr legte er eine Schule an, um eine neue von ihm ersonnene Methode des Unterrichtes prastisch in den Leben zu rufen. Als die bürgerlichen Unruhen ausbrachen trat er auf die Seite des Protectors, das er wiederholt durch Schriften vertheidigte, worauf er lateinischer Geheimschreiber des Parlaments wurde. Er suchte später die Restauration zu verhindern, weshalb er durch Karl II. von der Amnestie ausgeschlossen wurde, doch erhielt er später durch Davenant's (S. d.) Vermittelung seine Verzeihung. Während der Zeit der Pest zog er sich nach Chalfont in Buckinghamshire zurück und vollendete hier sein grosses Epos: das verlorene Paradies, dem er später auf Veranlassung seines Freundes Elwood, eines Quäkers, das wiedergewonnene Paradies folgen liess. — Milton starb, schon lange erblindet, (seit 1652) aber trotz seiner Blindheit fortwährend thätig, am 8ten November 1674. Er war drei Mal verheirathet, seine erste Ehe war nicht glücklich, desto schöner und segensreicher aber die beiden andern.

Seine poetischen Werke — von den andern kann hier nicht die Rede sein — enthalten: the Paradise lost (zuerst erschienen London 1667 in 4) the Paradise regained (zuerst London 1670 in 8) die Dramen Samson Agonistes und Comus, die beschreibenden Gedichte L'Allegro und Il Penseroso, das elegische Gedicht Lycidas, die berühmte Ode auf Christi Geburt, lyrische kleinere Poesieen, Sonette u. A. m. Sie sind oft herausgegeben worden, am Besten von J. H. Todd, London 1801, 6 Bde u. öfterer.

Ein englischer Kritiker characterisirt Milton als Dichter mit folgenden Worten: Das Wesen seiner Werke ist mit einem Worte zu schildern, da dieses Wort die Vollendung der äussersten begreiflichen Grösse in sich fasst. Sie waren episch. Die Leidenschaft in ihnen erreicht uns durch die Vermittelung der Einbildungskraft, gross und fern, aber dauernd und allgemein. Der Cha-

racter in denselben ist einfach, nicht vielseitig, nur den mächtigsten Umständen unterworfen und bis zur sublimsten Sphäre der Handlung emporgehoben. Diesen unterthan übt Milton jede Function des Dichters aus, Anmuth, natürliche Anschauung, unvergleichliche Schönheit der Beschreibung, Gedankenreichthum und Phantasie. An Kraft des Ausdrucks ist ihm nach unserer Meinung nie Jemand gleich gekommen. —

L'Allegro.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess, fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
Whit two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash't in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastick toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
On the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-dore,
Stoutly struts his dames before,
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Roab'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plowman neer at hand
Whistles o're the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged okes,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of hearbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bowre she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;

And young and old com forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat,
She was pincht and pull'd, she said,
And by the friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To ern his cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy fiale hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength
And crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the first cock his mattin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towred cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend.
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,
With Mask and antique Pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's childe,
Warble his native wood-notes wilde.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian aires,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of lincked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains, that tye
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence, vain deluding Joyes,
  The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you bested
  Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes?
Dwell in some idle brain,
  And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
  As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams
  The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'relaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiope queen that strove
To set her beautie's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended.
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering bowres and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Following with majestick train,
And sable stole of Ciprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leasure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,

'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oke;
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee chauntress oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green.
To behold the wand'ring moon
Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that had bin led astray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shoar,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the ayre will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsie charm,
To bless the dores from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely towre,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphear
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those daemons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent,
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who haud Canace to wife,
That own'd the vertuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appeer,
Not trickt and flounct as she was wont
With the Attick boy to hunt,
But cherchef'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oake,
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antick pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dimm religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd quire below
In service high, and anthems cleer,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into exstasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,

Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give
And I with thee will choose to live.

On his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, least he returning chide;
Doth God exact day labour, light denied,
I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his milde yoak, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o're land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and waite.

Suckling.

Sir John Suckling ward 1609 zu Witham in der Grafschaft Middlesex geboren, zeichnete sich schon früh durch die glänzendsten Fähigkeiten aus und hatte bereits noch ehe er sein zwanzigstes Jahr vollendet, einen grossen Theil Europa's bereist und unter Gustav Adolph mit Ruhm gefochten. Bei seiner Rückkehr nach England führte er ein lustiges, verschwenderisches Leben und zog später Karl I. mit einer Schaar von hundert Reitern zu Hülfe, die sich aber nicht eben durch Tapferkeit auszeichneten. Dadurch aus seinem Taumel erwacht, ward Suckling einer der eifrigsten Vertheidiger seines unglücklichen Königs und musste nach Frankreich fliehen. Die Hinterlist eines treulosen Dieners, der ihn bestahl und die Verfolgung zu verhindern suchte, zog ihm eine gefährliche Wunde zu, an der er am 7. Mai 1641 starb.

Sucklings Muse ist die Muthwilligkeit, er hat ein grosses Talent leichter heiterer Darstellung, Witz, anmuthige Nachlässigkeit und Grazie und bildet den Uebergang von den Dichtern aus Elisabeths Zeit zu denen unter Karl II. von England. Seine Poesieen sind meist lyrischen Inhalts, doch hat er auch Dramen hinterlassen, welche zu ihrer Zeit gern gesehen wurden.

Song.

'Tis now, since I sate down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part:

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no lesse art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great canon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yeelded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praysing and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine owne,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence and where
These hopes, and this relief?
A spie inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the world straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon ayre will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love
Onely to feed her pride.

Song.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prethee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prethee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing doe't?
Prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her: —
The divil take her.

The careless Lover.

Never believe me if I love,
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;
And yet in faith I lye, I do,
And she's extreamly handsome too;
She's fair, she's wondrous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
E'er I'll die for love, I fairly will forego it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,
My foolish heart cou'd never bear:
One sigh imprison'd ruins more
Than earthquakes have done heretofore.

When I am hungry I do eat,
And cut no fingers 'stead of meat;
Nor with much gazing on her face,
Do e'er rise hungry from the place.

A gentle round fill'd to the the brink,
To this and t'other friend I drink;
And if 'tis nam'd another's health,
I never make it her's by stealth.

Black fryars to me, and old Whitehall,
Is even as much as is the fall
Of fountains on a pathless grove,
And nourishes as much my love.

In visit, talk, do business, play,
And for a need laugh out a day:
Who does not thus in Cupid's school,
He makes not love, but plays the fool:
She's fair, & c.

Constancy.

Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together:
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
E'er he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no staies,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least e'er this
A dozen dozen in her place.

Love turn'd to Hatred.

I will not love one minute more, I swear,
No not a minute; not a sigh or tear
Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
Though thou should'st court me to't, and would'st begin;
I will not think of thee, but as men do
Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too:
For thy sake, woman shall be now to me
Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be.
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that man that loves a she;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
That's in thy sex, because it does lie there;
Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
And all for thee; what, wilt thou love me yet?

Detraction execrated.

Thou vermin slander, bred in abject minds,
Of thoughts impure, by vile tongues animate,
Canker of conversation! could'st thou find
Nought but our love, whereon to shew thy hate?
Thou never wert, when we two were alone;
What canst thou witness then? thy base dull aid
Was useless in our conversation,
Where each meant more than could by both be said.
Whence hadst thou thy intelligence, from earth?
That part of us ne'er knew that we did love;
Or from the air? Our gentle sighs had birth
From such sweet raptures as to joy did move;
Our thoughts, as pure as the chaste morning's breath,
When from the night's cold arms it creeps away,
Were cloath'd in words; and maiden's blush that hath
More purity, more innocence than they.
Nor from the water could'st thou have this tale,
No briny tear has furrow'd her smooth cheek;
And I was pleas'd, I pray what should he ail
That had her love, for what else could he seek?
We short'ned days to moments by Love's art,
Whilst our two souls in am'rous ecstasy
Perceiv'd no passing time, as if a part
Our love had been of still eternity.
Much less couldst have it from the purer fire,
Our heat exhales no vapour from coarse sense,
Such as are hopes, or fears, or fond desire;
Our mutual love itself did recompense:
Thou hast no correspondence had in heav'n,
And th' elemental world, thou see'st, is free:
Whence hadst thou then, this talking monster? even
From hell, a harbour fit for it and thee.
Curst be th' officious tongue that did address
Thee to her ears, to ruin my content:
May it one minute taste such happiness,
Deserving loos'd unpitied it lament!
I must forbear the sight, and so repay
In grief, those hours joy short'ned to a dream:
Each minute I will lengthen to a day,
And in one year outlive Methusalem.

Butler.

Samuel Butler, der Sohn eines Pächters, ward 1612 zu Stresham in Worcestershire geboren und erhielt eine wissenschaftliche Bildung, die er in Cambridge vollendete, ohne jedoch dort Mitglied eines Collegiums zu sein. Er ward darauf Schreiber bei einem Friedensrichter, trat dann in die Dienste der Gräfin von Kent und nachher in die des Sir Samuel Luke, eines hohen Beamten unter Cromwell, in dessen Hause er sich die genaue Kenntniss des Wesens der Puritaner angeeignet, den Plan zu seinem berühmten Epos gefasst und Sir Luke selbst zum Vorbild für seinen Hudibras gewählt haben soll. Während der Restauration zog Butler nach London und liess hier 1663 den ersten, 1664 den zweiten und 1678 den dritten Theil seines komischen Heldengedichtes erscheinen, das grosses Aufsehen machte und am Hofe Karls II. mit lebhaftestem Interesse gelesen wurde, da es die feindliche Partei auf das Bitterste verspottete. Dem Dichter aber trug es keine andere Frucht als den wohlverdienten Ruhm; er lebte und starb in Armuth 1680; ein treuer Freund musste ihn

auf seine Kosten begraben lassen und erst sechszig Jahre später liess ihm der reiche Buchdrucker Barber, damals Mayor von London ein Denkmal in der Westminsterabtei errichten.

Die beste Ausgabe des Hudibras ist die von Zach. Grey besorgte, London 1744, 2 Bde in 8, ihr zunächst kommt die von N. E. Nash. London 1793, 3 Bde in 4. Seine übrigen Schriften sammelte R. Thyer, London 1759, 2 Bde in 8. Die sämmtlichen Werke sind seitdem öfter wieder aufgelegt worden.

Das komische Epos Hudibras blieb unvollendet. Es schildert die Kreuz und Querzüge eines fanatischen presbyterianischen Richters und seines Begleiters des Squire Ralph, so wie der Abenteuer, die sie erleben und ist offenbar eine Nachahmung des Don Quijote, jedoch mit weit geringerer Erfindungsgabe ausgestattet, und zu gedehnt in den poetischen Beschreibungen. Dagegen sprudelt es aber von schlagendem energischem Witz, der der bitteren und scharfen Satyre Kraft und Nachdruck verleiht, welche die originelle Form und der eigenthümliche Styl noch erhöhen. Dieselben Eigenschaften herrschen auch in Butlers vermischten Poesieen, die sämmtlich satyrisch sind, vor. Vom Hudibras hat D. W. Soltau eine treffliche deutsche Uebersetzung (Königsberg 1798) geliefert. — Wir haben, da der mehr als kecke Ton dieses Gedichtes die Sitte nur zu oft verletzt uns mit dem folgenden Auszuge begnügen müssen und uns selbst nicht gestatten dürfen, diesen ohne Unterbrechung mitzutheilen.

From Hudibras.

An heroical epistle of Hudibras to his lady.

Selected passages.

I who was once as great as Caesar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle.
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fall'n from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
Where all the hopes I had to have won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You'd find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd 'tis true;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought;
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base;
Who always are observ'd t'have done 't
Upon as different an account;
The one for great and weighty cause,
To salve, in honour, ugly flaws;
For none are like to do it sooner
Than those who're nicest of their honour:
The other, for base gain and pay,
Forswear and perjure by the day,
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls, and consciences, a calling.
It is no scandal nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person,
To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old-fashion'd trick, to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful, to the great,
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt
The guilty, and punish the innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong,
Committed by th' ungoverned tongue;
And, when one member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.

* * *

Love, that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of nature, that restores,
As fast as Time and Death devours,
To whose free gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too:

For love's the only trade that's driven,
The interest of state in heaven,
Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain;
For what can earth produce, but love,
To represent the joys above?
Or who but lovers can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
Address, and compliment by vision,
Make love, and court by intuition?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end?
Or Heav'n itself, a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for the offence's sake?
Or if it did not, but the cause
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love, or hate,
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals, as strict;
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,
To grant a pardon, than condemn.
Then, since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why shou'd he who made address
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design?

* * *

Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows,
Against your stratagems t' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes.

* * *

For women first were made for men,
Not men for them. It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have pow'r to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice, nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better or worse,
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose,
For why shou'd every savage beast
Exceed his great Lord's interest?
Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has?
Because the laws he since has made
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women;
When all his power will not extend,
One law of Nature to suspend;
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause, is to rebel.
This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they wou'd make good;
And not, like sots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives;
For which sin they are, in slavery.

* * *

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd he 'd brought her to his whistle;
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applause, t' himself, twice over;
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit,
And dated it with wond'rous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,
A smoking faggot — and above,
Upon a scroll — I burn, and weep,
And near it — For her Ladyship;
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present;
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how t'observe and eye her.

She first considered which was better:
To send it back, or burn the letter:
But guessing that it might import,
Though nothig else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

* * *

Crashaw.

Richard Crashaw wurde wahrscheinlich zu London um 1615, wo sein Vater ein hohes geistliches Amt bekleidete, geboren. Er studirte in Cambridge, wo er sich dem geistlichen Stande widmete und als Prediger auszeichnete, aber 1644 durch die Armee des Parlaments vertrieben wurde. Nach Frankreich geflüchtet, trat er zum katholischen Glauben über und ward hier von Cowley im äussersten Elend gefunden und der verbannten Königin Henriette Marie empfohlen, die ihm den Rath gab, in Italien sein Glück zu versuchen. Es gelang ihm auch in Rom Geheimschreiber des Cardinal Palotta und später Canonicus an der Lorettokirche zu werden. Er starb daselbst 1650.

Seine Gedichte erschienen zuerst London 1646, sind später öfter wieder aufgelegt worden und zum grössten Theil religiösen Inhalts. Sie zeichnen sich durch Begeisterung, reiche Phantasie, Kraft und Anmuth aus, sind aber, im falschen Geschmack jener Zeit, nicht frei von Künstelei und Gesuchtheit.

The Hymn.

O gloriosa domina!

Hail most high, most humble one!
Above the world; below thy Son,
Whose blush the moon beauteously marres,
And staines the timerous light of starres.
He that made all things had not done,
Till he had made himself thy Son.
The whole world's host would be thy guest,
And board himself at thy rich brest;
O boundless hospitality!
The feast of all things feeds on thee.
The first Eve, mother of our fall,
E're she bore any one, slew all.
Of her unkind gift might we have
The inheritance of a hasty grave;
Quick buryed in the wanton tomb
Of one forbidden bitt;
Had not a better fruit forbidden it;
Had not thy healthfull womb
The world's new eastern window bin,
And given us heaven again in giving him.
Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day,
Which renders all the starres she stole away.
Let then the aged world be wise, and all
Prove nobly, here, unnaturall:
'Tis gratitude to forgett that other,
And call the maiden Eve their mother.
Yee redeem'd nations farr and near,
Applaud your happy selves in her,
(All you to whom this love belongs)
And keep't alive with lasting songs.
Let hearts and lippes speak lowd, and say,
Hail, door was shutt, the fountain seal'd;
Yet light was seen and life reveal'd;
The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.
Glory to thee, great virgin's Son,
In bosom of thy Father's blisse:
The same to thee, sweet Spirit be done;
As ever shall be, was, and is,
Amen.

An Ode, which was prefixed to a Prayer Booke given to a young gentlewoman.

Loe, here a little volume, but great booke,
A nest of new-borne sweetes,
Whose native fires disdaining
To lye thus folded and complaining
Of these ignoble sheetes,

Affect more comely bands
(Faire one) from thy kind hands,
And confidently looke
To find the rest
Of a rich binding in your brest.

It is in one choice handfull, heaven, and all
Heaven's royall hoast, encampt thus small;
To prove that true, schooles use to tell,
Ten thousand angells in one point can dwell.
It is Love's great artyllery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to ly
Close couch't in your white bosome, and from thence,
As from a snowy fortresse of defence,
Against the ghostly foe to take your part;
And fortifie the hold of your chast heart.

It is an armory of light;
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'l find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields,
Than sinne hath snares, or hell hath darts.

Onely be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chast, and true,
Wakefull, and wise;
Here is a friend shall fight for you;
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let prayer alone to play its part.

But O the heart
That studies this high art,
Must be a sure house-keeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Deare soule be strong,
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring its bosome full of blessings;
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortall dressings
For worthy soules, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for him, who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroome, when he come,
Shall find the loyt'ring heart from home,
Leaving its chast abode,
To gad abroad,
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flyes;
To take her pleasure, and to play,
And keep the devill's holyday:
To dance i' th' sunne-shine of some smiling But beguiling
Spheare of sweet, and sugred lies,
Some slippery paire,
Of false perhaps, as fair,
Flattering, but forswearing eyes;
Doubtlesse some other heart
Will get the start,
And stepping in before,
Will take possession of the sacred store
Of hidden sweets, and holy joyes;
Words which are not heard with ears,
(Those tumultuous shops of noise),
Effectuall whispers, whose still voice,
The soul itselfe more feeles than heares.

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes,
Spirituall, and soule piercing glances,
Whose pure and subtle lightning flyes
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,
And melts it downe in sweet desire;
Yet doth not stay
To aske the windowes leave to passe that way.

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations;
Of soule, deare and divine annihilations;
A thousand unknowne rites;
O joyes and rarify'd delights!

A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces,
And many a mistic thing,
Which the divine embraces
Of the deare Spouse of Spirits, with them will bring,
For which it is no shame,
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Of all this store
Of blessings and ten thousand more;
(If, when he come,
He find the heart from home),
Doubtlesse he will unload
Himselfe some other where,
And powre abroad
His precious sweets,
On the faire soule whom first he meets.

O faire! O fortunate! O rich! O deare!
O happy! and thrice happy shee,
Selected dove,
Whoe're she bee,
Whose early love
With winged vowes,
Makes hast to meet her morning spouse
And close with his immortall kisses.
Happie indeed who never misses,
To improve that precious howre,

And every day
Seize her sweet prey:
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping with a balmy showre
A delicious dew of spices.

O let the blisseful heart hold fast
Her heav'nly armeful, she shall tast,
At once ten thousand paradices;
She shall have power
To rifle and deflower
The rich and roseall spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a swelling bosome there she meets.
Boundlesse and infinite bottomlesse treasures,
Of pure inebriating pleasures.
Happy proofe! she shall discover
What joy, what blisse,
How many heav'ns at once it is,
To have her God become her lover.

Denham.

Sir John Denham ward 1615 zu Dublin, wo sein Vater Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer war, geboren, erhielt seine Erziehung in London und Oxford und widmete sich dann der Rechtsgelehrsamkeit. Das Spiel war seine vorherrschende Leidenschaft; um seinen Vater zu versöhnen schrieb er schon früh eine Abhandlung gegen dasselbe, liess aber doch nicht von ihm ab. 1641 trat er zu Aller Erstaunen mit einer Tragödie "The Sophy" hervor, die von seinen glänzenden Fähigkeiten zeugte. Bald nachher wurde er Gouverneur von Farnham-Castle und zeigte sich überhaupt sein ganzes Leben hindurch als entschiedener Loyalist. Die Entdeckung einer geheimen Correspondenz mit Cowley zwang ihn zu Karl II. zu fliehen, mit dem er später in sein Vaterland zurückkehrte. Er ward Oberaufseher der königlichen Gebäude und Ritter des Bathordens. Eine unglückliche Ehe beraubte ihn eine Zeit lang des Verstandes, doch ward er wieder gänzlich hergestellt. Er starb 1668 und erhielt ein Begräbniss in der Westminster-Abtei.

Eine vollständige Ausgabe seiner poetischen Werke erschien London 1684 und nochmals 1704 in 8. Sie finden sich ferner im 5. Bande von Anderson's Sammlung. Von den englischen Kritikern wird er als einer der älteren Klassiker sehr gefeiert. Seine bedeutendste Leistung ist das descriptive Gedicht Cooper's hill, mit dem er die Landschaftsmalerei zuerst in die englische Poesie einführte. Er zeichnet sich durch geistreiche Eleganz aus, doch witzelt er zu gern und es fehlt ihm an Tiefe des Gefühls und Kraft der Phantasie. Von minderem Werthe sind seine übrigen Dichtungen, unter denen die Elegie auf Cowley's Tod als die gelungenste erscheint.

From Cooper's hill.
Description of the Thames.

My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.
Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil;
But God-like his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs

Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature whether more intent to please
Us or herself with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs:
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.

Upon the Game of Chess.

A tablet stood of that abstersive tree
Where Aethiop's swarthy bird did build her nest,
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent beast.
Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,
Their equal armies draw into the field;
Till one take th' other pris'ner they contest;
Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.
This game the Persian Magi did invent,
The force of Eastern wisdom to express;
From thence to busy Europeans sent
And styl'd by modern Lombards Pensive Chess.
Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons his Trojans taught this sport,
To pass the tedious hours of ten years' siege.
There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers
Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modesty her motion steers,
Nor rudely skips o'er bishops heads like knights.

Cowley.

Abraham Cowley, der nachgeborne Sohn eines Spezereihändlers, ward 1618 in London geboren. Seine Mutter liess ihm eine sehr sorgfältige Erziehung geben, worauf er in Cambridge studirte und promovirte, jedoch vom Parlamente vertrieben ward und sich nach Oxford begab. Bald nachher folgte er als Geheimschreiber des Earl von Albany der vertriebenen Königin nach Frankreich und ward mit grossem Vertrauen vielfach bei ihren Angelegenheiten beschäftigt. Als er 1656 nach England zurückkehrte, nahm man ihn als Spion gefangen, doch liess man ihn wieder frei und er lebte nun während des Protectorates dort ungestört als Privatmann. Nach der Restauration wurden

seine Dienste mit Undank belohnt; er übernahm daher eine Pachtung, brachte den Rest seines Lebens in der Einsamkeit zu und starb am 28. Juli 1667. Seine Leiche ward mit grosser Feierlichkeit in der Westminster-Abtei beigesetzt.

Cowley's Werke sind oft erschienen; die beste Ausgabe derselben ist die von J. Aikin mit Anmerkungen besorgte: London 1802. 3 Bde in 8. Als Dichter zeichnet er sich vorzüglich in der lyrischen Poesie aus, der er einen bisher in England fast noch unbekannten Aufschwung durch Kühnheit der Gedanken und Kraft der Sprache verlieh; seine Oden sind als die ersten vorzüglichen Leistungen auf diesem Gebiete zu betrachten, doch ist er auch hier von Gesuchtheit und Künstelei nicht freizusprechen. Ein grösseres episches Gedicht, die Davideis, liess er unvollendet, auch steht es seinen lyrischen Poesieen bei Weitem nach.

Auch als Prosaist und als lateinischer Dichter erwarb sich Cowley wohlverdienten Ruhm. Seine Schrift gegen Cromwell, eine didactische Satyre und seine übrigen prosaischen Aufsätze sind in ihrer Art vortrefflich.

The Complaint.

In a deep Vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray,
Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay;
And, lo! a Muse appear'd to his clos'd sight,
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play)
Body'd, array'd, and seen by an internal light:
A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were,
That Nature or that fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate,
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air,
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
She us'd of old near fair Ismenus' stream,
Pindar, her Theban favourite to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from the ground,
The shaken strings melodiously resound.
"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
"To this forsaken place and me?
Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
And winter marches on so fast?
But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name,
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou, changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,
Would'st into courts and cities from me go;
Would'st see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there:
Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a state,
And business thou would'st find, and would'st create;
Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence!
Business! the thing which I of all things hate;
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

"Go, renegado! cast up thy account
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostacy.
Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were past,
All thy remaining life should sunshine be;
Behold! the public storm is spent at last,
The Sovereign's tost at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last on shore.
But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see
All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
Thou, still alone, alas! dost gaping stand
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand!

"As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our king;
Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light!
But then, alas! to thee alone
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown;
For every tree and every herb around
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground

The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats surpass,
When God to his own people said,
(The men whom through long wanderings he had led)
That he would give them even a heaven of brass;
They look'd up to that heaven in vain,
That bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

"The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more
Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Given to another thou didst see,
Given to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left thy recompense to be!
Go on; twice seven years more thy fortune try;
Twice seven years more God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the Court's deceitful lottery;
But think how likely 'tis that thou
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
Should'st in a hard and barren season thrive,
Should'st even able be to live;
Thou to whose share so little bread did fall,
In that miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said:
"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyself hast made?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,
And my abused soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
Lo! still in verse against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds;
No wholesome herb can near it thrive,
No useful plant can keep alive:
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
Make all my art and labour fruitless now;
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow.

"When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away the inherent dye:
Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours quite;
But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honour and of gain
I often steer my course in vain:
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
Thou slack'nest all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only heaven desire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus, with Saphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late,)
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

"Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The Court, and better king, t' accuse:
The heaven under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:
Thine, thine is all the barrenness; if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough.
Our patient sovereign did attend
His long misfortune's fatal end;
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend;
I ought to be accurs'd, if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands, they say; and though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes, thou
Should'st not reproach rewards for being small or slow;
Thou who rewardest but with popular breath,
And that too after death!"

Resolved to love.

I wonder what the grave and wise
Think of all us that love;
Whether our pretty fooleries
Their mirth or anger move;
They understand not breath that words doe want;
Our sighs to them are insignificant.

One of them saw me th' other day,
Touch the dear hand which I admire,
My soul was melting strait away,
And dropt before the fire.
This silly wise man, who pretends to know,
Ask't why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?

Another from my mistress' dore
Saw me with eyes all watry come,
Nor could the hidden cause explore,
But thought some smoak was in the room:
Such ign'rance from unwounded Learning came,
He knew tears made by smoak, but not by flame.

If learn'd in other things you be,
And have in love no skill,
For God's sake keep your arts from me,
For I'll be ignorant still.
Study or action others may embrace;
My love's my business, and my books her face.

These are but trifles, I confess,
Which me, weak mortal! move;
Nor is your busie seriousness
Less trifling than my love
The wisest king who from his sacred breast
Pronounç'd all vanity, chose it for the best.

Anacreontics.

1.
Drinking.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busie sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when h'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal Health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, men of morals, tell me why.

2.
The Grasshopper.

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's selfe's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice:
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hindes with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phoebus loves, and does inspire;
Phoebus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know:
But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withall,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Lovelace.

Richard Lovelace ward 1618 in Woolwich geboren, erhielt eine vortreffliche Erziehung und bezog 1634 die Universität Oxford, einer der schönsten und liebenswürdigsten Jünglinge seiner Zeit. Nachdem er hier zwei Jahre verweilt, und Magister artium geworden, nahm er Kriegsdienste und wurde wegen seiner Treue für Karl I. in den Kerker geworfen, aus dem er sich nur für schweres Geld befreite. Er diente darauf im französischen Heere, wo er ein Regiment befehligte und bei Dünkirchen verwundet wurde. 1648 nach England zurückkehrend gerieth er von Neuem in Gefangenschaft, und ward erst nach der Hinrichtung Karls I. wieder losgelassen. Arm, elend und in tiefen Trübsinn versunken, irrte er nun in London umher, bis ihn der Tod 1658 von seinen Leiden erlöste.

Seine Gedichte erschienen zuerst unter dem Titel: Lucasta, zu Ehren der Dame seines Herzens Lucy Sacheverell, 1650 und wurden 1659 durch seinen Bruder von Neuem herausgegeben. Sie sind meist lyrisch, leiden an den Geschmacksfehlern seiner Zeit, zeichnen sich aber durch Adel der Gesinnung, warmes, natürliches Gefühl, Anmuth und Eleganz vortheilhaft aus.

To Lucasta. — Going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet minde
To warre and arms I flie.

True: a new mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field:
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

The Scrutiny.

Why should you sweare I am forsworn?
Since thine I vow'd to be;
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hour's space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy browne haire,
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unplow'd-up ground.

Then, if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoyles of meaner beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with varietie.

To Althea. — From Prison.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates:
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd to her eye;
The gods that wanton in the aire,
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyall flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voyce aloud, how good
He is, how great should be;
Enlarged winds that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedome in my love,
And in my soule am free;
Angels alone that soar above
Injoy such libertie.

Marvell.

Andrew Marvell ward am 15. November 1620 zu Kingston upon Hull, wo sein Vater dissentirender Prediger war, geboren. Er studirte in Cambridge, bereiste darauf einen grossen Theil von Europa and kehrte 1645 nach England zurück, wo er lange in Zurückgezogenheit lebte, dann Milton's Gehilfe im Staatsdienste und 1660 Deputirter für Hull im Parlamente wurde. Unter Karl I., der ihm sehr wohl wollte, schlug er, obwohl arm, jedes Amt und jede Gratification aus. Er starb, vielleicht vergiftet, plötzlich am 16. August 1678 in London.

Marvell erwarb sich zu seiner Zeit, durch satirische Pamphlete, in welchem er vorzüglich die Gegner des Parlamentes angriff, ausserordentlichen Ruf. Als Dichter zeichnet er sich durch Phantasie, Originalität, Wärme und echtes Gefühl sehr vortheilhaft aus. Seine Poesieen und Briefe nebst einer Nachricht über sein Leben von Cooke, erschienen gesammelt, London 1726, 2 Bde. in 12.

The Picture of T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers.

See with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lye,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flow'rs, and gives them names:
But only with the roses plays
And them does tell
What colours best become them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause,
This darling of the Gods was born!
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.
Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

O then let me in time compound,
And parly with those conquering eyes;
Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
Ere with their glancing wheels, they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise.
Let me be laid,
Where I may see the glorys from some shade.

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring:
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm:
But most procure,
That violets may a longer age endure.

But O, young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,

Gather the flowers, but spare the buds;
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours;
And ere we see,
Nip, in the blossom, all our hopes in thee.

Bermudas.

Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied;
From a small boat, that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.

What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits thro' the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows,
He makes the figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault:
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may,
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.
Thus sung they in the English boat,
An holy and a chearful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn.

The wanton troopers riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will dye.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm: alas! nor cou'd
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot dye so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing:
And nothing may we use in vain,
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean: their stain
Is dy'd in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.
Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Ty'd in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then: I'm sure I do.
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a Fawn to hunt his Deer."
But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his Heart.
Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away,
With this: and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seem'd to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? O I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.
Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did: his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.
With sweetest milk, and sugar first,

I it at mine own fingers nurs'd;
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blush'd to see its foot moore soft,
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
  It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds;
And trod, as if on the four winds.
  I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness:
And all the spring time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lye;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed;
And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
  O help! O help! I see it faint,
And dye as calmly as a saint.
See how it weeps! the tears do come,
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow.
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.
  I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears; and fill
It, till it do o'erflow with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.
  Now my sweet Fawn is vanish'd to
Whither the swans and turtles go;
In fair Elisium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast: for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and dye.
  First my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep though I be stone;
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

To his coy Mistress.

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Should'st rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I wou'd
Love you ten years before the flood:
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze
Two hundred to adore each breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.
  But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lye
Desarts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long preserv'd virginity:
And your quaint honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
  Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow chap'd pow'r.

Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball:
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Dryden.

John Dryden ward am 9. August 1631 (nach Anderen 1632) zu Aldwinkle in Northamptonshire geboren, studirte in Cambridge und begab sich dann nach London, wo er zuerst mit einer Elegie auf den Tod Cromwell's auftrat und in einem andern Gedichte Astraea redux die Restauration verherrlichte. 1665 vermählte er sich mit der Tochter des Grafen von Berkshire, Elisabeth Howard, ward eines der ersten Mitglieder der königlichen Akademie und arbeitete dann seit dem grossen Brande vorzüglich für das königliche Theater. Nach Davenant's Tode ward er Hofpoet und bald nachher auch königlicher Historiograph, doch schützte ihn dies nicht vor heftigen und wiederholten Angriffen. Nach der Thronbesteigung Jakob's II. trat Dryden zur katholischen Religion über und vertheidigte diesen Schritt, wegen dessen er heftig angefeindet wurde, in mehreren Gedichten, besonders in dem darauf vorbereitenden didactischen Poem Religio Laici und in dem allegorischen Gedichte The Hind and the Panther. Die Revolution raubte ihm alle seine Aemter und er musste nun während seiner letzten Lebensjahre für das tägliche Brod arbeiten und mit Sorgen und Entbehrungen kämpfen. Er beschäftigte sich nun hauptsächlich mit poetischen Uebersetzungen, in denen er seltene Meisterschaft beurkundete, bis zu seinem am 1. Mai 1701 erfolgten Tode. Seine Leiche ward in der Westminster-Abtei beigesetzt.

Die beste Ausgabe von Dryden's poetischen Werken besorgte Jos. Warton (London 1811, 4 Bde. 8.); die seiner sämmtlichen sowohl dichterischen wie prosaischen Schriften W. Scott. (London 1808, 18 Bde. 8.). Die ersteren enthalten Dramen, Satiren, didactische Gedichte u. s. w., denn Dryden cultivirte alle Gattungen der Poesie. Er ist das Haupt einer neuen Dichterschule in England, welche mit grosser Besonnenheit, aber ohne Begeisterung einen neuen kunstgerechten Schulton einführte und viel für die Verfeinerung des Geschmackes und die Correctheit der Sprache und Form that, aber an Genialität den grossen Dichtern früher Zeit weit nachsteht. Als poetischer Stylist ist Dryden höchst ausgezeichnet, und was man als solcher erreichen kann, hat er erreicht, was aber den wahren Dichter macht, fehlt ihm fast ganz; er ist ein feiner Satiriker, ein guter Lehrdichter, ein talentvoller Gelegenheitspoet und ein scharfsinniger geschmackvoller Kritiker, aber kalt in seinen Dramen wie überhaupt da, wo es auf Kraft, Phantasie und Gefühl ankommt.

Select Passages from Eleanora.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet odor, of a vast expence.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:
She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long familiar guest.
He took her as he found, but found her so,

As one in hourly readiness to go:
Ev'n on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice she from heaven had heard,
And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counsel'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Cloath'd all in white, the livery of the day:
Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act;
Unless omissions were to pass for fact:
That hardly death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.

* * *

O happy soul! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye;
If, looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family:
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there;
That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain.
Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert,
That should not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a single heart.

* * *

From Dryden's Religio Laici.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here: so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
And found that one First Principle must be:
But what, or who, that universal He;
Whether some soul incompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms' interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he:
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of human kind.
For happiness was never to be found,
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
This every little accident destroy'd:
The wiser madmen did for virtue toil;
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;
Cries εὕρηκα, the mighty secret's found:
God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
We made to serve, and in that service blest.
If so, some rules of worship must be given:
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
Else God were partial, and to some deny'd
The means his justice should for all provide
This general worship is to praise and pray
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet since the effects of providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to human kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;
Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate,
Where God's all righteous ways will be declar'd,
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar,
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.

Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no such system: no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
To one sole God.
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe:
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence,
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art justice in the last appeal:
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote, and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too just and strong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong;
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way;
And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store;
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.

* * *

Song.

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppressed and dumb with grief.
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear perhaps she'll give
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but death to close his eyes.

Roscommon.

Wentworth Dillon Graf von Roscommon ward 1633 in Irland geboren, erhielt eine wissenschaftliche Bildung in Caen, bereiste darauf Frankreich und Italien, kehrte zur Zeit der Restauration zurück und wurde dann Hauptmann der Garde, ein Posten den er jedoch später wieder aufgab. Nach einer ziemlich regellosen Jugend widmete er sich ernsteren Bestrebungen und ging vorzüglich mit dem Plane um, eine Akademie nach dem Muster der französischen zu stiften, um die Reinheit und Correctheit der englischen Sprache zu überwachen, was ihm jedoch nicht glückte. Er beschäftigte sich nun mit einem didactischen Gedichte über die Kunst Verse zu übersetzen und mit poetischen Uebertragungen selbst. Als die Revolution auszubrechen drohte, wollte er nach Rom flüchten, aber ein heftiger Gichtanfall zwang ihn zu bleiben und führte 1684 seinen Tod herbei. Er ward mit grosser Feierlichkeit in der Westminster-Abtei begraben.

Seine Gedichte erschienen zuerst gesammelt, London 1717 in 8. und sind seitdem öfter wieder aufgelegt worden Sie sind correct, elegant, gefällig, aber kalt, doch ist nicht zu leugnen, dass Roscommon seiner Zeit sehr günstig auf die Verfeinerung des Geschmackes wirkte.

Select Passages
from the Essay on translated Verse.

Each poet with a different talent writes;
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond:
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree
No longer his interpreter, but he.
With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear;
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear,
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And spacious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.
Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found:
Take then a subject proper to expound;
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street,
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

* * *

What I have instanc'd only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore:
There sweat, there strain; tug the laborious oar;
Search every comment that your care can find;
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind:
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng:
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd.
Who knows what blessing Phoebus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out;
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.

* * *

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse,
'Tis very dangerous, tampering with the Muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumaean cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
And panting, Lo! the God, the God, she cries;
With words not her's, and more than human sound
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through the ground.
But, though we must obey when heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possest.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate measures to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
There cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.

Sackville-Dorset.

Charles Sackville, Graf von Dorset und Middlesex ward 1637 geboren, erhielt eine häusliche Erziehung, brachte dann mehrere Jahre auf Reisen zu und wurde nach seiner Heimkehr Parlamentsmitglied. Im holländischen Kriege diente er als Freiwilliger unter dem Herzoge von York, und schrieb in der Nacht vor dem berühmten Seetreffen am 3. Juni 1665 das Lied: To all you ladies at the land! das noch immer ein Liebling der englischen Marineoffiziere ist. Später zeichnete er sich als eifriger Anhänger der protestantischen Sache aus und ward von Wilhelm I. zu hohen Ehren befördert. Er starb 1706 zu Bath, allgemein geschätzt, während seines Lebens ein eben so geschmackvoller als grossmüthiger Freund und Beschützer der schönen Wissenschaften ganz besonders Prior's (s. d.), der ihm Alles verdankte.

Dorset's Gedichte finden sich gesammelt, im sechsten Bande von Anderson's British Poets; eine besondere Ausgabe giebt es nicht. Er war sehr glücklich in heiteren Liedern, dagegen verlieren seine Satyren dadurch, dass sie, obwohl sehr witzig, nur persönlich waren.

Song.

To all you ladies now at land
We men, at sea, indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, etc.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude your ships are lost
By Dutchmen, or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
With a fa, etc.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, etc.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a fa, etc.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a fa, etc.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But, why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, etc.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, etc.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, etc.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, etc.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea
With a fa, etc.

Song.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

Sedley.

Sir Charles Sedley ward um 1639 zu Aylesford in Kent geboren, brachte seine Jugend auf dem Lande zu und ging erst 1663 an den Hof Karls II., wo er durch Witz und Geist ausgezeichnet, ein Liebling Karls II. und als einer der anerkanntesten Richter in Sachen des Geschmacks betrachtet wurde. Später machte er sich als Parlamentsmitglied durch seine Verbindung mit den Whigs bedeutend. Nach der Revolution zog er sich auf einen Landsitz zurück, erlebte noch die Regierung der Königin Anna und erreichte ein Alter von mehr als neunzig Jahren.

Sedley war am glücklichsten in lyrischen Poesieen, die sich nicht allein durch Witz und Anmuth, sondern auch durch feines Gefühl auszeichnen; seine dramatischen Arbeiten sind dagegen bald in Vergessenheit gerathen. Seine kleineren Poesieen finden sich bei Anderson im sechsten Bande.

Song.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose:

They are becalm'd in clearest days
And in rough weather tost;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main,
Some angry wind in cruel sport
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
And to defer a joy;
Believe me, gentle Celemene
Offends the winged boy,

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thousand years
I could no deeper love.

The Indifference.

Thanks, fair Urania, to your scorn,
I now am free as I was born;
Of all the pain that I endur'd,
By your late coldness, I am cur'd.

In losing me, proud nymph, you lose
The humblest slave your beauty knows
In losing you, I but throw down
A cruel tyrant from her throne.

My ranging love did never find
Such charms of person and of mind;
Y'ave beauty, wit, and all things know,
But where you should your love bestow.

I unawares my freedom gave,
And to those tyrants grew a slave;
Wou'd you have kept what you had won,
You should have more compassion shewn.

Love is a burthen, which two hearts
When equally they bear their parts
With pleasure carry; but no one,
Alas, can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those who court their pain,
And make an idol of disdain;
My hope in love does ne'er expire,
But it extinguishes desire.

Nor yet of those who ill receiv'd,
Wou'd have it otherwise believ'd;
And, where their love could not prevail,
Take the vain liberty to rail

Whoe'er wou'd make his victor less,
Must his own weak defence confess,
And while her power he does defame,
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that malice does betray,
And speak concern another way;
And all such scorn in men is but
The smoke of fires ill put out.

He's still in torment, whom the rage
To detraction does engage;
In love indifference is sure
The only sign of perfect cure.

Song.

Phillis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas, my heart he little knows
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I, of all these woods, the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford,
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learnt to live,
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the mirtle-shade.

Rochester.

John Wilmot, Graf von Rochester ward am 10. April 1647 zu Ditchley in Oxfordshire geboren, studirte in Oxford, machte dann grössere Reisen und wurde nach seiner Rückkehr ein Günstling Karls II. Geistreich und witzig, zeichnete er sich, seine ruhmvolle Theilnahme an den Feldzügen von 1665 und 1666 abgerechnet, nur dadurch aus dass er einer der frechsten Wüst-

linge an dem damaligen sittenlosen englischen Hofe war. Von Excessen aufgerieben, starb er am 26. Juli 1680, doch bereuete er sein lasterhaftes Leben vor seinem Tode.

Rochester war ein talentvoller Liederdichter und ein kühner aber frecher Satiriker, so dass er als Letzterer den Leser anwidert. Seine Poesieen erschienen zuerst 1680 zu Antwerpen und wurden später wieder aufgelegt, sie finden sich bei Anderson im fünften Bande. Der scharfsinnige Walpole sagt von ihm: he was a man whom the muses were fond to inspire and ashamed to avow.

Upon Drinking in a Bowl.

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I've nought to do:
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations:
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
May drink and love still reign!
With wine I wash away my cares
And then to love again.

A Song.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Constancy.

I cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since the poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
The tears that vainly fall:
The welcome hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

Love and Life.

All my past life is mine no more
The flying hours are gone
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

A Song.

Too late, alas! I must confess
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess
'Twere madness not to love ye.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

Sheffield-Buckingham.

John Sheffield, Graf von Mulgrave, Herzog von Buckingham, ward 1649 geboren, machte 1666 den Seekrieg als Freiwilliger mit, stieg dann am englischen Hofe von Würde zu Würde und ward 1702 von der Königin Anna zum Herzoge erhoben. Er starb am 24. Februar 1721 und erhielt ein Begräbniss in der Westminster-Abtei.

Seine Wittwe gab 1723 zu London seine gesammelten Werke heraus. Am glücklichsten ist Sheffield als Dichter leichter, galanter Lieder, weit unbedeutender dagegen in seinen Dramen und poetischen Leistungen. Man darf ihn ja nicht (wie es Wachler Bd. III. S. 235 gethan) mit George Villiers, Herzog von Buckingham, dem witzigen Verfasser von the Rehearsal, in welchem Dryden und dessen Anhänger so hart gegeisselt werden, verwechseln.

To a coquet Beauty.

From wars and plagues come no such harms,
As from a nymph so full of charms,
So much sweetness in her face,
In her motions such a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies;
That we please ourselves too soon,
And are with empty hopes undone.
After all her softness, we
Are but slaves, while she is free;
Free, alas! from all desire,
Except to set the world on fire.
Thou, fair dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thyself, as well as us.
Like a restless monarch, thou
Would'st rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But trust me, Celia, trust me when
Apollo's self inspires my pen,
One hour of love's delight outweighs
Whole years of universal praise;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty serve?
Why more than all your sex deserve?
Why such soft alluring arts,
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loss you nothing gain;
Unless you love, you please in vain.

On the Times.

Since in vain our parsons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.

Vice has lost its very name,
Skill and cozenage thought the same;
Only playing well the game.
Foul contrivances we see
Call'd but ingenuity:
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in every trade,
Which an awkward child afford
Enough to wed the greatest lord.
The miser starves to raise a son,
But, if once the fool is gone,
Years of thrift scarce serve a day,
Rake-hell squanders all away.
Husbands seeking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay;
While the wives undo their race
By petticoats and play;
Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,
Where mama's intrigues are shown,
Which ere long will be their own.
Having first at sermon slept,
Tedious day is weekly kept
By worse hypocrites than men,
Till Monday comes to cheat again.
Ev'n among the noblest-born,
Moral virtue is a scorn;
Gratitude, but rare at best,
And fidelity a jest.
All our wit but party-mocks,
All our wisdom raising stocks:
Counted folly to defend
Sinking side, or falling friend.
Long an officer may serve,
Prais'd and wounded, he may starve:
No receipt, to make him rise,
Like inventing loyal lies.
We whose ancestors have shin'd
In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
To ill and idleness inclin'd,
Now are grown a public shame.
Fatal that intestine jar,
Which produc'd our civil war!
Ever since, how sad a race!
Senseless, violent, and base!

Song.

From all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented I had been too blest,
If love and you had let me rest;
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires,
Which beauty moves, and love inspires
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

Prior.

Matthew Prior ward 1664, nach Einigen zu London, nach Anderen zu Winbourne in Dorsetshire geboren. Sein Vater, ein Tischler, starb schon früh und sein Oheim, ein Weinschenk, nahm ihn zu sich und bestimmte ihn für sein Geschäft, liess ihm jedoch eine gute Erziehung geben. Durch Zufall wurde Graf Dorset aufmerksam auf seine Fähigkeiten und sandte ihn auf seine Kosten nach Cambridge. Prior widmete sich darauf dem Staatsdienste, begleitete den Grafen Berkeley als Gesandtschaftssecretair 1690 zu dem Haager-Congress, wurde von Wilhelm I. zum Kammerherrn erhoben, 1696 als Gesandtschaftssecretair bei dem Friedensschlusse zu Ryswik verwendet und 1697 als Staatssecretair nach Irland, so wie bald nachher als Gesandtschaftssecretair nach Frankreich gesandt. 1700 trat er als Mitglied für East-Grinstead in das Parlament. 1711 ging er dagegen

als Gesandter wieder nach Frankreich, wo er bis zum Tode der Königin Anna blieb. Als jedoch die Whigs, deren Partei er verlassen, wieder die Oberhand gewannen, ward er 1715 in den Kerker geworfen und sogar von der Amnestie ausgeschlossen und erhielt erst 1717 seine Freiheit wieder. Er zog sich nun auf das Land zurück und starb am 18. September 1721 zu Wimpole, dem Landsitze des Grafen von Oxford. Seine irdischen Ueberreste fanden eine Ruhestätte in der Westminster-Abtei.

Prior veranstaltete selbst eine Sammlung seiner Poesieen; sie erschien 1718 zu London in Folio unter dem Titel: Poems on several occasions, und ist seitdem öfter wieder aufgelegt worden. Ihren Inhalt bilden zwei didactische Gedichte: Alma und Solomon, ein erzählendes: Henry and Emma, kleinere Erzählungen, Oden, Lieder, Epigramme u. s. w. Er war ganz ein Dichter wie ihn seine Zeit verlangte, sinnlich, leichtfertig, elegant, witzig und gewandt. Tieferes darf man daher bei ihm nicht suchen, denn selbst hinter seinen Lehrgedichten steckt der sensualistische Schalk, aber seine Anmuth und Grazie, so wie seine natürliche Lebhaftigkeit erfreuen überall, wo er die Schranken der Sitte nicht überschreitet. In Prosa hinterliess er eine Geschichte seiner Zeit.

Select Passages from Henry and Emma.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.
A shepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song:
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect, and studious fear;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.
A frantic gipsey now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.

* * *

But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow:
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.
Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft' had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

* * *

A Passage from Solomon.

This Abra then ——————
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true;
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deserved;
I call'd her often; for she often served.
Use made her person easy to my sight;
And ease insensibly produced delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers
(For first I sought her but at looser hours)
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet:
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat:
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless received from gentle Abra's hand:
And, when the Virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raising their voices, to the Master-lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill:
One show'd too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the Music's tone;
'Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.

Fairer she seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest,
And better mien disclos'd, as better drest.
A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd:
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm
And every gem augmented every charm.
His senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd;
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

* * *

A Song.

If wine and music have the power,
To ease the sickness of the soul;
Let Phoebus every string explore;
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's absence light;
And seek for pleasure to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.
But she to-morrow will return;
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odors burn;
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's blessing own:
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours:
And all the day be thine alone.

A Song.

In vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain?
Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose:
That, thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

Pomfret.

John Pomfret wurde 1667 zu Luton in Bedfordshire, wo sein Vater Prediger war, geboren, studirte zu Cambridge und trat dann in den geistlichen Stand. Eine falsch ausgelegte Stelle in seinem Gedichte the Choice hinderte aber seine Beförderung, obgleich er sowohl durch sein Leben wie durch seine Erklärungen jede Missdeutung widerlegte. Als er sich zu diesem Zwecke eigens nach London begeben hatte, ward er hier von den Blattern überfallen und starb 1703.

Seine 1699 erschienenen Gedichte (London, ein Bd. in 8) fanden zu ihrer Zeit grossen Beifall und haben sich im Andenken seiner Nation erhalten. Er ist im Geschmack seiner Zeit elegant, glücklich in Beschreibungen und gewandt in Behandlung der Form, aber weder warm noch tief.

Die falsch ausgelegte Stelle in seinem besten Gedichte the Choice, sind gegen den Schluss desselben die vier Zeilen, welche mit den Worten beginnen: And as I near approach'd etc.

The Choice.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little nor too great;
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:

Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare;
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood,
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd choose
(For who would so much satisfaction lose,
As witty nymphs, in conversation, give)
Near some obliging modest fair to live:
For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.
I'd have her reason all her passion sway:
Easy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A soul she should have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base;
Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much:
That shews a want of judgment, and of sense;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind;
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untried:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
Her conversation would new joys inspire;
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
But so divine, so noble a repast
I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste:
For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a use;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T'oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And, when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave;
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

To his Friend inclined to marry.

I would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a state;
For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region, shares
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
If something brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior nor above her state.
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, or pedantry:
For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour close with thine,
Unless where your's does to a fault incline;
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.
Her person amiable, straight, and free
From natural, or chance deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
For women past their vigour, soon decline:
Her fortune competent; and, if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine's enough, then her's may be the less:
Do not aspire to riches in excess.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

Swift.

Jonathan Swift, der berühmteste politische Satyriker der Engländer, ward am 30. November 1667, wahrscheinlich in Dublin, englischen Eltern geboren. Er studirte in Dublin, zeichnete sich aber so wenig aus, dass ihm das Baccalaureat nur aus besonderer Gunst (by special favour) ertheilt wurde. Sir William Temple nahm sich nachher seiner an, aber es wollte ihm im Staatsdienste nicht glücken und er studirte daher nochmals zu Oxford Theologie und erhielt eine Pfarre in Irland, die er aber wieder aufgab und Secretair des Lord Berkeley wurde. Später in seinen Hoffnungen getäuscht, nahm er die Pfarre zu Caracor in Irland an und ward endlich 1713 Dechant von St. Patrick in Dublin. Anfangs durchaus vom Volke gehasst, wusste er sich durch seine Schriften zur Vertretung der Rechte desselben, die allgemeine Gunst im höchsten Grade zu erwerben. Sein Verhältniss zu den beiden von ihm auch in seinen Gedichten gefeierten Frauen, Stella (einer Mrs. Johnson, mit der er heimlich verheirathet war, was er aber nie anerkannte und worüber sie aus Gram starb) und Vanessa (einer Miss Vanhomrigh, die ihn liebte aber als sie es ihm erklärte von ihm mit der Bemerkung zurückgewiesen wurde, er sei schon vermählt, was ihr ebenfalls das Herz brach) schwebt zu sehr im Dunkel und ist zu verschiedenartig dargestellt worden, um es mehr als vorübergehend zu erwähnen. Nach Stella's Tode (1727) lebte er sehr zurückgezogen bis 1736, wo er das Unglück hatte, blödsinnig zu werden. In diesem Zustande starb er auch, während des Octobers 1744. Er ward in der Kathedrale von Dublin beigesetzt.

Die beste Ausgabe von Swift's Werken besorgte Walter Scott, Edinburgh 1814 fgde 19 Bde in 8.; seine Gedichte, von denen hier allein die Rede sein kann, bilden nur den kleinsten Theil derselben; (sie finden sich auch im 5. Bde der Anderson'schne, im 10. Bde der Johnson'schen und im 16. der Bell'schen Sammlung) und sind das Schwächste, was dieser sonst so bedeutende Geist geschaffen hat. Zwar zeichnen sie sich durch grosse Gewandtheit in der Behandlung, Lebendigkeit, Leichtigkeit, Kraft und Witz aus, aber sie sind meist nur hingeworfene Kinder der Gelegenheit und der in ihnen so vielfach zur Schau getragene Cynismus, schreckt den gebildeten Leser nur zu oft zurück. Wir haben uns daher auch genöthigt gesehen unsere Auswahl aus derselben mehr zu beschränken als es sonst bei einem so hervorragenden Talente der Fall gewesen wäre.

On the Death of Dr. Swift.
Select Passages.

Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our heart divide.
Give others riches, power, and station
'Tis all to me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six.
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humurous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "the Dean is dead;"
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die:
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry — but we all must die!"

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps
"The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend?"
"No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
My Lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He lov'd the Dean — (I lead a heart:)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."

Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws.
"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,

Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knows you, nor your name.
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.

"He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
"He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair Liberty was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
"Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat;
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound;
But kept the tenour of his mind,
To merit well of human-kind;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin;
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair."

* * *

An Elegy on the Death of Demar.

Know all men by these presents, Death the tamer,
By mortgage, hath scour'd the corpse of Demar:
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below,
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor, if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and seal the Irish nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave;
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
Oh London tavern! thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend;
He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize;
But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spight
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;

And, as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter scale.
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

Addison.

Joseph Addison, der Sohn eines Pfarrers, ward am 1. Mai 1672 zu Milston in Wiltshire geboren, studirte zu Oxford und machte dann, schon früh durch seine Fähigkeiten ausgezeichnet, mit königlicher Unterstützung eine Reise durch Frankreich und Italien. Bei seiner Rückkehr trat er in den Staatsdienst, begleitete den Grafen von Halifax nach Hannover und wurde nach der Thronbesteigung Georg's I. Unterstaatssecretair, nachdem er sich ein Jahr vorher, 1716 mit der verwittweten Gräfin von Warwick vermählt hatte. Reich und angesehen, starb er am 17. Juni 1719.

Addison war besonders ausgezeichnet als eleganter Prosaist und Sittenmaler und die von ihm theils in Verbindung mit Steele (mit dem er nachher auf unwürdige Weise brach), theils allein herausgegebenen Wochenschriften, the Tatler, the Spectator, the Freeholder u. s. w. haben ihm in dieser Hinsicht den wohlverdienten Ruf eines englischen Klassikers erworben. Als Dichter ist er dagegen kalt und nüchtern, obwohl correct und elegant, und selbst sein Trauerspiel "Cato", das einst so hoch gefeierte, das ganz nach den strengsten Regeln des Aristoteles und der französischen Schule gedichtet war, zeigt, obwohl reich an edeln Gedanken und schönen Schilderungen, dass Addison nur mit dem Verstande dichtete. Addison's Werke sind wiederholt aufgelegt worden; die beste Ausgabe ist die mit Anmerkungen von R. Hard, London 1811, 6 Bde in 8.

Paraphrase on Psalm XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering step he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread.
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

An Ode.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wonderous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

Cato.

Act V. Scene I. — A Chamber.

Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture; in his Hand, Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the Table, by him.

Cato.

It must be so — Plato thou reason'st well —
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me:
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or where? — this world was made for Caesar:
I'm weary of conjectures — this must end them.
(Laying his Hand on his Sword.)
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppress'd and harrass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But, ha! who's this? my son! Why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

Portius.

Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence.

Cato.

Rash youth, forbear!

Portius.

Oh, let the pray'rs, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you!

Cato.

Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Caesar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man —

Portius.

Look not thus sternly on me;
You know, I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato.

'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Caesar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gath'ring fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes. —

Portius (Kneeling.)

Oh, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. Oh, my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? Be not displeas'd,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!
(Embracing him.)

Cato.

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Portius.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato.

Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct:
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends, see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

Portius.

My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives — [Exit Cato.

Enter Marcia.

Oh, Marcia! Oh, my sister, still there's hope
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. — He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [Exit.

Marcia.

Oh, ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And show mankind that goodness is your care!

Enter Lucia.

Lucia.

Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

Marcia.

Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul — We shall be happy still.

Lucia.

Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness, that he never felt.

Marcia.

Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild;
Compassionate and gentle to his friends;
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father; I have ever found him
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Lucia.

'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

Marcia.

Let him but live, commit the rest to heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Lucius.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
Oh, Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind, refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease; his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cried, Caesar, thou canst not hurt me.

Marcia.

His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

Enter Juba.

Juba.

Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the settling sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Lucius.

Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Caesar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter Portius.

Portius; thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkle in thy eyes.

Portius.

As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who, through the realms of Spain,

Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
(A groan is heard.)
But, hark! what means that groan? — Oh, give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence!
[Exit.

Lucius.

Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And, in the wild disorder of his soul,
Mourns o'er his country. — Ha! a second groan —
Heav'n guard us all!

Marcia.

Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain —
'Tis death is in that sound —

Re-enter Portius.

Portius.

Oh, sight of woe!
Oh, Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato has fall'n upon his sword —

Lucius.

O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of the mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Portius.

I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair; where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants, weeping,
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither! —

Marcius.

Oh, heav'n! assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father!

Cato brought on in a Chair.

Juba.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Caesar!

Lucius.

Now is Rome fall'n indeed!

Cato.

Here set me down —
Portius, come near me — Are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain —
Oh, Lucius, art thou here? — Thou art too good —
Let this our friendship live between our children —
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Marcia, my daugther —
Oh, bend me forward! — Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king —
But Caesar's arms have thrown down all distinction —
I'm sick to death — Oh, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty! — Oh, ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not —
The best may err, but you are good, and — Oh! —
[Dies.

Portius.

There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast: — Oh, Cato! oh, my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Caesar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand,
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath:
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know,
What dire effects from civil discord flow:
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms;
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.
[Exeunt.

Watts.

Isaac Watts ward 1674 in Southampton, wo sein Vater dissentirender Prediger war, geboren, erhielt eine wissenschaftliche Bildung in London und wurde dann selbst Seelsorger einer dissentirenden Gemeine; seine zarte Constitution zwang ihn jedoch diesem Berufe zu entsagen und Hausgenosse seines Freundes Sir Thomas Abney zu werden, bei dem er bis zu seinem am 25. November 1748 erfolgten Tode verweilte.

Seine prosaischen und poetischen Werke wurden 1754 zu London von Doddridge herausgegeben, 6 Bde in 8. Die Poesieen sind meist religiösen Inhaltes, gesund, natürlich, correct und elegant, aber ohne poetisches Feuer. Am glücklichsten ist er in seinen Divine Songs for Children, die noch jetzt in ganz England verbreitet sind und grossen Segen gestiftet haben.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

Now let my faith grow strong and rife,
And view my Lord in all his love:
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and died;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his almighty Father's side.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I banish ev'ry foe,
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stampt as a seal upon my heart.

False Greatness.

Mylo, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poizing where he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Croesus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Croesus himself can never know,
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

Few happy Matches.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,

Whose yielding hearts and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into thy chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Nor sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move;
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Aetna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passion warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals,
Are marry'd just like stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindred souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

Earth and Heaven.

Hast thou not seen, impatient boy,
Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy?
Pleasure must be dash'd with pain:
And yet, with heedless haste,
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere:
Earth has no unpolluted spring,
From the curs'd soil some dangerous taint they bear;
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;
The world has false but flattering charms:
Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye;
In our embrace the visions die:
And when we grasp the airy forms,
We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape ruddy drawn,
With glaring colours, and false light;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills;
Those heavens are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

True Riches.

I am not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do;
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possess'd myself to-day:
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.
Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.
I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs,
Knowledge fair and useful grows;
On the same young flowery tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love:
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise:
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.
There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts, or horses, strong and fleet
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.
Yet the silly wandering mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round her narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence:
Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

Philips.

John Philips, Sohn des Archidiakonus Stephen Philips, ward 1676 zu Brampton in Oxfordshire geboren. Er studirte in Oxford und wollte sich dann den Naturwissenschaften widmen; das Glück jedoch welches sein erstes Gedicht, the splendid shilling, von dem wir unten ein Bruchstück mittheilen, sogleich bei dessen Erscheinen machte, bewog ihn diesen Vorsatz aufzugeben und sich nur mit Poesie zu beschäftigen. Er schrieb noch ein Gedicht auf die Schlacht von

Blendheim und ein didactisches Poem Cider. — Ob ein Gedicht Cerealia, das ihm zugeschrieben wird auch wirklich von ihm herrühre, ist unentschieden geblieben. Er starb schon 1708 an der Schwindsucht zu Hereford, wo er auch begraben wurde, doch erhielt er ein Denkmal in der Westminster-Abtei.

Als didactischer Dichter ist Philips ausgezeichnet; er verbindet mit Eleganz, Correctheit und Adel der Diction, reiches Wissen, warmes Gefühl und eine anmuthig verschönernde Phantasie. Seine Poesieen erschienen zuerst gesammelt, London 1715 und dann öfter, auch finden sie sich im 21. Bande der Johnson'schen, im 66. Bande der Bell'schen und im 6. Bande der Anderson'schen Sammlung.

The splendid Shilling.

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling! he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall, repairs,
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wished her health, and joy and equal love;
Mean-while he smokes and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint:
But I, whom griping penury surrounds
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent!
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
  Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men
To my aerial citadel ascends;
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate
With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do, or whither turn? Amaz'd
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of woodhole: straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode: in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye Gods! avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
First have endu'd: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
  Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk beware!
Be circumspect; oft' with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft'
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So, (poets sing,)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin; so her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue
The wasp insidious and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils,

Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.
So pass my days: but when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimm'ring light
Of makeweight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights: distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of graves and myrtle shades,
Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow tree.
Mean-while I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose;
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs; my fancy's still awake
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain: awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Parnell.

Thomas Parnell wurde 1679 in Dublin geboren, erhielt seine wissenschaftliche Bildung auf dem Trinity-College seiner Vaterstadt; trat dann in den geistlichen Stand und bekleidete nach einander mehrere Aemter, doch hielt er sich vorzugsweise in London auf, wo ihn der Umgang mit Pope, Swift, Gay, u. A. besonders anzog. Nachdem er seine politische Meinung gewechselt, jedoch ohne eines günstigen Erfolges sich rühmen zu können und seine Gattin verloren, ergab er sich dem Trunke, der seinen Tod beschleunigte, Er starb 1717 zu Chester auf der Reise nach Irland.

Parnell's Gedichte sind von Pope, London 1721 in 8. und von Goldsmith, London 1770 in 8. herausgegeben worden; ein Bändchen hinterlassener Poesieen erschienen 1758 zu Dublin. Bei Johnson finden sich seine Gedichte im 44., bei Bell im 67. und 78., bei Anderson im 7. Bde. Er war besonders glücklich in Liedern, Balladen und Erzählungen, durch anmuthig schaffende Phantasie, Eleganz und Correctheit, und sein unten mitgetheilter Hermit, wird noch jetzt von den Engländern sehr geschätzt. Seine schwächsten Leistungen dagegen sind seine biblischen Gemälde.

The Hermit.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose —
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)

He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
And "Hail, my son!" the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair:
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
"And why should such," within himself he cried,
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the traval of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,

Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh,
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair.
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son?
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!" — But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)
"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky; —
Nay, cease to kneel — thy fellow-servant I.
"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!
"The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?

But God to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
"But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done."
Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

Song.

When thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

"There's a passion and pride
"In our sex (she replied)
"And thus (might I gratify both) I would do
"Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
"But still be a woman to you."

Young.

Edward Young ward im Juni 1681 zu Upham bei Winchester geboren, wo sein Vater, der ganz dieselben Namen führte, als Geistlicher lebte. Er erhielt seine Bildung auf der hohen Schule zu Winchester und studirte dann zu Oxford, wo er 1719 Doctor der Rechte wurde. Hierauf lebte er eine Zeitlang als Erzieher des Lord Burleigh im Hause des Grafen von Exeter und ging dann nach London, wo er sich mit poetischen Arbeiten beschäftigte und um einen Sitz im Unterhause bewarb, aber nicht gewählt wurde. So erreichte er sein funfzigstes Jahr und trat nun in den geistlichen Stand über. Georg II. machte ihn zu seinem Hofcaplan; ein Bisthum auf das er sicher rechnete, ward ihm aber nicht zu Theil. Häusliche Leiden trübten den Rest seines Lebens, waren jedoch die Quelle seiner berühmtesten Dichtung, der Nachtgedanken, dem er nur noch ein grösseres Gedicht, Resignation betitelt, folgen liess. Er starb im April 1765.

Youngs sämmtliche Werke erschienen zuerst London 1757 in 4. und öfterer; eine sehr gute Ausgabe derselben ist die von 1760 (London 6 Bde. in 8.). Sie enthalten ausser den Nachtgedanken und der Resignation noch sieben Satyren auf die Ruhmsucht, mehrere Tragödien, lyrische Poesieen u. A. m. Ausser den Night Thoughts hat sich seine Tragödie Revenge am Längsten im Andenken erhalten.

Gedankenfülle und Tiefe, Reichthum der Anschauung von Welt und Leben, Kraft und Herrschaft über Sprache und Form sind die vorzüglichsten Eigenschaften dieses bedeutenden Dichters,

welche am Wirksamsten und Glänzendsten in seinen Nachtgedanken hervortreten; aber er ist nicht immer frei von Gesuchtheit und Künsteln, von Einseitigkeit und Unverständlichkeit. Seine Zeit und die nächstfolgende haben ihn überschätzt, was vorzüglich aus dem Gegensatz sich entwickelte, den seine poetischen Klagen zu der damals vorwaltenden leichtern Auffassung und Behandlung des Lebens bildeten. Seine Poesie ist trotz allen ihren grossen Vorzügen doch nur ein Gemisch von wirklich dichterischen Elementen, abstracten in das Gebiet der Philosophie gehörenden Reflectionen und rhetorischem Schmuck. Die meiste Anlage hatte er unbedingt für die Satyre.

Select Passages from the Complaint; or Night Thoughts.

Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applaud:
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands in folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone;
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage; when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-solves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
Retire; the world shut out; — thy thoughts call home; —
Imagination's airy wing repress; —
Lock up thy senses; — let no passion stir; —
Wake all to reason; — let her reign alone;
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel, thus the questions run: —
"What am I? and from whence? — I nothing know
But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been; eternal there must be. —
But what eternal? — Why not human race?
And Adam's ancestors without an end? —
That's hard to be conceiv'd, since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
Whence Earth, and these bright orbs? — Eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father; — much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
Design implies intelligence, and art;
That can't be from themselves — or man: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allow'd than man. —
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust:
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man!
If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block; — a Godhead reigns.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours; and abate

That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, tor smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to breath those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And dampt with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves;
Tread under foot their agonies and groans;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?
"Is virtue, then, and piety the same?"
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest:
They smile at piety; yet boast aloud
Good-will to men; nor know they strive to part
What nature joins; and thus confute themselves.
With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some sinister intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.
Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
And truths divine, converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatteries and foes;
'Tis pride to praise her; penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
An hour, when Heaven's most intimate with man;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;
Which sets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps:
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

Tickell.

Thomas Tickell, Sohn eines Geistlichen ward 1686 zu Bridekirk in Cumberland geboren, studirte in Oxford und ward durch Addison's Vermittelung, dessen vertrauter Freund er war, Unter-Staatssecretair, später aber Secretair der Lords Justices of Ireland, ein Amt, das er bis zu seinem 1740 erfolgten Tode bekleidete.

Seine Schriften erschienen zuerst gesammelt unter dem Titel Miscellaneous Works, London 1753, 3 Bde. in 12.; seine Poesieen finden sich auch im 26. Bande der Johnson'schen, im 73. der Bell'schen und im 8. der Anderson'schen Sammlung. Natürliches Gefühl und Wärme sind ihm eigen, und weisen ihm daher einen höheren Rang an, als ihn die vielen Convenienzpoeten seiner Zeit verdienen. Am Gelungensten sind seine Balladen und seine Elegie auf Addison's Tod. Als Prosaist zeigte er sich correct und geistreich in seinen Beiträgen zum Spectator, an welcher Zeitschrift er lebhaften Antheil nahm.

Colin and Lucy.
A Ballad.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Tree times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own,
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare!
But know, fond maid; and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."
She spoke, she died, her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead:
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green:

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Ramsay.

Allan Ramsay, der erste schottische Dichter, dessen in dem Dialect seiner Heimath geschriebene Poesieen, besonders sein Schäferspiel: The Gentle Shepherd sich über ganz Grossbritannien verbreiteten und klassische Geltung erlangten, ward 1686 im Kirchspiel von Crawford Moor in Lanarkshire, wo sein Vater als Bergmann lebte, geboren, kam zu einem Perrückenmacher in die Lehre und liess sich später als Buchhändler in Edinburg nieder, wo er die erste Leihbibliothek für Schottland gründete. Nachdem er mehrere altschottische Gedichte, welche selten geworden, herausgegeben, trat er 1721 mit eigenen Poesieen auf, denen 1726 sein Gentle Shepherd folgte, der ihm grossen und allgemeinen Ruhm erwarb. Er starb 1758.

Ramsay's übrige Gedichte sind ziemlich vergessen. sein Schäferspiel aber, sowie seine beiden Sammlungen altschottischer Balladen, The Tea-table Miscellany und The Evergreen, in welchen sich auch manches Lied von ihm befindet, welches das Volk sich zu eigen machte, werden sich erhalten, so lange es Freunde schottischer Muse giebt. Anmuth, Natürlichkeit, warmes Gefühl und Leichtigkeit der Behandlung zeichnen ihn aus. Der Inhalt des Schäferspiels ist einfach: die Handlung trägt sich in den Pentland Hügeln bei Edinburg zu und behandelt die Liebe eines Schäfers Patie und einer Schäferin Peggy. Der Erstere ist der Sohn eines Verbannten, welcher mit Gut und Geld beladen zurückkommt, ihn erkennt und von ihm verlangt, eine Vornehmere zur Frau zu wählen. Der junge Mann kann sich nicht dazu entschliessen; es offenbart sich aber zuletzt, dass seine Geliebte ein Findling, auch von gutem Herkommen ist, und nun endet Alles in Frieden und Freude.

Select Passages from:

The Gentle Shepherd.

Peggy.

O Patie, let me gang, I mauna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Patie.

I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's away wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
Hark! how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How saft the westlin winds sough through the reeds!

Peggy.

The scented meadows — birds — and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Patie.

Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my sweet Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear:
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes
That warble through the merle or mavis' throats:
With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree
Ar far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peggy.

But Patrick for some wicked and may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darena stay; — ye joker, let me gang;
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Patie.

Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim, — the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love; I swear by a'aboon.

Peggy.

Then keep your aith — but mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a year:
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie.

I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year:
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tanry know or rashy strand;
Thou smiling by my side, — I took delight
To pou the rashes green wi' root's sae white,
Of which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy.

When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill,
To bear the leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at ev'n I met wi' thee.

Patie.

When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the muir and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peggy.

When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At a' these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

Patie.

Jenny sings saft the "Broom of Cowden knows,"
And Rosie lilts the "Milking of the ews;"
There's nane, like Nancy, "Jenny Nettles" sings:
At turns in "Maggy Lawder," Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings wi' sweeter skill
The "Boatman" or the "Lass of Patie's Mill,"
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

* * *

Patie.

Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave,
At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve —
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true:
But thou in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy.

Agreed; — but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Patie.

And let them ferly — now a kindly kiss,
Or five score good anes wadna be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peggy.

Sing first, syne claim your hyre —

* * *

Patie.

— My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine

Peggy.

I dare not think sae high — I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast,
The ship that bears his a' like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some rever's hand
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

Patie.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.

My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown:
I falsehood hate: come kiss thy cares away:
I ken to love as weel as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the task to me
To mak strict duty and true love agree.

Peggy

Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief;
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice airs swims round in silk attire;
Then I! poor me! — wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate.
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest.
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang;
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay,
As aft times I hae fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:
Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep
To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
But hear my vow -'twill help to give me ease, —
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease
And warst of ills attend my wretched life!
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

Patie.

Sure heaven approves — and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune should it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as hae the patience to be kings. —
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peggy.

I greet for joy, to hear my words sae kind;
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care:
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me:
Wi' patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
And all the while I'll study gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms.

Pope.

Alexander Pope, der Sohn eines Linnenhändlers, welcher genau denselben Namen führte, ward am 22. Mai 1688 zu London geboren. Verwachsen und kränklich ward er auf dem Lande erzogen, da sein Vater katholischer Confession, nach dem Falle der Stuarts London gänzlich verliess. Der junge Pope war meist sein eigener Lehrer und zeichnete sich bereits so früh durch seine poetischen Leistungen aus, dass er schon einen bedeutenden dichterischen Ruf hatte, ehe er noch sein fünfundzwanzigstes Jahr überschritten. Er lebte nur poetischen Beschäftigungen und namentlich trug ihm seine Uebersetzung des Homer so viel ein, dass er sich in vollkommener Unabhängigkeit befand und sich ein Landhaus in Twickenham erstand, wo er den Rest seiner Tage grösstentheils zubrachte. Er starb am 30. Mai 1744.

Der Tod überraschte Pope bei der Herausgabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke, welche von Dr. Warburton besorgt wurde. Die erste Auflage erschien London 1751. 9 Bde in 8., und ward später vielfach wiederholt unter den Bemühungen Anderer wie z. B. Warton, Ruffhead u. s. w. Die beste Edition ist die von W. Lesle Bowles, London 1806. An poetischen Schriften enthalten sie Hirtengedichte (Pastorals), didactische Gedichte (Essay on Criticism, Essay on Man), ein komisches Epos the Rape of the Lock, ein satyrisches Gedicht the Dunciad, Oden, Heroiden (unter denen Heloisens Brief an Abälard, die berühmteste), kleinere lyrische Gedichte, Satyren, Allegorieen, Uebersetzungen u. A. m.

Pope übte auf die Geschmacksrichtung seiner Zeit einen ausserordentlichen Einfluss aus; er versuchte sich in fast allen Gattungen der Poesie und stellte hier überall Muster für die äussere Behandlung auf, aber ein wahrer Dichter war er doch nicht. Was sich durch scharfen und hellen Verstand, durch glückliche Combination, durch seltene Herrschaft über Form, Sprache und Klang, durch glänzenden Witz und Correctheit erreichen lässt, das hat er vollkommen erreicht; dagegen war aber arm an Phantasie, wahrem und tiefem Gefühl und an eigentlich poetischer Productionskraft. Seine Leistungen sind Erzeugnisse des Fleisses und des Verstandes, aber fast nie der Begeisterung. Am Glücklichsten ist er daher auch im Lehrgedicht und in der Satyre. Auch als Prosaiker zeichnete er sich durch Klarheit, Correctheit und Wohllaut ebenfalls höchst vortheilhaft aus.

Extract from Pope's Essay on Man.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always to be blest;
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depths of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady.

What beckoning ghost, along the moon-light shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on Earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of live, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way,)
"Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd
And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield."
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone, oh, ever-injur'd shade!
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy flying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame,
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee form his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Caesar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Caesar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves, assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage;
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

Gay.

Aus einer alten aber verarmten Familie stammend, ward John Gay 1688 in einem Flecken von Devonshire geboren, erhielt seine erste Bildung auf einer Schule in Barnstaple und musste dann bei einem Seidenhändler zu London in die Lehre treten. Diese Beschäftigung missfiel ihm aber durchaus, er kaufte sich los und ward nun Secretair der Herzogin von Monmouth, was ihn befähigte, poetischen Arbeiten zu leben. 1714 begleitete er den Grafen von Clarendon als Secretair auf einer Gesandtschaft nach Hannover, von wo er nach dem Tode der Königin Anna zurückkehrte, aber seine Hoffnung, weiter im Staatsdienste befördert zu werden, vereitelt sah. Von nun an lebte er ganz als Privatmann und erfreute sich ausserordentlichen Erfolges für seine dramatischen Arbeiten, besonders für seine Bettleroper (Beggar's Opera), die ihm jedoch die Verfolgung des Hofes zuzog, trotz dem dass er seine berühmten Fabeln für den jungen Herzog von Cumberland auf ausdrückliches Verlangen der Prinzessin von Wales geschrieben hatte. Dagegen fand er andere hohe Gönner und der Herzog und die Herzogin von Queensbury gaben sogar seinetwegen ihre Aemter bei Hofe auf und nahmen ihn zu sich in ihr Haus, wo er am 4. December 1732 starb. Er ward in der Westminster-Abtei begraben.

Warmes Gefühl, Naivetät, Phantasie, Witz und Wahrheit der Darstellung charakterisiren Gay als Dichter. Am Glücklichsten ist er in seinen Fabeln, den ersten wirklich gelungenen, welche die Engländer besitzen. Ausser den bereits genannten Leistungen schrieb er Rural Sports, ein grösseres descriptives, Trivia or the Art of walking in the streets of London, ein grösseres satyrisches Gedicht, the Shepherd's week, komische Idyllen, einige Trauerspiele, Opern, treffliche Balladen u. A. m. Seine Werke erschienen gesammelt London 1793, 3 Bde in 12. und öfterer; auch finden sie sich im 41—42. Bande der Johnson'schen, im 80—82. Bande der Bell'schen und im 8. Bande der Anderson'schen Sammlung.

From Gay's Rural Sports.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green,
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour;
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward, whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire:
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
For in the deep the Sun his glory hides;
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And, edg'd with flame, rolls every wave below:
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tye.
When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain
Troubling the streams with swift descending rain;
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.
Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exults the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight lair the mighty bulk commands;
Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.
A Fable.

"Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death apply'd?"
"Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then, to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too; the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!"
"Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears:
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And, when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my Fable."
Betwixt her swagging panniers' load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

"That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: "Thou croaking toad
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."

"Dame," quoth the raven, "spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For, had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

Somerville.

William Somerville ward 1692 zu Edston in Warwickshire geboren, studirte in Winchester und Oxford und lebte dann von seinem Vermögen, das er jedoch gegen das Ende seines Lebens verschwendete, als Friedensrichter auf dem von seinem Vater ererbten Landgute. Er starb 1742 und ward in Wotton begraben. Ausser mehreren kleineren Poesieen schrieb er ein grösseres didactisch-descriptives Gedicht über die Jagd, das ein grosser Liebling der englischen Jagdfreunde geblieben ist, und das Verdienst hat, gefällig, malerisch, naturgetreu und einfach zu sein. Seine Poesieen erschienen gesammelt London 1776 u. ö.

From Somerville's Chase.

Where rages not Oppression? Where, alas!
Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
Rivers and ponds enclose the ravenous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager, ranging around
Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

The subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch: whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Dispute the felon's claim; try every root,
And every reedy bank; encourage all
The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.

Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding loads the trembling air.
Ye Naiads fair, who o'er those floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the stream; and every winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
What clamour loud! What gay heart-cheering sounds
Urge through the breathing brass their mazy way!
Nor quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools
Rustling they work their way: no hole escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay!
They put him down. See, there he drives along!
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the sheltering deeps. Ah! there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and pretended spears
Menace destruction: while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,
Affrighted, hide their heaps. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there, once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has seiz'd him! down they sink
Together lost: but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank
With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
His neck, the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fixt is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts; sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate: his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd through and through,
On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.

Green.

Matthew Green ward 1696 zu London geboren und gehörte zu der Secte der Quäker, von der er sich jedoch später lossagte, ohne indessen zu einer anderen Gemeine überzutreten. Er bekleidete einen Posten bei dem Zollamte und starb 1737 in seiner Vaterstadt. Unter seinen wenigen hinterlassenen Gedichten zeichnet sich vorzüglich sein descriptiv-didactisches Poem the Spleen, durch Originalität, Energie und Naivetät sehr vortheilhaft aus.

From Green's Spleen.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;

By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And, cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.
Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess soothes my care;
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man, not quite a clown;
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng
Who pay their quit-rents with a song.
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of Fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind.
Here Dryads, scorning Phoebus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fiedls their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naïads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at miserable elves
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in fortune's pow'r
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down;
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

The Sparrow and Diamond.
A Song.

I lately saw, what now I sing,
Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
On that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,
She stroak'd its head and wings;
And while it nestled in her breast,
She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chisel'd bill a spark ill-set
He loosen'd from the rest,
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
The easier to digest.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond to descry:
'Twas gone, she sicken'd at the sight,
Moaning her bird would die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes,
The street was laid with straw.

The doctor us'd his oily art
Of strong emetic kind,
Th' apothecary play'd his part,
And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store,
To bring away the stone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
He peck'd behind his wing,
Lucia recovering at the news,
Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast
Two different passions strove;
When av'rice ended the contest,
And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Thy pains the sex display,
Who, only to repair a ring,
Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,
Monster of foulest mien:
Ye would not let it harbour there,
Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,
Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
A Venus kill her bird.

Savage.

Richard Savage, - berühmter durch seine traurigen Schicksale als durch seine poetischen Leistungen, die eigentlich von jenen mehr Glanz erhalten als sie selbst besitzen, ward am 10. Januar 1697 oder 1698 in Foxcourt, Holborn, geboren. Er war ein natürlicher Sohn des Earl Rivers und der Gräfin von Macclesfield, die ihre Schande offen bekannte, um dadurch zur Ehescheidung zu gelangen, und ihr armes Kind, vom Augenblicke seiner Geburt an, mit dem widernatürlichsten Hasse verfolgte. Es ward der Sorgfalt einer armen Frau übergeben und dieser eingeschärft, ihm nie seinen Ursprung zu entdecken. So wuchs Savage auf, nothdürftige Bildung in einer lateinischen Schule zu St. Albans erhaltend. — Durch den Tod seiner Pflegemutter erfuhr er das Geheimniss seiner Geburt, aber alle seine Bemühungen, die Anerkennung seiner Mutter zu erhalten, waren vergeblich; sie stiess ihn zurück und suchte ihn zu unterdrücken, wo sie es nur vermochte. Der Mangel zwang ihn, sich seinen Lebensunterhalt durch die Feder zu verdienen; Noth und Elend trieben ihn unstät herum; Nichts erweichte die Gräfin, ja, als er das Unglück gehabt hatte, im Zorn des Rausches einen Menschen zu erstechen, und zum Tode verurtheilt wurde, wandte sie alle ihr zu Gebote stehenden Mittel an, seine Begnadigung zu verhindern. Er ward jedoch trotz dem begnadigt und Lord Tyrconnel nahm ihn zu sich in sein Haus; Savage war indessen durch seine Leiden moralisch zerstört und überwarf sich mit seinem Wohlthäter. Er erhielt dann eine kleine

Pension von der Königin Caroline, die aber mit deren Tode wieder einging. Eine unbedeutende Schuld brachte ihn darauf zu Bristol in das Gefängniss, wo er am 1. August 1743 starb.

Savage hat ein Trauerspiel, ein Lustspiel, mehrere descriptive Gedichte und kleinere Poesieen hinterlassen; seine besten Leistungen sind the Wanderer und the Bastard; - es finden sich darin einzelne nicht gewöhnliche Schönheiten, deren Wirkung jedoch durch eben so viel Unbedeutendes und Geringes geschwächt wird.

Select Passages from the Wanderer.

Beneath appears a place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary mansion of despair!
The water of the mountain-road, half stray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown cascade.
Has nature this rough, naked piece design'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep descent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark! — its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling sound of footsteps hastening near!
A death-like chillness thwarts my panting breast:
Soft! the wish'd object stands at length confess'd!
Of youth his form! — But why with anguish bent?
Why pin'd with sallow marks of discontent?
Yet patience, labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.
Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
(He says) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!
All fear forget — Each portal I possess,
Duty wide-opens to receive distress.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread:
And now, in squar'd division's, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts; each forming a perspective scene.
In front a parlour meets my entering view;
Oppos'd, a room to sweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Through the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread,
Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.
A maple cup is next dispatch'd to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring:
Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine;
And savoury cates, upon clear embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off, a rich repast!

A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.
There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
Now rapt! now more than man! — I see him climb,
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!
I see him now o'er nature's works preside!
How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!
Let some a name by adulation raise,
Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!
My muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view!
Through fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!
From dark deception clear drawn truth display,
As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!
So pamper'd power, unconscious of distress,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd redress.
Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
Ye powers unlov'd, unpitied in decay!
But know, to you sweet-blossom'd fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!

O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite!
If verse can gild instruction with delight,
Inspire his honest muse with orient flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim!

But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!
How mean is fortune, though his mind elate!
Aeneas-like he passes through the crowd.
Unsought, unseen, beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or seen with slight regard: Unprais'd his name
His after-honour, and our after-shame
The doom'd desert, to avarice stands confess'd
Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward censure, skill'd in darker ways,
Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
Hunger, thirst, nakedness, their grievous fall!

Unjust derision too! — that tongue of gall!
Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endued,
Usher'd by pride, and by reproach pursued.
Forc'd pity meets him with a cold respect,
Unkind as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.
Yet, suffering worth! thy fortitude will shine;
Thy foes are virtue's, and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and peace thy days shall crown;
Thy treasure prudence, and thy claim renown:
Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!

Blair.

Robert Blair ward 1699 in Edinburg geboren; Sohn und Enkel ausgezeichneter Geistlichen, widmete er sich ebenfalls der Theologie, erhielt eine treffliche Erziehung, machte dann grössere Reisen und wurde darauf 1731 Prediger zu Athelstaneford in der Grafschaft East-Lothian, wo er am 4. Februar 1746 starb.

Einige Gelegenheitsverse abgerechnet hat Blair nur ein einziges Gedicht geschrieben, The Grave, das erst nach seinem Tode, 1747 zu Edinburg erschien, und seitdem unzählige Mal wieder aufgelegt worden ist. Es ist ein didactisches, religiöses Poem, voll ernster, tiefer Wahrheit, reich an ergreifenden Schilderungen in einer kräftigen, lebendigen und überaus wohllautenden Sprache geschrieben, und verdient die Anerkennung, deren es sich selbst jetzt noch erfreut, vollkommen.

Select Passages from: The Grave.

Invidious grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou has deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring: methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty black-bird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste! still the full heart
Had not imparted half; 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull grave — thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.

* * *

Strength too — thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? — deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his heart

Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play. What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up — Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.

* * *

Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gentle to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
A life well-spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: — The time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolate: — and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.

* * *

Thus, at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

Thomson.

James Thomson, der Sohn eines Predigers, ward 1700 zu Ednam bei Kelso in Roxburghshire geboren und offenbarte schon sehr früh poetisches Talent. Er studirte Theologie in Edinburg, aber ein strenger Vorwurf eines Professors, dass er viel zu poetisch schreibe, um von dem Volke verstanden zu werden, verleidete ihm diesen Beruf und veranlasste ihn, nach London zu gehen, um dort durch literarische Arbeiten seinen Unterhalt zu suchen. Der erste Theil seines grösseren Gedichtes, die Jahreszeiten, der Winter, erschien 1725 und fand zwar anfangs nur langsam, dann aber desto allgemeineren Beifall, so dass die von 1727 bis 1730 nachfolgenden anderen Theile seinen gegründeten Ruf nur befestigten. In der Zwischenzeit veröffentlichte er ein Trauerspiel, Sophonisbe, und mehrere andere Gedichte. Nachdem er den Sohn des Lord Kanzlers Talbot als

dessen Führer auf Reisen begleitet, erhielt er ein Amt, das er später mit einem noch besseren vertauschte. Er verlebte nun seine übrigen Tage in Ruhe und Wohlstand und starb 1748 zu Richmond, wo er auch begraben liegt. In der Westmister-Abtei ward ihm ein Monument gesetzt.

Seine gesammelten Werke, welche zuerst London 1730 erschienen und später sehr oft wieder aufgelegt wurden, enthalten ausser den bereits angeführten Dichtungen noch vier Trauerspiele, eine Allegorie the Castle of Indolence, ein Maskenspiel Alfred, ein Gedicht auf Newton's Tod u. A. m. Thomson ist als Dichter durchaus neben Pope zu stellen: er besitzt dieselben glänzenden Eigenschaften, aber er hat weit mehr tiefes Gefühl und Begeisterung als dieser, die er noch weit schöpferischer und eigenthümlicher würde haben walten lassen, wenn er einem anderen Zeitalter angehört hätte. Sein berühmtestes und noch immer mit Recht gefeiertes Werk, sind die Jahreszeiten, bei deren Besprechung der feine englische Kritiker Samuel Johnson von ihm sagt: "He is entitled to one praise of the highest kind — his mode of thinking and of expressing his thoughts is original. His numbers, his pauses, his diction are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius. He looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature only bestows on a poet; the eye that distinguishes in every thing presented to its view whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast and attends to the minute." —

A Hymn.
(From the Seasons.)

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy Sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempests forth:
And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft! whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms;
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to Heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him; whose Sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world!
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn:
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every secret grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the Sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey: there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

From the Castle of Indolence.

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half embrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd;
And hurled every where their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny shade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,

Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horrour through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phoebus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not dark:
As soot this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or Nature-painting Art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day!

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerculean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke,)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve — "Thank Heaven! the day is done."

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health?
Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,

As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

Song.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

Ode.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
O visit thou my soothing dream!

Mallet.

David Mallet stammte aus Schottland und ward um 1700 geboren; weiter ist Nichts über seine früheren Lebensumstände bekannt. 1720 war er Hofmeister bei einer Familie in der Nähe von Edinburg und wurde dann Führer der beiden Söhne des Herzogs von Montrose, die er auf ihren Reisen begleitete. Dadurch knüpfte er vortheilhafte Verbindungen an, die ihm das Amt eines zweiten Secretairs bei dem Prinzen von Wales verschafften. Später erhielt er eine noch einträglichere Stelle im Londoner Hafen. Er starb 1765.

Mallet gehört zu den sogenannten Miscellaneous poets jener Zeit; seine Dichtungen sind nicht eben ausgezeichnet; sie enthalten zwei grössere Arbeiten, The Excursion und Amyntor and Theodora, kleinere lyrische Poesieen und besonders zwei Balladen, die als sehr gelungen zu betrachten sind und sein Andenken erhalten haben; wir theilen dieselben hier mit. Seine Werke erschienen zuerst London 1759, 3 Bde in 8. Die Poesieen finden sich im 33. Bande der Johnson'schen, im 101. Bde der Bell'schen und im 11. Bde der Anderson'schen Sammlung. Als Prosaist war Mallet unbedeutend und seine Biogrophie Bacon's ist eine misrathene Arbeit.

Edwin and Emma.

Far in the windings of a vale,
  Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
  An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
  Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
  To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
  Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
  When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
  This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
  To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
  Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
  Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
  A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
  Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
  Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
  That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
  Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
  Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
  Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
  Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
  Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
  From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
  And seen it long unmov'd:
Then, with a father's frown, at last
  Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
  Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
  Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
  The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
  Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Of too on Stanmore's wintery waste
  Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
  The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
  A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
  Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
  Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied heaven with fruitless vows
  And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'Tis past!" he cried — "but if your souls
  Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
  What they must ever love!"

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
  And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
  So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
  A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
  "My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
  The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
  Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
  Her starting fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
  His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
  The visionary vale —
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
  Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door —
"He's gone!" she cried, "and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side" —
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

William and Margaret.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain:
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

"But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more!

Song.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring
Invite the tuneful birds to sing:
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.

Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And, in soft raptures, waste the day,
Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this, thy living bloom must fade;
As that will strip the verdant shade.

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay!

Dyer.

John Dyer, der Sohn eines Rechtsgelehrten ward 1700 zu Aberglasney in Caermarthenshire geboren, und erhielt seine Bildung in der Westminsterschule. Für den Stand seines Vaters bestimmt, entsagte er jedoch der Jurisprudenz und widmete sich der Malerkunst. Er besuchte Italien und die Frucht seiner Reise war ein descriptives Gedicht, The Ruins of Rome, nachdem er sich schon früher die Gunst des Publicums durch ein kleineres Poem derselben Gattung, Grongar Hill, erworben hatte. Aus Italien heimgekehrt, widmete er sich der Theologie, wurde ordinirt und bekleidete nach einander mehrere Pfarrämter. Kurz vor seinem Tode veröffentlichte er noch ein längeres didactisches Gedicht, The Fleece, das sich jedoch nicht sonderlichen Beifalls zu erfreuen hatte. Er starb am 24. Juli 1758.

Seine Gedichte erschienen gesammelt London 1757; sie finden sich auch im 53. Bde. der Johnson'schen, im 94. Bde. der Bell'schen und im 9. Bde. der Anderson'schen Sammlung. Gedankenreichthum, tiefes Gefühl, grosses Talent malerischer Darstellung und stylistische Anmuth offenbaren sich in denselben, namentlich in Grongar Hill, das auch die meiste Anerkennung fand. Sein didactisches Gedicht über die Wolle ward dagegen weniger geschätzt und zeichnet sich doch durch Gründlichkeit, meisterhafte Einfachheit und echte Vaterlandsliebe frei von allem Prunke, vor vielen ähnlichen Versuchen jener Tage und seines Landes höchst vortheilhaft aus.

Grongar Hill.

Silent nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale; —
Come, with all thy various dues
Come and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phoebus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.

Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an aweful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought;
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass;
As your summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep:
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,

Now, e'en now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!

Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

Hamilton.

William Hamilton ward 1704 zu Bangour in Ayrshire geboren, erhielt eine wissenschaftliche Bildung und lebte längere Zeit als Landedelmann seiner Muse, fern von allen Geschäften. Bei der Landung des Praetendenten ergriff er die Partei desselben, aber der unglückliche Ausgang der Schlacht von Kulloden zwang auch ihn, unstät in den Hochlanden umherzuirren, wo er damals den unten mitgetheilten Monolog schrieb. Später gelang es ihm sich zu retten; er lebte nun längere Zeit in Frankreich und Italien, bis er sich mit dem Gouvernement wieder aussöhnte und Erlaubniss erhielt, zurückzukehren und die durch den Tod seines Bruders ihm zugefallenen väterlichen Güter in Besitz zu nehmen; allein seine Gesundheit war zerrüttet, er sah sich gezwungen ein milderes Klima aufzusuchen und starb 1754 in Lyon. Seine irdischen Ueberreste wurden nach Schottland zurückgebracht, und in der Abteikirche von Holyroodhouse beigesetzt.

Seine Gedichte vermischten Inhaltes erschienen 1748; sie enthalten unter andern eine zu jener Zeit sehr gefeierte Ode auf die Schlacht von Gladesmuir, eine grössere Poesie The Triumph of Love, Episteln, Oden und ein zum Volksliede gewordenes Gedicht im schottischen Dialect: The Braes of Yarrow. Hamilton ist kein Dichter ersten Ranges, aber feiner Geschmack, Anmuth und Correctheit weisen ihm immer eine ehrenvolle Stelle unter seinen poetischen Zeitgenossen an.

A Soliloquy.

Mysterious innate of this breast,
Enkindled by thy flame;
By thee my being 's best exprest,
For what thou art I am.

With thee I claim celestial birth,
A spark of heaven's own ray;
Without thee sink to vilest earth,
Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour
Of multiplied distress,
Has any former thought the power
To make thy sorrows less?

When all around thee cruel snares
Threaten thy destin'd breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains or death:

Can aught that past in youth's fond reign
Thy pleasing vein restore?
Lives beauty's gay and festive train
In memory's soft store?

Or does the muse? — 'Tis said her art
Can fiercest pangs appease; —
Can she to thy poor trembling heart
Now speak the words of peace?

Yet she was wont at early dawn
To whisper thy repose,
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its sacred might
May mitigate thy doom;
As lightning shot across the night,
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy providence alone
Can work a wonder here,
Can change to gladness every moan,
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm all powerful to save,
May every doubt destroy;
And from the horrors of the grave,
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,
Pure consolation flows;
Makes the faint heart 'midst sufferings sing,
And 'midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature gracious Heaven,
Most merciful and just,
Asks but for life and safety given,
Our faith and humble trust.

Brooke.

Henry Brooke ward 1706 zu Cavan in Irland geboren, studirte zu Dublin und widmete sich der juristischen Praxis, da es ihm aber nicht nach Wunsch damit ging, so begab er sich nach London, wo seine poetischen Leistungen grossen Beifall fanden, ihm jedoch die Misgunst der Regierung zuzogen. Eine langwierige Krankheit zwang ihn nach Irland zurückzukehren, wo er seine übrigen Tage in stiller Zurückgezogenheit, doch keineswegs den Musen untreu verbrachte und 1783 starb.

Brooke hinterliess vierzehn Dramen unter denen sein Trauerspiel Gustav Wasa das vorzüglichste ist, jedoch wie die übrigen an Unreife leidet. Eben so wenig bedeuten seine lyrischen und philosophischen Poesieen, obwohl sie zuerst eine sehr günstige Aufnahme fanden, da sie allerdings von glänzenden Fähigkeiten zeugten, denen aber später nicht genügende Ausbildung zu Theil wurde.

Extract

from H. Brooke's female Seducers.

Lovely penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide,
'Twixt the good and evil tried;
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Lay, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high.
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys, that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain?
Life, like all its circles, vain!

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store,
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way,
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' encumb'ring world shall pass,
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre, grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away,

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.

What though hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes,
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise,
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares, a period bless'd;
On my toils eternal rest.

Come, with virtue at thy side,
Come, be every bar defied,
Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come and turn no more.

A Dirge.

Wretched mortals, doom'd to go
Through the vale of death and woe!
Let us travel sad and slow.
Care and sickness, toil and pain,
Here their restless vigils keep;
Sighs are all the winds that blow,
Tears are all the streams that flow!
Virtue hopes reward in vain —
The gentlest lot she can obtain
Is but to sit and weep!
Ye dreary mansions of enduring sleep,
Where pale mortality lies dark and deep!
Thou silent, though insatiate Grave,
Gorged with the beauteous and the brave,
Close, close thy maw — thy feast is o'er.
Time and Death can give no more!

Lyttleton.

George Lyttleton ward 1709 zu Hagley in Worcestershire geboren, zeichnete sich schon früh durch glückliche Anlagen aus, studirte zu Eton und Oxford, machte dann grössere Reisen und wurde nach seiner Rückkehr 1730 Parlamentsmitglied. Im Jahre 1737 ernannte ihn der Prinz von Wales zu seinem Secretair, später wurde er Lord der Schatzkammer, dann Staatskanzler und 1757 in Folge eines Ministerwechsels, Mitglied des Oberhauses. Bald darauf zog er sich ganz von Geschäften zurück und brachte den Rest seiner Tage auf seinem Erbgute Hagley zu, wo er am 18. November 1773 starb.

Seine Werke erschienen gesammelt, London 1775 in 4. Als Prosaiker ist er höchst gefeiert und seine Todtengespräche, sein Werk über den Apostel Paulus und seine Geschichte Heinrichs II. haben klassischen Ruf. Minder bedeutend erscheint er dagegen als Dichter; er betrachtete die Poesie nur als einen Zeitvertreib in müssigen Stunden und seine Leistungen auf diesem Gebiete sind correct und elegant, aber sie entbehren der Kraft und Tiefe. Die vier von ihm hinterlassenen Eklogen unter dem Gesammttitel The Progress of Love ermüden durch Affectation und Künstelei, gelungener sind mehrere seiner Episteln, namentlich diejenige, aus der wir hier einige Auszüge mittheilen und einige kleinere lyrische Gedichte.

Select Passages from Lord Lyttleton's Advice to a Lady.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear.
Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men;
Nor think I praise you ill when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit's mine to dare to be sincere,
But greater yours sincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends;
All who approach them their own ends pursue:
Lovers and ministers are seldom true:
Hence oft from reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most ye tyrannize you're most abus'd.

* * *

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight.
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.
To rougher man, ambition's task resign;
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breast should move;
Th' important business of your life is love:
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.
Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose, but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart that but by halves is given t
Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.
A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain:
Short is the period of insulting power;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Blest is the maid and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most:
Her's is the bliss in just return to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.
But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown;
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more:
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain
And that fond love, which should afford relief,

Does but increase the anguish of their grief,
While both could easier their own sorrows bear
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

* * *

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost:
The Graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.
Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or wo
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear
Make it your pride his servant to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life
The mistress still shall unobserv'd come on
Before his eyes perceives one beauty gone;
Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred, urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.
Thus I, Belinda! would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love:
The task were harder to secure my own
Against the power of those already known,
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope and each alluring joy
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing which to you I give.

Johnson.

Samuel Johnson, einer der berühmtesten englischen Kritiker, ward am 7. September 1709 in Litchfield, wo sein Vater als Buchhändler lebte, geboren, erhielt eine wissenschaftliche Bildung und studirte zu Oxford, das er aber wieder verlassen musste (1731) weil seine Mittel nicht ausreichten. Er wurde nun Hülfslehrer an einer Erziehungsanstalt und gründete dann selbst ein solches Institut, jedoch ohne Erfolg, so dass er es wieder aufgab und nach London ging, wo er sich in fast allen Gattungen der Literatur auf das Glänzendste auszeichnete und nicht geringen Einfluss auf die Geschmacksrichtung seiner Zeit ausübte. Er starb daselbst am 13. December 1784 und wurde in der Westminster-Abtei begraben.

Unter allen seinen bedeutenden Leistungen sind die poetischen diejenigen, welche am Wenigsten seinem Namen Glanz erwarben. Er war zu sehr Kritiker um Dichter zu sein; seine Verse sind correct und fliessend, aber kalt, und selbst sein Trauerspiel Irene ist nur ein Werk des Verstandes, zu welchem die Muse blos die Form lieh.

Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the opening of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd live he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assail'd the heart:
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,

For those who durst not censure scarce could praise
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.
Themselves they studied; as they felt they writ
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.
Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd whilst Passion slept:
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense,
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic Virtue from the rising age;
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

On the Death of Mr. Robert Levet, a Practiser in Physic.

Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The pow'r of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan
And lonely Want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day — the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm — his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

Extracts from the Vanity of human Wishes.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know

That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

* * *

The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece, and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear:
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings:
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay;
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulf of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

Armstrong.

John Armstrong ward 1709 zu Castleton in Roxburgshire geboren, studirte Arzneiwissenschaft in Edinburg, promovirte daselbst 1732 und liess sich dann in London als Arzt nieder, beschäftigte sich jedoch nebenbei viel mit literarischen Arbeiten. Im Jahre 1760 begleitete er die englische Armee als Militairarzt, worauf er 1763 nach London zurückkehrte, das er, kurze Ausflüge abgerechnet, nun nicht wieder verliess. Er starb daselbst 1779.

Armstrong schrieb neben Kleinerem zwei didactische Gedichte, von denen das erstere the Economy of Love ihm wegen seiner Lüsternheit gerechten Tadel zuzog, das zweite dagegen: the Art of preserving Health allgemeinen Beifall fand und sich als eins der besten englischen Lehrgedichte jener Zeit im Andenken erhalten hat. Es ist eine geistreiche poetische Diaetetik in vier

Büchern, voll feiner Bemerkungen und guter Schilderungen in einer correcten, anmuthigen und einfachen Sprache verfasst. Sie erschien besonders gedruckt zuerst London 1744, dann in seinen Miscellanies London 1770 und findet sich auch nebst anderen Gedichten von ihm, im 102. Bde der Bell'schen und im 10. Bde der Anderson'schen Sammlung.

Select Passages from Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.

What does not fade? the tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend; the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires crush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the Sun,
The Sun himself, shall die; and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss:
'Till the great Father through the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For through the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorr'd decay:
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

* * *

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, trough the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream
On whose Arcadians banks I first drew air,
Liddel; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song; though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flowery, more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting pray: while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

* * *

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young:
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read
Much more had seen: he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
"Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,"
He said; "'tis the pursuit of all that live:
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flowery paths of sauntering joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds

Should ever roam: and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale:
Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

"'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and sense are one; and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and aweful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of envy and all-sapping time
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

"Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care; (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied;)
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To show the virtues in their fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy."

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.

* * *

There is a charm, a power that sways the breast,
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.
That power is music: far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage:
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but contempt:
Who, like our dancers, light indeed and strong,
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts,
Good heaven! we praise them: we, with loudest peals,
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels;
And, with insipid show of rapture, die
On ideot notes impertinently long.
But he the muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with heaven's own fire,
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable powers of hell,
And half-redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One Power of physic, melody and song.

Glover.

Richard Glover, der Sohn eines Kaufmanns, ward 1712 in London geboren, widmete sich dem Stande seines Vaters, ward 1761 Parlamentsmitglied für Weymouth und starb allgemein geachtet 1786. Er hinterliess zwei Tragödieen: Boadicea und Medea, mehrere kleinere Poesieen und ein grösseres Epos Leonidas, nebst einer Fortsetzung: The Athenaid. Dieses Heldengedicht war es vorzüglich, das ihm grossen Ruhm erwarb, aber er überlebte denselben. Es ist ein Werk edelster Gesinnung, voll trefflicher Gedanken, reich an meisterhaften Schilderungen, consequent durchgeführt und correct, aber trotz dem Allem doch nur Prosa in poetischer Form und lässt allen Bestrebungen des Dichters ungeachtet, auf das Gemüth eben so sehr wie auf den Verstand zu wirken, kalt und theilnahmlos; man wird weder ergriffen noch begeistert durch dasselbe, obwohl der Stoff alle Mittel zu tieferer Wirkung darbietet. Aehnliches lässt sich von seinen beiden Trauerspielen sagen, die, in antiker Form gehalten, veranlassen die Kunst des Verfassers zu bewundern, der Alles besitzt, nur nicht poetische Schöpfungskraft. Dagegen hat aber Glover in der unten mitgetheilten Ballade ein Meisterwerk hinterlassen, das zu dem Besten gehört, was die gerade in dieser Gattung so reiche englische Nationalliteratur aufzuweisen vermag.

Admiral Hosier's Ghost.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniard's late defeat,
And his crews with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded
Which for winding sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands were seen to muster
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts besides him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, O heed, our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears."

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told."

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain;"

"For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been."

"Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom.
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart."

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain."

"Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom."

"O'er these waves for ever mourning,
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shore returning,
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me."

Shenstone.

William Shenstone ward 1714 zu Hales-Owen in Shropshire geboren, erhielt eine wissenschaftliche Bildung in Oxford und zog sich dann auf sein väterliches Erbe, das Landgut the Leasowes zurück, das er sehr verschönerte und wo er 1763 in stiller Abgeschiedenheit von der Welt starb. Er zeichnete sich vorzüglich als lyrischer und elegischer Dichter durch Wärme des Gefühls, tiefe Innigkeit und Einfachheit aus. Seine Werke erschienen gesammelt erst nach seinem Tode, London 1764, 3 Bde in 8.; sie enthalten Idyllen, Oden, Balladen und mehrere grössere Poesieen, unter denen das Urtheil des Herkules zwar correct aber geistlos, dagegen die Dorfschulmeisterin in Spenser's Manier eine sehr gelungene Leistung ist. Shenstone's Gedichte befinden sich im 99 — 100. Bde der Bell'schen und im 9. der Anderson'schen Sammlung.

Select Passages from Shenstone's School-mistress.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame,
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horrour grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
No superstition clog his dance of joy,
No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

* * *

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit no flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

* * *

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd
(The source of children's and of courtiers pride!),
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways:
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

* * *

But now Dan Phoebus gains the middle skie,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud Ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair Peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

* * *

Hope.
A Pastoral Ballad.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow:
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so oft and so clear,
As — she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 't was a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to — a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

Gray.

Thomas Gray ward 1716 in London geboren, erhielt seine Erziehung in Eton und studirte dann in Cambridge die Rechte, worauf er, um sich für die Praxis auszubilden, nach London ging. Später begleitete er Horace Walpole auf einer Reise nach dem Continent, überwarf sich jedoch mit demselben und kehrte allein nach England zurück. Er liess sich nun in Cambridge nieder, das er, einige Reiseausflüge abgerechnet, nicht wieder verliess und wo er 1768 die Professur der Geschichte erhielt, jedoch bereits 1771 starb.

Gray hatte den Ruf eines der gelehrtesten Männer seiner Zeit, und hat eigentlich kein Werk hinterlassen, das diesen Ruf rechtfertigte; er galt für einen der besten und talentvollsten Dichter und seine hinterlassenen Gedichte sind der Zahl nach sehr unbedeutend, da er Vieles unvollendet hinterliess. Gedankenreichthum, Begeisterung, tiefes Gefühl und seltene Correctheit und Anmuth der Darstellung sind ihm in hohem Grade eigen und weisen ihm allerdings den ersten Rang unter seinen Zeitgenossen an; namentlich werden zwei seiner lyrischen Poesieen, die unten mitgetheilte Ode auf die Schule zu Eton und die so vielfach in das Deutsche übersetzte Elegie auf einen Dorfkirchhof die wir um der Beschränktheit des Raumes und ihrer allgemeinen Verbreitung willen wegliessen, sein Andenken erhalten, so lange es Freunde der englischen Poesie giebt. Er erweiterte das Gebiet der englischen Ode dadurch, dass er altvaterländische Sagenstoffe in ihren Kreis zog und wenn auch nicht ganz frei von Ueberladung, doch mit feinem Geschmack behandelte. Seine Gedichte erschienen zuerst von Horace Walpole herausgegeben London 1787 und seitdem sehr oft; die beste Edition ist die mit Anmerkungen von W. Mitford, London 1816—1819, 2 Bde in 4.; ferner befinden sie sich im 56. Bde von Johnson's, im 103. Bde von Bell's und im 10. Bde von Anderson's Sammlung.

Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love, shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the vains,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their Paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

The Progress of Poesy.

I.

Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.
Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft control:
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command;
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terrour of his beak, and lightning of his eye.
Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Italia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day
With antic sports and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet,
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple of Love.

II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.
In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous shame,

Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.
Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Aegean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Maeander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her aweful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his litte arms, and smil'd.
"This pencil take", she said, "whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horrour that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."
Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time;
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more —
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet soft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far — but far above great.

Collins.

William Collins, der Sohn eines Hutmachers und Alderman zu Chichester, ward daselbst am 25. December 1721 geboren, erhielt seine Erziehung in Winchester, studirte dann in Oxford und ging darauf nach London, wo er allein literarischen Beschäftigungen lebte. Im Jahre 1750 zwang ihn seine leidende Gesundheit Heilung unter einem milderen Himmelsstriche zu suchen, er kehrte aber krank zurück, verfiel in Wahnsinn und starb 1756 an seinem Geburtsort.

Erst lange nach seinem Tode fand Collins als Dichter bei seinen Landsleuten die Anerkennung welche er namentlich in seinen lyrischen Poesieen, durchaus verdiente. Zartheit, Innigkeit, Eleganz, Würde und Correctheit geben denselben einen hohen Werth; minder glücklich war er in seinen orientalischen Eklogen, die vom Morgenlande weiter Nichts als den Namen hatten. Seine poeti-

schen Werke wurden zuerst von Langhorne, London 1764 und später nochmals von L. Barbauld, London 1797, herausgegeben; sie finden sich im 49. Bde der Johnson'schen, im 97. Bde der Bell'schen und im 9. Bde der Anderson'schen Sammlung.

Ode to Mercy.

Strophe.

O Thou! who sitt'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft, with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou, who, amidst the deathful field
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see! with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's Genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with many a wound!

Antistrophe.

When he whom e'en our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey:
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid! for all thy love to Britain shewn,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits on by leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

Dirge in Cymbeline.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

To Simplicity.

O Thou, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph! to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed, sweetly sad, Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus' deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureate band;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean;
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou! only thou canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature! learn my tale.

Smollett.

Tobias Smollett ward 1721 zu Renton in Dumbartonshire geboren, studirte in Glasgow die Heilkunde, ging dann nach London, wo er Marinearzt wurde, ein Amt, das er jedoch bald wieder aufgab, um sich in Bath als Arzt niederzulassen. Hier glückte es ihm indessen auch nicht und nun kehrte er nach London zurück und widmete sich ganz literarischen Beschäftigungen als Kritiker, Historiker und Romandichter; besonders als Letzterer hatte er sich ausserordentlichen Erfolges zu erfreuen. Um seine geschwächte Gesundheit herzustellen, ging er nach Italien und starb 1771 in Livorno.

Was Smollett in seinen Romanen leistete, zu würdigen, wäre hier nicht am Orte. Eigentliche Poesieen hinterliess er nur in geringer Anzahl, aber diese sind voll Grazie und Gefühl, voll Würde und Eleganz, namentlich die unten mitgetheilte Klage um Schottland. Sie finden sich in seinen Miscellaneous Works. London 1796, 6 Bde in 8.

The Tears of Scotland.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

Ode to Leven-Water.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipes to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient Faith that knows no guile,
And Industry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd and hands prepa'rd
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

Akenside.

Mark Akenside, der Sohn eines Fleischers, ward am 9. November 1721 in Newcastle-on-Tyne geboren, studirte Medicin in Edinburg und Leyden, und lebte dann als practischer Arzt nacheinander in Northampton, Hampstead und London, wo er zu grossem Ansehen gelangte und am 23. Juni 1770 als Leibarzt der Königin starb.

Als Dichter erwarb sich Akenside vorzüglichen Ruhm durch sein didactisch-descriptives Gedicht: The Pleasures of Imagination, das in ausserordentlicher schöner Diction, einen Reichthum edler Gedanken und schöner Bilder offenbart; minder glücklich war er in seinen Oden. Seine Poesieen erschienen zuerst London 1772 in 4., dann öfter und finden sich auch im 55. Bde der Johnson'schen, im 104—105. Bde der Bell'schen und im 9. Bde der Anderson'schen Sammlung.

Select Passages from Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

— — Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life.
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?

* * *

— — Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy softening soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion, swelling with distress and pain
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With Virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture. — Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village — walk

To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred Pity melts
The general eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature given
To mutual terror and Compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
— Ask thy own heart, when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst Ambition: when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian Pride
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish, empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the aweful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward age
Of regal Envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks.
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or would'st thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself — 'I am a king,
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear?' — The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be the eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

* * *

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of Heaven,
Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though Heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.

Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel.

* * *
*

Oh! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the syren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being: to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

Cotton.

Nathaniel Cotton ward im Jahre 1721 geboren; weiter ist Nichts über seine früheren Lebensumstände bekannt. Er studirte Medicin und liess sich als practischer Arzt in St. Alban's nieder, wo er zugleich Vorsteher eines Irrenhauses war, das er bis zu seinem 1788 erfolgten Tode mit segensreichem Erfolg verwaltete.

Cotton nimmt als Dichter zwar keinen sehr hohen Rang unter seinen Zeitgenossen ein, obwohl seine für die Jugend geschriebenen Visions mehrere Auflagen erlebten, seine Poesieen zeichnen sich aber durch Gemüthlichkeit, Einfachheit und Würde vortheilhaft aus, und unter seinen Miscellaneous poems finden sich mehrere die sich im Andenken seiner Nation erhalten haben, namentlich das hier mitgetheilte.

The Fire-side.

Dear Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam.
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comfort bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then, how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;

Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

Mason.

William Mason, der Sohn eines Geistlichen ward 1725 zu Kingston upon Hull geboren, studirte Theologie zu Cambridge und bekleidete dann nach einander die Aemter eines Caplans des Königs, eines Pfarrers zu Aston und eines Pracentors zu York. Er starb 1797.

Mason's gesammelte Werke, welche zuerst 1796 3 Bde in 8. zu York erschienen und später wiederholt aufgelegt worden sind, enthalten Oden, Elegieen, zwei Trauerspiele in antiker Form Cataractus und Elfrida, ein didactisch descriptives Gedicht The English Garden u. A. m. Er nahm unter seinen Zeitgenossen einen hohen Rang als Dichter ein, den er jedoch mehr seinem eleganten Styl und seinem darstellenden Talent als anderen für einen Dichter nothwendigeren Eigenschaften zu verdanken hat; namentlich fehlt es ihm an Einfachheit und wirklicher Begeisterung; Mängel, die Geschmack und Bildung nicht zu ergänzen im Stande sind. — Dagegen muss rühmlichst bemerkt werden, dass er ein trefflicher Prosaist und Kritiker und einer der Ersten war, die den Sklavenhandel bekämpften.

Ode on the Fate of Tyranny.

Oppression dies: the Tyrant falls:
The golden City bows her walls!
Jehovah breaks th' Avenger's rod.
The Son of Wrath, whose ruthless hand
Hurl'd Desolation o'er the land,
Has run his raging race, has clos'd the scene of blood.
Chiefs arm'd around behold their vanquish'd Lord;
Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the loyal sword.

He falls; and earth again is free.
Hark! at the call of Liberty,
All Nature lifts the choral song.
The Fir-trees, on the mountain's head,
Rejoice thro' all their pomp of shade;
The lordly Cedars nod on sacred Lebanon:
Tyrant! they cry, since thy fell force is broke,
Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the woodman's stroke.

Hell, from her gulph profound,
Rouses at thine approach; and, all around,
Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.
See, at the awful call,
Her shadowy Heroes all,
Ev'n mighty Kings, the heirs of empire wide,
Rising, with solemn state, and slow,
From their sable thrones below,
Meet, and insult thy pride.
What, dost thou our ghostly train,
A flitting shadow light, and vain?
Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,
Thy revel dance, and wanton song?
Proud King! Corruption fastens on thy breast;
And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast.

Oh Lucifer! thou radiant star;
Son of the Morn; whose rosy car
Flam'd foremost in the van of day:
How art thou fall'n, thou King of Light!
Hown fall'n from thy meridian height!
Who saidst the distant poles shall hear me, and obey.
High, o'er the stars, my sapphire throne shall glow,
And, as Jehovah's self, my voice the heav'ns shall bow.

He spake, he died. Distain'd with gore,
Beside yon yawning cavern hoar,
See, where his livid corse is laid.
The aged Pilgrim passing by,

Surveys him long with dubious eye;
And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend head,
Just heav'ns! is thus thy pride imperial gone?
Is this poor heap of dust the King of Babylon?

Is this the Man, whose nod
Made the Earth tremble: whose terrific rod
Levell'd her loftiest cities? Where He trod,
Famine pursu'd and frown'd;
Till Nature groaning round,
Saw her rich realms transformed to deserts dry;
While at his crowded prison's gate,
Grasping the keys of fate,
Stood stern Captivity.
Vain Man! behold thy righteous doom;
Behold each neighb'ring monarch's tomb;
The trophied arch, the breathing bust,
The laurel shades their sacred dust:
While thou, vile Out-cast, on this hostile plain,
Moulder'st, a vulgar corse, among the vulgar stain.

No trophied arch, no breathing bust,
Shall dignify thy trampled dust:
No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.
For why, proud King! thy ruthless hand
Hurl'd Desolation o'er the land,
And crush'd the subject race, whom Kings are born to save:
Eternal Infamy shall blast thy name,
And all thy sons shall share their impious Father's shame.

Rise, purple Slaughter! furious rise;
Unfold the terror of thine eyes;
Dart thy vindictive shafts around:
Let no strange land a shade afford,
No conquer'd nations call them Lord;
Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground.
For thus Jehovah swears; no Name, no Son,
No remnant shall remain of haughty Babylon.

Thus saith the righteous Lord:
My Vengeance shall unsheath the flaming sword;
O'er all thy realms my fury shall be pour'd.
Where yon proud city stood,
I'll spread the stagnant flood;
And there the Bittern in the sedge shall lurk;
Moaning with sullen strain;
While, sweeping o'er the plain,
Destruction ends her work.
Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,
I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe.
Th' irrevocable word is spoke.
From Judah's neck the galling yoke
Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state;
Thus by Myself I swear, and what I swear is Fate.

Warton.

Thomas Warton ward 1728 zu Basingstoke in Hampshire geboren, studirte in Oxford und erhielt daselbst, nachdem ihm die anderen akademischen Grade zu Theil geworden, die Professur der Poesie. Später trat er in den geistlichen Stand und bekleidete die Pfarrämter von Kiddington und Hill Farrame. 1785 wurde er poet laureate. Er starb 1790 in Oxford.

Warton hat viele Schriften hinterlassen; sein bedeutendstes Werk ist die Geschichte der englischen Poesie bis zu den Zeiten der Königin Elisabeth, eine überaus fleissige, stoffreiche, gelehrte und scharfsinnige, aber trockene und nur dem Manne vom Fach erspriessliche Arbeit. Als Dichter gehört er zu den Miscellaneous poets jener Tage; Oden, Lieder und Sonnette, bilden den Hauptinhalt der Sammlung seiner Poesieen welche zuerst London 1777 erschienen und später neu aufgelegt wurden. Er besass ein angenehmes lyrisches Talent, das zwar correct, aber nicht sehr originell, auf grosse Auszeichnung eben nicht Anspruch machen durfte.

Inscription in a Hermitage, at Ansley Hall, in Warwickshire.

Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine.
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies:
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then as my taper waxes dim,
Chaunt, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

Select Passages from an Ode to the First of April.

With dalliance rude young Zephyr wooes
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.
Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flower,
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps:
O'er the fields of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.
The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green;
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon:
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.
Fraught with a transient frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery vail
Looks through the thin descending hail;
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.
Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks enclose
The mote of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.
Musing through the lawny park,

The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never sere,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

* * *

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where Nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.
Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

Goldsmith.

Oliver Goldsmith, der Sohn eines Geistlichen ward nach Einigen 1729 zu Elphin, nach Anderen 1781 zu Pallas in Irland geboren, studirte in Dublin und Edinburg die Heilkunde und sah sich genöthigt, weil er sich für einen Freund hinsichtlich einer Schuld verbürgt hatte, Grossbritannien zu verlassen. Er durchstreifte nun drei Jahre lang zu Fuss Holland und Deutschland, sich, wie es ging theils durch sein Flötenspiel von den Bauern, theils durch sein Wissen, von den Geistlichen die nöthigen Subsistenzmittel verschaffend. In Löwen wurde er Baccalaureus der Medicin, begleitete dann einen reichen Landsmann nach Genf und Südfrankreich und kehrte endlich 1758 nach England zurück. Da es ihm an dem Nöthigsten fehlte so wurde er zuerst Unterlehrer in Peckham, später Corrector und endlich Schriftsteller in London. 1765 erschien sein Gedicht the Traveller und ein Jahr nachher sein meisterhafter Roman: The Vicar of Wakefield. Von nun an war sein Ruf gegründet und er hätte durchaus sorgenfrei leben können, wenn sein Hang zur Verschwendung und seine angeborene Thätigkeit ihn nicht oft von Neuem in Verlegenheit gebracht hätten. Er war rastlos thätig und zeichnete sich eben so wohl als Lustspieldichter, wie als Historiker und populärer Schriftsteller höchst rühmlich aus. Er starb am 4. April 1774, wurde auf dem Kirchhof des Temple begraben und erhielt ein Denkmal in der Westminster-Abtei mit einer meisterhaften lateinischen Inschrift von Sam. Johnson.

Goldsmith's Gedichte, namentlich sein Deserted Village das zugleich eine edle moralisch politische Tendenz hatte, gehören dem Besten dieser Gattung an, das die englische Literatur aufzuweisen hat. Zartheit, Innigkeit, Wärme des Gefühls, Gedankenreichthum, einfache, edle Natürlichkeit und eine eben so reine wie correcte Diction sind glänzende Eigenschaften derselben die ihnen stets die volle Anerkennung ihres hohen Werthes sichern. Sie erschienen zuerst gesammel London 1780, sind dann ausserordentlich oft wieder aufgelegt worden und befinden sich auch im 10. Bde der Anderson'schen Sammlung.

A select Passage from Goldsmith's deserted Village.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school:
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guest's, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

The Hermit.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
See m length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care opprest:
And, "Whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay:
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

And, "Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And, while his passion, touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And, well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'T was so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair-one turned to chide;
'T was Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life — my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

An Extract from Goldsmith's Traveller.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,

Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked Negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As diff'rent good, by Art or Nature giv'n
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings ev'n.

Stanzas on Woman.

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom — is, to die.

Song.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

Cunningham.

John Cunningham, der Sohn eines Kaufmannes ward 1729 in Dublin geboren, zeichnete sich schon früh durch seine Fähigkeiten aus, und schrieb bereits in seinem siebzehnten Jahre ein Trauerspiel, was ihm aber zum Verderben gereichte, denn seine Neigung für die Bühne ward dadurch so genährt, dass er Mitglied einer wandernden Schauspielergesellschaft wurde und dies trotz Armuth und Elend sein ganzes Leben lang blieb. Er starb 1773 in Newcastle. Seine gesammelten Gedichte erschienen unter dem Titel Poems, chiefly Pastorals, London 1766 in 8. sind seitdem öfter aufgelegt worden und finden sich auch im 106. Bde der Bell'schen und im 10. Bde der Anderson'schen Sammlung. Sie zeichnen sich durch Wahrheit, Einfachheit, Natürlichkeit, Wärme des Gefühls vortheilhaft aus.

May-Eve: or, Kate of Aberdeen.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.

To beds of state go balmy sleep,
'T is where you've seldom been,
May's vigil whilst the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
And see — the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 't is not the morning breaks,
'T is Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see, the rosy May draws nigh:
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry
'T is Kate of Aberdeen.

Morning.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherds clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
See the chatt'ring swallow spring,
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies, on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distills,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 't is sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious; — whilst the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet, — O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

A Song, sent with a Rose.

Yes, every flower that blows
I pass'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanting rose
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye;
It scented every breeze,
That wanton'd o'er the stream,
Or trembled through the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

To deck that beauteous maid,
Its fragrance can't excel,
From some celestial shade
The damask charmer fell;
And as her balmy sweets
On Chloe's breast she pours,
The queen of Beauty greets
The gentle queen of Flowers.

Falconer.

William Falconer, der Sohn eines Barbiers in Edinburg ward daselbst 1730 geboren und widmete sich dem Seemannsstande. Er befand sich an Bord eines Kauffahrteischiffes, der Britannia, welches in der Nähe des Vorgebirges Colonna scheiterte; nur drei Leute von der Mannschaft, unter denen er sich befand, kamen mit dem Leben davon. Dies veranlasste ihn sein Gedicht The Shipwreck zu schreiben, in welchem er schilderte, was er selbst erfahren hatte. Es erschien 1762, fand grossen Beifall und verschaffte ihm eine gute Anstellung in der königlichen Flotte. Im September 1769 ging er auf der "Aurora" nach Indien, das Schiff erreichte im December das Vorgebirge der guten Hoffnung; seitdem ward aber nie wieder etwas von ihm gehört. Falconer starb also durch einen Unglücksfall den er selbst so beredt geschildert. Wahrheit, Kraft und Originalität sind seinem Gedichte eigen und haben ihm wohlverdiente, grosse Popularität bei seiner Nation verschafft, wogegen Falconer's andere Poesieen, wie z. B. seine Oden und ein politisches Poem the Demagogue in Vergessenheit gerathen sind.

An Extract from Falconer's Shipwreck.

Now borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps:
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.
For this assault should either quarter feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel.
The steersmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks; the routed squadrons join;
And guide the flight in one embodied line:
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted traveller, through the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before —
High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress;
So, while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Growl from afar a deaf and hollow groan!
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
Her joints unhing'd, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail descends in whirling-shower.
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'er spread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head.
It seem'd the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd;
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' enflaming sulphur flashing from his wings! —
Hark! his strong voice the dreadful silence breaks;
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge:
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame;
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.
Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.
But lo! at last from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
All nature smiling, hail'd the vivid ray,

That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descry'd.
For now in front her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Aeneas from her arms away;
That saw him parting, never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam,
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!
While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise:
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose.

Scott.

John Scott, der Sohn eines Leinewandhändlers in London, der zu der Secte der Quäker gehörte, ward 1730 in Bermondsey geboren, verdankte seine Bildung zum grössten Theil sich selbst und brachte die meiste Zeit seines Lebens in dem Dorfe Amwell das er so oft in seinen Poesieen feierte und weshalb er auch der Dichter von Amwell genannt wurde, zu. Er starb daselbst 1783.

Seine Gedichte erschienen zuerst London 1782; sie enthalten mehrere didactische und descriptive Poesieen, wie z. B. Amwell und Essay on painting, Eklogen, Elegieen, Lieder u. s. w. Ein dichtender Quäker war damals eine Seltenheit, aber, diesem Umstande allein verdankte Scott nicht den Beifall, den er fand; Wahrheit, Natürlichkeit, Wärme und feiner Geschmack, verliehen seinen Leistungen bleibenden Werth. Am Unbedeutendsten sind seine Eklogen; dagegen zeichnete er sich auch als Prosaist, namentlich als Kritiker vortheilhaft aus.

The Tempestuous Evening.

There's grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form;
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapts my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What history's faithful tongue has taught,
Or fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain?
O hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy!
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows, but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend!

Privateering.

How custom steels the human breast
To deeds that nature's thoughts detest!
How custom consecrates to fame
What reason else would give to shame!
Fair Spring supplies the favouring gale,
The naval plunderer spreads his sail,
And ploughing wide the wat'ry way,
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never saw before,
The man who him no quarrel bore,
He meets, and avarice prompts the fight;
And rage enjoys the dreadful sight
Of decks with streaming crimson dy'd,
And wretches struggling in the tide,
Or, 'midst th' explosion's horrid glare,
Dispers'd with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign shores
His captur'd wealth in vain deplores;
Quits his fair home, O mournful change!
For the dark prison's scanty range;
By plenty's hand so lately fed,
Depends on casual alms for bread;
And with a father's anguish torn,
Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

And yet, such man's misjudging mind,
For all this injury to his kind,
The prosperous robber's native plain
Shall bid him welcome home again;
His name the song of every street,
His acts the theme of all we meet,
And oft the artist's skill shall place
To public view his pictur'd face!

If glory thus be earn'd, for me
My object glory ne'er shall be;
No, first in Cambria's loneliest dale
Be mine to hear the shepherd's tale!
No, first on Scotia's bleakest hill
Be mine the stubborn soil to till!
Remote from wealth, to dwell alone,
And die, to guilty praise unknown!

Childhood.

Childhood, happiest stage of life!
Free from care and free from strife,
Free from memory's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from fancy's cruel skill
Fabricating future ill;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dusty street to chase;
O what joy! — it once was mine,
Childhood, matchless boon of thine! —
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

Churchill.

Charles Churchill ward 1731 zu Vine-Street im Kirchspiel St. John's, Westminster geboren, wo sein Vater als Pfarrer lebte. Er erhielt eine wissenschaftliche Bildung auf der Westminsterschule, wo er glänzende Fähigkeiten entwickelte, trotz dem aber in Oxford wegen Mangels an genügender klassischer Bildung zurückgewiesen wurde. Nach Westminster zurückgekehrt, verheirathete er sich daselbst, siebenzehn Jahre alt. Als er sein drei und zwanzigstes Jahr erreicht

hatte, erhielt er eine kleine Pfarre in Somersetshire und nach dem Tode seines Vaters 1758, dessen Amt. Anfangs bekleidete er dasselbe zu allgemeiner Zufriedenheit, dann aber nahm sein Betragen die ganz entgegengesetzte Wendung und hatte seine Absetzung zur Folge. Churchill ging nun nach London, wo eine Reihe von Satyren, die er herausgab, ausserordentlichen Beifall fand, was ihn jedoch zugleich veranlasste, ein überaus dissolutes Leben zu führen. Ein hitziges Fieber raffte ihn 1764 zu Boulogne, wo er seinen verbannten Freund Wilkes, den bekannten republicanischen Patrioten besuchte, in seinem drei und dreissigsten Jahre hin. Er ward zu Dover begraben; Wilkes setzte ihm die Grabschrift: Life to the last enjoy'd — here Churchill lies, der aber Churchill's eigene letzte Worte: What a fool I have been! gerade zu widersprechen.

Churchill's Gedichte erschienen gesammelt zuerst London 1763 in 8., dann öfterer u. A. mit Anmerkungen London 1804, 2 Bde in 8. Sie befinden sich auch im 107—109 Bde der Bell'schen und im 10. Bde der Anderson'schen Sammlung. Er besass Alles, was erforderlich ist, um wirklich ein grosser Satyriker zu werden, Reichthum und Kraft der Gedanken, sarkastischen Witz und seltene Herrschaft über Sprache und Form; aber ihm fehlte innere Wahrheit und Adel der Gesinnung; er griff statt der Sache Personen an und sein Leben widersprach vollständig der moralischen Würde und dem Eifer für Tugend, die er in seinen Versen zur Schau trug.

From an Epistle to William Hogarth.

'T is a rank falsehood; search the world around
There cannot be so vile a monster found,
Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
Of that gross guilt which you impute to all.
Approv'd by those who disobey her laws,
Virtue from Vice itself extorts applause;
Her very foes bear witness to her state;
They will not love her; but they cannot hate.
Hate Virtue for herself! with spite pursue
Merit for merit's sake! Might this be true
I would renounce my nature with disdain,
And with the beasts that perish graze the plain;
Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg, behind,
Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in justice crush us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
Those who for double guilt are doubly curst,
Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
At once into such deep damnation fall;
By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in hell must be a work of time.
Cease, then, thy guilty rage, thou wayward son!
With the foul gall of discontent o'errun.

Select Passages from the Rosciad.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply, too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave,
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a skreen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view —
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simp'ring on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage, impanell'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait;
Affected, peevish, prim and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread,
O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.
Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;

For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itself should read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause;
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briskness not its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common-Sense appeared, by Nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.

* * *

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakspeare. — In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through Nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

Cowper.

William Cowper ward am 15. November 1731 zu Great Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire, wo sein Vater als Geistlicher lebte, geboren, erhielt eine wissenschaftliche Bildung auf der gelehrten Schule zu Westminster und ward dann zum practischen Juristen bestimmt. Die Rechtsgelehrsamkeit sagte ihm aber nicht zu und er beschäftigte sich lieber mit bellettristischen Arbeiten. Eine unglückliche Liebe und die Unzufriedenheit mit dem erwählten Stande machten ihn bei angeborener Neigung zur Melancholie tiefsinnig, so dass er der Behandlung eines Irrenarztes anvertraut werden musste. Er ward zwar von seinem Uebel wieder hergestellt, aber seine Gesundheit blieb sein ganzes übriges Leben hindurch geschwächt. In guten Stunden beschäftigte er sich mit Poesie; der erste Band seiner gesammelten Gedichte erschien 1783 zu London, ein zweiter 1785. — Gegen das Ende seines Lebens beschäftigte er sich mit einer Uebersetzung des Homer. Von Neuem in Tiefsinn verfallen starb er am 25. April 1800.

Cowper wurde während seines Lebens als Dichter wenig beachtet und ist später ein grosser und bleibender Liebling seiner Landsleute geworden. Er war eine durch und durch poetische Natur und eben das gewinnt ihm Aller Herzen. Warme Menschenliebe, inniges Gefühl für das Wahre und Gute, Milde und Wohlwollen characterisiren seine elegant und correct geschriebenen Poesieen, welche meistens lyrischen und didactischen Inhaltes sind; nur Eins fehlt ihm, Phantasie. Ohne diesen Mangel hätte er vielleicht sich den besten Dichtern seiner Nation beigesellt.

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk, the Gift of my Cousin Ann Bodham.

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes,
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it,) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!

Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah that maternal smile; it answers — Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? — It was. — Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant-sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod thy nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet-mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'T is now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd!
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heav'n, though little notic'd here.
Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart — the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might. —
But no — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar",
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd —
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now farewell — Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t'have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,

Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I am monarch of all I survey,
  My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all around to the sea,
  I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms,
  That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
  Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
  I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
  I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
  My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
  Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
  Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,
  How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
  In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
  And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
  Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
  Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
  These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
  Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
  Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
  Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
  A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
  Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
  Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
  In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
  Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
  The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
  And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
  And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
  And reconciles man to his lot.

Darwin.

Erasmus Darwin ward 1732 zu Elton in Nottinghamshire geboren, studirte in Cambridge und Edinburg, wo er als Dr. Medicinae promovirte und liess sich dann als practischer Arzt zuerst zu Lichfield, dann zu Derby nieder. Er starb 1802. Sein didactisch descriptives Gedicht The Botanic Garden erschien während der Jahre 1781 bis 1792; ein anderes ähnliches Werk von ihm, The Temple of Nature kam erst nach seinem Tode heraus, steht jedoch Jenem sehr nach.

Darwin's Poesieen sind fast allein das Werk des kalten Verstandes; in einem männlichen Style geschrieben, voll Klarheit und Scharfsinn, entbehren sie durchaus der Begeisterung und lassen daher den Leser kalt, wenn sie auch seinen Geist interessiren.

Eliza's Death; a Passage from Darwin's Botanic Garden.

So stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight,
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued
And view'd his banner, or believ'd she view'd.
Pleas'd with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
— Near and more near the intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin-hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"
"Great God!" she cried, He's safe! the battle's won!"
— A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some Fury wing'd it, and some demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains. —
— "Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return!
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far! —
The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war! —
Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age! —
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!" —
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress'd,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
Eliza echoes through the canvass walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood! —
— Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds: —
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;
Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers press'd,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;
Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake —
Why do you weep? — Mamma will soon awake."
— "She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,
Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd:
Stretch'd on the ground awhile entranc'd he lay,
And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart;
"Oh, Heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!" —
Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,
And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

Lloyd.

Robert Lloyd, Sohn eines Lehrers an der Schule zu Westminster, ward daselbst 1733 geboren, studirte in Cambridge und ward dann Gehülfe seines Vaters. Dieser Beruf sagte ihm aber wenig zu, er ging nach London, wo er sich seinen Unterhalt durch seine Feder erwarb, das Journal The St. James Magazine redigirte und am 15. December 1765 nach einem ausschweifenden Leben, elend und bereuend im Schuldgefängniss starb.

Seine Werke erschienen gesammelt, London 1774, 2 Bde in 8., sie finden sich auch im 10. Bde der Anderson'schen Sammlung und enthalten mehrere dramatische Gedichte, ein satyrisches Poem, the Actor (seine beste Leistung), vermischte Poesieen u. s. w. Da sie viele Anspielungen auf Personen und Verhältnisse ihrer Zeit enthalten, so bieten sie jetzt weit weniger Interesse dar, doch zeichnen sie sich durch eine frische Heiterkeit und grosse Gewandtheit in der Darstellung vortheilhaft aus.

From Lloyd's: The Cit's Country Box.

The wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair,
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jackey on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together
The cit commends the road and weather;
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for every house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation
And thus she opens her oration: —
"What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear.
One may observe it in your face —
Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
And nothing can your health repair
But exercise and country air.
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from Chency-row;
He's a good man, indeed 't is true,
But not so warm, my dear, as you;
And folks are always apt to sneer —
One would not be out-done, my dear!"
Sir Traffic's name so well applied
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason,
And, by th' approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.
Some three or four miles out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.
Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
And wanton in my lady's head.
Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countrified!
'T would come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradise.

Beattie.

James Beattie, der Sohn eines Pächters zu Lawrence-Kirk, Kincardineshire in Schottland, ward daselbst 1735 geboren und erhielt seine Bildung im Marishal-College zu Aberdeen. Er wurde darauf Gemeindeschullehrer in der Nähe seines Geburtsortes, dann Unterlehrer zu Aberdeen, und da er sich hier in vielfacher Hinsicht auszeichnete, Professor der Moralphilosophie an dem obengenannten Collegium; ein Amt, das er vierzig Jahre lang ruhmvoll bekleidete, obwohl ihn häusliche Leiden schwer niederdrückten. Er starb 1803.

Beattie ward als Philosoph (er war einer der bedeutendsten Gegner Hume's) wie als Dichter gleich sehr gefeiert. Namentlich erwarb ihm sein grösseres, in Spenser'scher Weise geschriebenes Gedicht: The Minstrel or the Progress of Genius, wohlverdienten Ruf. Es ist trefflich erfunden, meisterhaft in der Form und reich an schönen Bildern, grossartigen Gedanken und edeln Gefühlen. Auch seine Elegieen und ein allegorisches Gedicht: The Judgment of Paris enthalten viel Gelungenes und Gutes.

Select Passages from Beattie's Minstrel.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves and corses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles along.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illum'd the vault of night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

* * *

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks a field; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! Hence! lest the Muse should deign,
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme,)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide;
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
For well I know wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door,
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamour'd of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan babes by thy fell arts undone.

* * *

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melancholy!

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn;
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his advent'rous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controll'd,
And solitude, her soul his graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

Here pause, my gothic lyre, a little while;
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if Montague should smile
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame;
And her applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords her taste refin'd.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human kind.

Langhorne.

John Langhorne ward 1735 zu Kirkby-Stephen in Westmoreland geboren, studirte in Cambridge und lebte dann eine Zeit lang als Hauslehrer in Lincolnshire. Später erhielt er eine Landpfarre und wurde 1764 Prediger in London. Er starb 1779 zu Blagdon.

Langhorne hat viele Schriften hinterlassen: Romane, Predigten, eine Uebersetzung des Plutarch, Gedichte u. A. m., und sich dadurch zu seiner Zeit einen sehr geachteten Namen erworben. Seine poetischen Werke erschienen zuerst London 1766, zwei Bde in 8.; sie enthalten ein didactisches Gedicht On the Enlargement of Mind, Oden, Elegieen, Lieder, Sonnette, ein descriptives Poem, The Country-Justice, eine poetische Erzählung Owen of Carron u. A. m. Sie sind reich an guten Gedanken und edeln Gesinnungen, aber zu sehr mit poetischem Schmuck überladen und ohne eigentliche Begeisterung, so dass ihr Eindruck auf den Leser kein begeisternder und anhaltender ist.

Ode to the River Eden.

Beautiful Eden! parent stream
  Yet shall the maids of memory say,
(When, led by fancy's fairy dream,
  My young steps trac'd thy winding way)
How oft along thy mazy shore
That many a gloomy alder bore,
  In pensive thought their poet stray'd;
Or, careless thrown thy bank beside,
Beheld thy dimly waters glide,
  Bright through the trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,
  Where once with infant joy he play'd,
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
  The azure worlds below survey'd;
Led by the rosy-handed hours,
When time tripp'd o'er yon bank of flowers,
  Which in thy crystal bosom smil'd;
Though old the god, yet light and gay,
He flung his glass and scythe away
  And seem'd himself a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near
  Would whisper to thy murmurs free;
Yet rustling seems to soothe mine ear,
  And trembles when I sigh for thee.
Yet seated on thy shelving brim,
Can fancy see the naiads trim
  Burnish their green locks in the sun;
Or at the last lone hour of day,
To chace the lightly glancing fay,
  In airy circles run.

But, Fancy, can thy mimic power
  Again those happy moments bring?
Canst thou restore that golden hour,
  When young Joy wav'd his laughing wing?
When first in Eden's rosy vale,

My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
The vow sincere, devoid of guile!
While Delia in her panting breast,
With sighs the tender thought supprest,
And look'd as angels smile.

O goddess of the crystal bow,
That dwell'st the golden meads among;
Whose streams still fair in memory flow,
Whose murmurs melodise my song!
Oh! yet those gleams of joy display,
Which brightening glow'd in fancy's ray,
When near the lucid urn reclin'd,
The dryad, Nature, bar'd her breast,
And left, in naked charms imprest,
Her image on my mind.

In vain — the maids of memory fair
No more in golden visions play;
No friendship smooths the brow of care,
No Delia's smile approves my lay.
Yet, love and friendship lost to me,
'T is yet some joy to think of thee,
And in thy breast this moral find —
That life, though stain'd with sorrow's showers,
Shall flow serene, while virtue pours
Her sunshine on the mind.

Inscription on a Study Door.

O thou that shalt presume to tread
This mansion of the mighty dead,
Come with the free, untainted mind;
The nurse, the pedant leave behind;
And all that superstition, fraught
With folly's lore, thy youth has taught —
Each thought that reason can't retain —
Leave it, and learn to think again.
Yet, while thy studious eyes explore,
And range these various volumes o'er,
Trust blindly to no fav'rite pen,
Remembering authors are but men.
Has fair Philosophy thy love?
Away! she lives in yonder grove.
If the sweet Muse thy pleasure gives,
With her, in yonder grove she lives:
And if Religion claims thy care,
Religion, fled from books, is there.
For first from nature's works we drew
Our knowledge, and our virtue too.

To a Red-Breast.

Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye:
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane.
Ask of me thy daily store:
Go not near Avaro's door;
Once within his iron hall,
Woful end shall thee befall.
Savage! — He would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

Hayley.

William Hayley ward 1745 zu Chichester in Sussex geboren, studirte in Cambridge und lebte dann als Privatmann von den Einkünften seines Vermögens. Er starb 1820 zu Pelpham in Sussex. Seine Poesieen erschienen gesammelt unter dem Titel Poems and Plays London 1785, 6 Bde in 8vo, denen er später noch Einiges folgen liess; sie enthalten mehrere Trauerspiele und eine Reihe poetischer Abhandlungen (Essays) über Malerei, Geschichte, epische Poesie u. A. m. und einige vermischte Gedichte. Ihr Verfasser wurde seiner Zeit ausserordentlich gefeiert als einer der Ersten, überlebte aber seinen Ruhm und Lord Byron fertigte ihn später mit den Worten ab: (S. English Bards and Scotch Reviewers):

In many marble-cover'd volumes view
Hayley, in vain attempting something new.
Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
Or scrawl, as Wood and Barclay walk, 'gainst time,
His style in youth or age is still the same
For ever feeble and for ever tame etc.

Streng genommen hat er nicht Unrecht, denn Hayley's Poesie ist, mit wenigen Ausnahmen baare Prosa, aber in eleganter Einkleidung und reich an Bildern. Wir beschränken uns daher auch, auf folgenden Auszug aus seinem Versuche über das Epos.

From an Essay on Epic Poetry.

For me, who feel, whene'er I touch the lyre,
My talents sink below my proud desire;
Who often doubt, and sometimes credit give,
When friends assure me that my verse will live;
Whom health too tender for the bustling throng
Led into pensive shade and soothing song;
Whatever fortune my unpolish'd rhymes
May meet, in present or in future times
Let the blest art my grateful thoughts employ,
Which soothes my sorrow and augments my joy;
Whence lonely peace and social pleasure springs,
And friendship dearer than the smile of kings!
While keener poets, querulously proud,
Lament the ills of poesy aloud,
And magnify, with irritation's zeal,
Those common evils we too strongly feel,
The envious comment and the subtle style
Of specious slander, stabbing with a smile;
Frankly I wish to make her blessings known,
Nor would my honest pride that praise forego,
Which makes malignity yet more my foe.

If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
'Twas in the moment when my verse imprest
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.

O thou fond Spirit, who with pride hast smil'd,
And frown'd with fear on thy poetic child,
Pleas'd, yet alarm'd, when in his boyish time
He sigh'd in numbers, or he laugh'd in rhyme;
While thy kind cautions warn'd him to beware
Of penury, the bard's perpetual snare;
Marking the early temper of his soul
Careless of wealth, nor fit for base control:
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
Than ever child to parent ow'd before,
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivell'd frame,
And turn'd each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'T was thine, with constant love, through ling'ring years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew.
Though medicinal art, with pitying care
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair
Thy fond maternal heart adher'd to hope and prayer:
Nor pray'd in vain; thy child from powers above
Receiv'd the sense to feel and bless thy love;
O might he thence receive the happy skill,
And force proportion'd to his ardent will,
With Truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!

Nature, who deck'd thy form with Beauty's flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers;
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, Friendship's fervid zeal,

The generous purpose and the active thought,
With Charity's diffusive spirit fraught;
There all the best of mental gifts she plac'd,
Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven.
While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul;
Nor will the public with harsh rigour blame
This my just homage to thy honour'd name;
To please that public, if to please be mine,
Thy virtues train'd me — let the praise be thine.
Since thou hast reach'd that world where love alone,
Where love parental can exceed thy own;
If in celestial realms the blest may know
And aid the objects of their care below,
While in this sublunary scene of strife
Thy son possesses frail and feverish life,
If heaven allot him many an added hour,
Gild it with virtuous thought and mental power,
Power to exalt, with every aim refin'd,
The loveliest of the arts that bless mankind!

Jones.

William Jones, (nicht zu verwechseln mit seinem Vater, der ein berühmter Mathematiker war, aber schon 1749 starb,) ward 1746 in London geboren, besuchte die gelehrte Schule zu Harrow und studirte dann in Oxford, wo er sich vorzüglich mit den morgenländischen Sprachen beschäftigte. Später wurde er Erzieher des Lord Althorpe, machte dann eine Reise durch Frankreich und widmete sich bei seiner Rückkehr der Rechtsgelehrsamkeit, ohne jedoch seine früheren Studien dabei zu vernachlässigen. Im Jahre 1783 erhielt er das Amt eines Richters des Oberhofes (supreme court) zu Calcutta und ward zugleich in den Ritterstand erhoben. Er langte im December desselben Jahres in Ostindien an, das er seitdem nicht wieder verliess und wo er mit unermüdlicher Thätigkeit wirkte. Die Gründung der orientalischen Gesellschaft ist sein Werk. Eine Entzündung der Leber machte seinem Leben leider im Jahre 1794 ein frühzeitiges Ende. Die ostindische Compagnie setzte ihm ein prächtiges Denkmal in der St. Paulskirche.

Seine Werke erschienen gesammelt London 1799, 6 Bde in 4. — Sie enthalten u. A. Poesieen, welche zum grössten Theil Nachbildungen orientalischer Originale sind, in denen er aber eine seltene Feinheit des Geschmacks mit grosser Anmuth der Behandlung verbindet; mehrere derselben, namentlich die beiden hier mitgetheilten, sind Eigenthum des Volkes geworden.

Song of Hafiz.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight;
And, bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say: —
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display; —
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest;
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?

Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: — ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom: —
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream:
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah, sweet maid! my counsel hear, —
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience render sage,)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Song.

Sweet as the rose that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet with a heart like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest.

Beauty like thine, all nature thrills;
And when the moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills
Which on the breast thou wearest!

Where could those peerless flow'rets blow?
Whence are the thorns that near them grow?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me till embrac'd;
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,
Like the new blossom smiling.

Spreading thy vails with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses and soul beguiling.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic, with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his blest idol styling.

Logan.

John Logan, der Sohn eines schottischen Pächters, ward 1748 in dem Kirchspiel von Fala in Midlothian geboren, studirte Theologie in Edinburg und bekleidete dann das Amt eines Landpfarrers. Im Jahre 1781 gab er seine gesammelten Gedichte heraus; der Beifall, den sie fanden, ermunterte ihn ein Trauerspiel zu schreiben, das auch in Covent-Garden angenommen wurde, dessen Aufführung jedoch der Lord Chamberlain untersagte. Obendrein nahmen seine Pfarrkinder

übel, dass ihr Seelsorger für die Bühne schreibe, und Logan legte demzufolge sein Amt nieder und ging nach London, um dort von literarischem Erwerbe zu leben. Leider sah er sich in seinen Hoffnungen getäuscht, ergab sich dem Trunk und starb 1788 in Kummer und Elend.

Logan's Gedichte, meist lyrischen Inhaltes, sind voll warmen Gefühls, edler Gedanken, concis und kräftig, und erfreuen sich vortrefflicher Einkleidung. Seine Ode an den Guckguck wird von englischen Kritikern als eins der schönsten und anmuthigsten Gedichte ihrer Nationalliteratur bezeichnet; die Ballade the Braes of Yarrow ist Volkslied geworden. Brae ein schottisches Wort bezeichnet die Abdachung, den Rand, die Braue eines Hügels.

The Braes of Yarrow.

"Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

"He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers
He promised me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers
He promised me a wedding ring, —
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow; —
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!

"Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

"His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother:
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

"No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough,
For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

"The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

Ode to the Cuckoo.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
  We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring.

Barnard.

Lady Anne Lindsay, älteste Tochter von James, Grafen von Balcarras, ward am 8. December 1750 geboren, vermählte sich 1793 mit Sir Andrew Barnard, Bibliothekar Georg's III. und starb kinderlos am 8. Mai 1825.

Diese Dame hat Nichts geschrieben als das hier mitgetheilte Gedicht, Auld Robin Gray, dessen ersten Theil sie bereits 1772 verfasste und dessen Fortsetzung sie später hinzufügte; (erst 1823 bekannte sie sich in einem Briefe an Walter Scott als Verfasserin); aber es wiegt ganze Bände von Poesieen, durch seine Wahrheit, seine tiefe Innigkeit und seine grosse Einfachheit auf; auch ist es so sehr Gemeingut des Volkes geworden, dass man es namentlich in Schottland in jeder Hütte kann singen hören. Es ist zwar im schottischen Dialect, aber durchaus verständlich.

Auld Robin Gray.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and sought me for his bride
But saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea —
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work — my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me!"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair — I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

The Continuation.

The wintry days grew lang, my tears they were a' spent;
May be it was despair I fancied was content.
They said my cheek was wan; I cou'd na look to see —
For, oh! the wee bit glass, my Jamie gaed it me.

My father he was sad, my mother dull and wae;
But that which griev'd me maist, it was Auld Robin Gray;
Though ne'er a word he said, his cheek said mair than a',
It wasted like a brae o'er which the torrents fa'.

He gaed into his bed — nae physic wad he take;
And oft he moan'd and said, "It's better, for her sake,"
At length he look'd upon me, and call'd me his "ain dear,"
And beckon'd round the neighbours, as if his hour drew near.

"I've wrong'd her sair," he said, "but ken't the truth o'er late;
It's grief for that alone that hastens now my date;
But a' is for the best, since death will shortly free
A young and faithful heart that was ill match'd wi' me.

"I loo'd, and sought to win her for mony a lang day;
I had her parents' favour, but still she said me nay;
I knew na Jamie's luve; and oh! it's sair to tell —
To force her to be mine, I steal'd her cow mysel!

"O what cared I for Crummie! I thought of nought but thee,
I thought it was the cow stood 'twixt my luve and me.
While she maintain'd ye a', was you not heard to say,
That you would never marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness in the house, and hunger at the door,
My bairn gied me her hand, although her heart was sore.
I saw her heart was sore — why did I take her hand?
That was a sinfu' deed! to blast a bonnie land.

"It was na very lang ere a' did come to light;
For Jamie he came back, and Jenny's cheek grew white.
My spouse's cheek grew white, but true she was to me;
Jenny! I saw it a' — and oh, I'm glad to dee!

"Is Jamie come?" he said; and Jamie by us stood —
"Ye loo each other weel — oh, let me do some good!
I gie you a', young man — my houses, cattle, kine,
And the dear wife hersel, that ne'er should hae been mine."

We kiss'd his clay-cold hands — a smile came o'er his face;
"He's pardon'd," Jamie said, "before the throne o' grace.
Oh, Jenny! see that smile — forgi'en I'm sure is he,
Wha could withstand temptation when hoping to win thee?"

The days at first were dowie; but what was sad and sair,
While tears were in my ee, I kent mysel na mair;
For, oh! my heart was light as ony bird that flew,
And, wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly hue.

But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he shone before,
For now I'm Jamie's wife, and what need I say more?
We hae a wee bit bairn — the auld folks by the fire —
And Jamie, oh! he loo's me up to my heart's desire.

Chatterton.

Thomas Chatterton, der Sohn eines armen Schullehrers in Bristol, ward nach seines Vaters Tode daselbst am 20. November 1752 geboren. Nachdem er eine öffentliche Schule besucht, kam er als Gehülfe zu einem Procurator und brachte nun alte Gedichte zum Vorschein, welche nach seiner Behauptung von einem Geistlichen des funfzehnten Jahrhunderts, Rowley, verfasst sein sollten und grosses Aufsehen machten. Von seinem Principal entlassen, ging er nach London, in der Hoffnung, von Sir Horace Walpole, an den er sich gewendet, unterstützt zu werden, aber Gray und Mason warnten Walpole, sich nicht von dem „Knaben von Bristol" hintergehen zu lassen, und dieser behandelte ihn kalt und verächtlich. Er machte bald darauf, von Hunger und Elend gepeinigt, seinem Leben in einem Anfall von Verzweiflung am 25. August 1770 durch Gift ein Ende. Eine ausführliche Biographie des armen Jünglings lieferte G. Gregory, London 1789.

Dass die angeblichen Poesieen Rowley's von Chatterton selbst herrührten, leidet keinen Zweifel mehr und es ist nicht allein das Talent, mit welcher er die Sprache und Weise, ja selbst die äussere Gestaltung der Poesieen einer früheren Zeit nachbildete, so dass er viele Kenner täuschte, zu bewundern, sondern noch mehr die Genialität, der Gedankenreichthum und die tiefe poetische Kraft, welche sich in ihnen offenbart. Merkwürdig ist, dass dagegen alle Gedichte, die Chatterton in modernem Englisch schrieb, nur mittelmässig sind, doch that er das vielleicht absichtlich. Seine Werke (die beste Ausgabe ist die von 1803: London, 3 Bde in 8.) in alterthümlicher Hülle enthalten mehrere epische Poesieen, ein Trauerspiel Ella, und mehrere Balladen u. s. w.; sie finden sich auch im 11. Bde der Anderson'schen Sammlung. — Um die Echtheit der Gedichte Rowley's zu beweisen, schrieb James Bryant ein eigenes Werk u. d. T. Observations upon the poems of Thomas Rowley, London 1781; 2 Bde in 8.

Elinoure and Juga.

Onne Rudborne bank twa pynynge maydens sate,
Their tears faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere,
Ecchone bementynge for her absente mate,
Who at Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge speare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre
Dydde speke acroole, wythe languishment of eyne.
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvryng brine.

Elinoure.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in stele;
O mai ne sanguen steine the whyte rose payncte,
Mai good Scyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele,
See! see! upon the ground he bleedynge lies
Inhild some joice of lyffe, or else mie deare love dies.

Juga.

Systers in sorrowe, on thys daise-ey'd banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wylle lamente;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke:
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche forlettenn halles of merrimente,
Whose gastlie mitches holde the train of fryghte,
Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

Elinoure.

No moe the myskynette shall wake the morne,
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
No more amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie;
I'll seeke the foreste all the lyve-longe daie;
All nete amonge the gravde chyrche glebe wyll goe,
And to the passante Spryghtes lecture mie tale of woe.

Juga.

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;
The tryppeyne faeries weve the golden dreme
Of selyness, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;

Then (botte the scynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll hold dystraughte
Hys bledeynge claie colde corse, and die eche daie ynn thoughte.

Elinoure.

Ah woe bementynge wordes: what wordes can shewe!
Thou limed ryver, on thie linche maie bleede
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe,
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,
To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees,
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were slayne,
Distraughte theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes syde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and dyde.

The Mynstrelles Songe, from: Aella.

O! Synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte
Whyte his rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cald he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thought canne bee,
Defe hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee on hallie seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie bodie still schalle be.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all ytts goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

Aella, atte Watchette.
A Fragment.

Curse onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a stede!
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her syghte.
Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle wynges for flyghte,
Swefte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys stronge.
The Danes have wrought mee myckle woe ynne fyghte,
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe,
O! whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
Some tymes the samme thynge wyll both bane and blesse?
On tyme encalede, yanne bie the same thynge warmed,
Estroughted foorthe, and yanne ybroghten less.
'Tys Birtha's loss whyche doe mie thoughts possesse;
I wylle, I must awaie: whie staies mie stede?
Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare adresse,
Whyche couracyrs yn hastie journies nede.
O heavens! I most awaie to Byrtha's eyne,
For yn her looks I fynde mie beynge doe entwyne.

An excelente Balade of Charite.

In Virgyne the sweltrie sungan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;
The apple rodded from its palie greene,
And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie,
The peede chelandri sunge the livelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte aumeree.

The sun was gleemeing in the middle of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,
When from the sea arist in dreare arraie
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetive face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covente lede,
A hapless pilgrim moneynge did abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,
Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,
Where from the hailstone coulde the almer flie?
He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house ashrewed manne!
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde,
Cale, as the claie which will gre on thie hedde,
Is charitie and love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forswat meadowes smethe, and drenche the raine;
The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flotte againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;
And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste; now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound
Sheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the high spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
Still on the galland eare of terroure hanges;
The winds are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonen showers.

Spurreygne his palfrie ore thae watrie plaine,
The abbatte of Seyncte Godwine's convente came;
His chapournette was drented with the reine,
And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll at the same;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mistalmes craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoone pyke a loverds mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,
For the horse millanare his head with roses dighte.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
O let me waite within your covente dore,
Tille the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;
Helpless and ould am I alass! and poor;
Ne house, ne friend, ne monneie in my pouche!
All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, reply'd the abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faietour in;
None touche mie rynge who not in honour live.
And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,
And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The abbatte spurrde his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde,
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene;
A Limitoure he was of order seene:
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
For Sweet Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
The limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of silver take;
The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake.
Here take this silver, it maie eathe thie care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde,
Here take my semecope, thou art bare I see;
'Tis thyne; the seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Virgynne and hallie seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man powre.

Resignation.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill, —
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still,
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

Burns.

Robert Burns, der Sohn eines schottischen Bauern William Burness, ward am 25. Januar 1759 in einer von seinem Vater selbst gebauten Lehmhütte, am Ufer des Flusses Doon, in der Nähe der Stadt Ayr, in Schottland geboren.* Er erhielt für seine Verhältnisse eine gute Erziehung, besonders wurde sein früh erwachtes poetisches Talent durch seine Umgebungen genährt; doch benutzte er auch später die dargebotene Gelegenheit sich mathematische Kenntnisse zu erwerben. Nach seines Vaters Tode bewirthschaftete er mit seinem Bruder gemeinschaftlich einen Pachthof; da aber Gelingen ihre Mühe nicht krönte und Burns noch obendrein die übeln Folgen eines Liebeshandels zu erdulden hatte, so fasste er den Entschluss nach Jamaika auszuwandern und würde ihn auch ausgeführt haben, wenn es ihm nicht an der nöthigen Summe für die Ueberfahrt gefehlt hätte. Dies brachte ihn auf den Gedanken seine Gedichte zu sammeln und herauszugeben. Sie erschienen 1782 in Kilmarnock und hatten einen so glänzenden Erfolg, dass sie ihm nicht allein das gewünschte Geld, sondern auch Ruhm und Ehre eintrugen. Auf das Schmeichelhafteste eingeladen, besuchte er jetzt Edinburg und verlebte dort frohe Tage. Eine neue Auflage brachte einen reinen Gewinn von 500 Pfund Sterling. Burns vermählte sich nun mit dem jungen Mädchen um dessenwillen er früher hatte auswandern wollen, trat von Neuem eine Pachtung an und wurde darauf, als auch diese seinen Erwartungen nicht entsprach, Zollaufseher. Sein früheres zu Zeiten wüstes Leben, von dem er selbst jetzt nicht ganz liess, stürzte ihn in ein frühes Grab; er starb am 21. Juli 1796 in Dumfries.

Eine treffliche Ausgabe seiner Gedichte mit Burns' Biographie und erklärenden Anmerkungen besorgte Allan Cunningham, London 1834 und nach dieser eine in ihrer Art nicht minder ausgezeichnete für Deutschland bestimmte, Adolph Wagner, Leipzig 1835, 1 Bd in 8. Sie sind meist lyrischen Inhaltes und zum grössten Theil im schottischen Dialect geschrieben. Burns ist ein Naturdichter im edelsten Sinne des Wortes; tiefes Gefühl, lebhafte Phantasie, Wahrheit der Empfindung, Innigkeit, gesunder Witz, treffende Darstellung und ursprüngliche Frische, sind seinen Poesieen eigen, verleihen ihnen einen unvergänglichen Werth und haben sie zum Eigenthum seines Volkes gemacht, das mit jedem Jahre dankbarer und inniger erkennt, welch' ein grosser Dichter er war.

Tam O' Shanter.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots' miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr, ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr whom ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)
O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum,
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober,
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's old haunted kirk.
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!
But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever,
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. —
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaist and houlets nightly cry. —
By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. —
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. —
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil! —
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large.
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light, —
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns!
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns:
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlaufu'.
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!
Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.
But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie. —
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!
But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.
Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

Epistle to a young Friend.

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But, och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
Its rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life,
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.

Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
  Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
  Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
  Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
  Tho' naething should divulge it:
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
  The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
  And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
  Assiduous wait upon her:
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
  That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
  Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
  Of being independent.

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
  To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
  Let that ay be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause —
  Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
  Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
  Must sure become the creature,
But still the preaching cant forbear,
  And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
  Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
  For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
  Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
  It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
  A conscience but a canker —
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
  Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear amiable youth!
  Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth
  Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed',
  Still daily to grow wiser:
And may you better reck the rede,
  Than ever did th' adviser.

Jessy.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
  Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
  And soft as their parting tear — Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
  Altho' even hope is denied;
'Twis sweeter for thee despairing,
  Than aught in the world beside — Jessy!

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
  As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms:
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
  For then I am lockt in thy arms — Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
  I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
  'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree? — Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
  Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
  And soft as their parting tear — Jessy!

To a Mountain Daisy, — on turning one down with the Plough.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
    Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
    Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
    Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward- springing, blythe, to greet,
    The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble, birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n,
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date:
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

Hurdis.

James Hurdis ward 1763 zu Bishopstone in Sussex geboren, studirte zu Oxford Theologie und erhielt 1785 das Pfarramt zu Burwash. Im Jahre 1793 wurde ihm die Professur der Poesie zu Oxford übertragen, und er 1797 Doctor der Theologie. Er starb am 14. December 1801.

Seine Poesieen The Village Curate, Adriano, The Favourite Village und eine Tragödie Sir Thomas More, erschienen nach einander einzeln von 1788—1801. Er ist ein Nachahmer Cowpers, jedoch nicht ohne Selbstständigkeit und von den vielen Anhängern dieser Schule der Einzige dessen Leistungen nicht der Vergessenheit anheim gefallen sind.

Select Passages from Hurdis' Village Curate.

— — A truce to thought,
And come, Alcanor, Julia, Isabel,
Eliza come, and let us o'er the fields,
Across the town, or through the shelving wood,
Wind our uncertain way. Let fancy lead,
And be it ours to follow, and admire,
As well we may, the graces infinite
Of nature. Lay aside the sweet resource
Which winter needs, and may at will obtain,
Of authors chaste and good, and let us read
The living page, whose ev'ry character
Delights and gives us wisdom. Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains

A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something to instruct,
E'en in the noisome weed. See, ere we pass
Alcanor's threshold, to the curious eye
A little monitor presents her page
Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells,
The lily of the vale. She nor affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun.
She to no state or dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit,
And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blast
Her sister tribes confounds, and to the earth
Stoop their high heads that vainly were expos'd,
She feels it not, but flourishes anew,
Still shelter'd and secure. And so the storm,
That makes the high elm couch, and rends the oak,
The humble lily spares. A thousand blows,
Which shake the lofty monarch on his throne,
We lesser folk feel not. Keen are the pains
Advancement often brings. To be secure,
Be humble; to be happy, be content.

* * *

Away, we loiter. Without notice pass
The sleepy crocus, and the staring daisy,
The courtier of the sun. What find we there?
The love-sick cowslip, which her head inclines
To hide a bleeding heart. And here's the meek
And soft-ey'd primrose. Dandelion this,
A college youth who flashes for a day
All gold; anon he doffs his gaudy suit,
Touch'd by the magic hand of some grave Bishop,
And all at once, by commutation strange,
Becomes a Reverend Divine. How sleek!
How full of grace! and in that globous wig,
So nicely trimm'd, unfathomable stores,
No doubt, of erudition most profound.
Each hair is learned, and his awful phiz,
A well-drawn title-page, gives large account
Of matters strangely complicate within.
Place the two doctors each by each, my friends,
Which is the better? say. I blame not you,
Ye powder'd periwigs, which hardly hide,
With glossy suit and well-fed paunch to boot,
The understanding lean and beggarly.
But let me tell you, in the pompous globe,
Which rounds the dandelion's head, is couch'd
Divinity most rare. I never pass
But he instructs me with a still discourse,
That more persuades than all the vacant noise
Of pulpit rhetoric; for vacant 'tis,
And vacant must it be, by vacant heads
Supported.
Leave we them to mend, and mark
The melancholy hyacinth, that weeps
All night, and never lifts an eye all day.
How gay this meadow! — like a gamesome boy
New cloth'd, his locks fresh comb'd and powder'd, he
All health and spirits. Scarce so many stars
Shine in the azure canopy of heav'n,
As king-cups here are scatter'd, interspers'd
With silver daisies.
See, the toiling hind
With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last
The tough and sinewy furze. How hard he fought
To fell the glory of the barren waste!
For what more noble than the vernal furze
With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,
For ev'ry blossom has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury
Of Fays and Fairies. Here they nightly meet,
Each with a burnish'd king-cup in his hand,
And quaff the subtil ether. Here they dance
Or to the village chimes, or moody song
Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see
Fantastically trod. There Oberon
His gallant train leads out, the while his torch
The glow-worm lights, and dusky night illumes:
And there they foot it featly round and laugh.
The sacred spot the superstitious ewe
Regards, and bites it not in reverence.
Anon the drowsy clock tolls one — the cock
His clarion sounds, the dance breaks off, the lights
Are quench'd, the music hush'd, they speed away
Swifter than thought, and still the break of morn
Outrun, and chasing midnight as she flies
Pursue her round the globe.

* * *

But mark with how peculiar grace yon wood,
That clothes the weary steep, waves in the breeze
Her sea of leaves: thither we turn our steps,
And as we pass attend the cheerful sound
Of woodland harmony, which ever fills
The merry vale between. How sweet the song
Day's harbinger performs! I have not heard
Such elegant divisions drawn from art,
And what is he that wins our admiration?
A little speck which floats upon the sun-beam.
What vast perfection cannot nature crowd

Into a puny point! The nightingale,
Her solo anthem sung, and all who heard
Content, joins in the chorus of the day.
She, gentle heart, thinks it no pain to please,
Nor, like the moody songsters of the world,
Displays her talent, pleases, takes affront,
And locks it up in envy.

* * *

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twit and twit,
And soon in bower of apple blossoms perch'd,
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.
I would not hold him pris'ner for the world.
The chimney-haunting swallow too, my eye
And ear well pleases. I delight to see
How suddenly he skims the glassy pool,
How quaintly dips, and with a bullet's speed
Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear
His morning song twitter'd to dawning day.
But most of all it wins my admiration,
To view the structure of this little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finish'd! What nice hand,
With ev'ry implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly then
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.
The bee observe;
She too an artist is, and laughs at man,
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon
With truth to form; a cunning architect,
Who at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation. How she toils,
And still from bud to bud, from flow'r to flow'r,
Travels the live-long day. Ye idle drones,
Who rather pilfer than your bread obtain
By honest means like these, behold and learn
How good, how fair, how honourable 'tis
To live by industry.

* * *

How peaceable and solemn a retreat
This wood affords! I love to quit the glare
Of sultry day for shadows cool as these:
The sober twilight of this winding way
Lets fall a serious gloom upon the mind,
Which checks, but not appals. Such is the haunt
Religion loves, a meek and humble maid,
Whose tender eye bears not the blaze of day.
And here with Meditation hand in hand
She walks, and feels her often-wounded heart
Renew'd and heal'd. Speak softly. We presume,
A whisper is too loud for solitude
So mute and still.

Select Passages from Hurdis' Adriano, or the First of June.

He said, and led her to the cottage door,
Dispos'd the basket, comforted and kiss'd her.
Then to the garden bow'r together both,
Link'd arm in arm, proceeded. There they sat,
And he his melancholy tale rehears'd,
And she was all attention. He began,
And told her of his youth and boyish days
Till manhood came, his aged parents died,
And he, a sighing lover, sought a wife.
Twice was he wedded, and his former love
Bore him a son, the cause of all his woe.
He train'd him, as he thought, to deeds of praise,
He taught him virtue, and he taught him truth,
And sent him early to a public school.
Here, as it seem'd, (but he had none to blame,)
Virtue forsook him, and habitual vice
Grew in her stead. He laugh'd at honesty,
Became a sceptic, and could raise a doubt
E'en of his father's truth. 'Twas idly done
To tell him of another world, for wits
Knew better; and the only good on earth.
Was pleasure; not to follow that was sin.
'Sure he that made us, made us to enjoy;
And why,' said he, 'should my fond father prate
Of virtue and religion? They afford
No joys, and would abridge the scanty few
Of nature. Nature be my deity,
Her let me worship, as herself enjoins,
At the full board of plenty? Thoughtless boy!
So to a libertine he grew, a wit,
A man of honour; boastful empty names
That dignify the villain. Seldom seen,
And when at home, under a cautious mask
Concealing the lewd soul, his father thought
He grew in wisdom as he grew in years.
He fondly deem'd he could perceive the growth
Of goodness and of learning shooting up,
Like the young offspring of the shelter'd hop,
Unusual progress in a summer's night.
He call'd him home, with great applause dis-
miss'd

By his glad tutors — gave him good advice —
Bless'd him, and bade him prosper. With warm heart
He drew his purse-strings, and the utmost doit
Pour'd in the youngster's palm. 'Away,' he cries,
'Go to the seat of learning, boy. Be good,
Be wise, be frugal for 'tis all I can.'
'I will,' said Toby, as he bang'd the door,
And wink'd, and snapp'd his finger, 'Sir, I will.'
So joyful he to Alma Mater went
A sturdy fresh-man. See him just arriv'd,
Receiv'd, matriculated, and resolv'd
To drown his freshness in a pipe of port.
'Quick, Mr. Vintner, twenty dozen more;
Some claret too. Here's to our friends at home.
There let 'em doze. Be it our nobler aim
To live — where stands the bottle!" Then to town
Hies the gay spark for futile purposes,
And deeds my bashful muse disdains to name.
From town to college, till a fresh supply
Sends him again from college up to town.
The tedious interval the mace and cue,
The tennis-court and racket, the slow lounge
From street to street, the badger-hunt, the race,
The raffle, the excursion, and the dance,
Ices and soups, dice and the bet at whist,
Serve well enough to fill.

* * * * *

To Toby fares, nor heeds,
Till terms are wasted, and the proud degree,
Soon purchas'd, comes his learned toils to crown.
He swears, and swears he knows not what, nor cares;
Becomes a perjur'd graduate, and thinks soon
To be a candidate for Orders. Ah!
Vain was the hope. Though many a wolf as fell
Deceive the shepherd and devour the flock,
Thou none shalt injure. On a luckless day,
Withdrawn to taste the pleasures of the town,
Heated with wine, a vehement dispute
With a detested rival shook the roof.
He penn'd a challenge, sent it, fought, and fell;
And, if there be for such delinquents room
In God's eternal mansions, went to heav'n.

Bloomfield.

Robert Bloomfield ward 1766 zu Honington geboren; sein Vater, ein Schneider, war früh gestorben und seine Mutter, die eine Dorfschule hielt, that ihn zu seinem Oheim, einen Pachter. Des Knaben schwächliche Gesundheit hielt die Beschwerlichkeiten dieses Berufes nicht aus; er begab sich daher zu seinem älteren Bruder, einem Schuster nach London, lernte dessen Handwerk und arbeitete mehrere Jahre als Geselle. Durch die Lectüre von Journalen ward sein poetisches Talent geweckt. Er verheirathete sich und arbeitete in seinen Mussestunden an einem grössern descriptiven Gedicht, the Farmer's Boy, das, als es endlich nach manchen Hindernissen im Druck erschien, die allgemeine Aufmerksamkeit auf ihn lenkte. Seine dadurch erwachten Hoffnungen wurden aber getäuscht, er sah sich bald wieder vernachlässigt, und starb arm, kränklich, niedergedrückt und von den Grossen, die ihm Beifall gespendet, vergessen, im Jahre 1823.

Ausser seinem Farmer's Boy (London 1800 u. ö.) erschienen noch von ihm Rural Tales (London 1802 u. ö.) und Wild Flowers (London 1813 2 Bde in 12. und 8.) Einfachheit, Wahrheit und Wärme des Gefühls, sowie Sinn für Naturwissenschaft und eine ungekünstelte aber anmuthige Diction zeichnen dieselben aus und lassen es innig bedauern, dass ein so liebevolles, bescheidenes Talent keinen besseren irdischen Lohn erntete.

Select Passages
from the Farmer's Boy.

Here, 'midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
Nature herself invites the reapers forth;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plumy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows —
Children of want, for you the bounty flows!
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.
Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along:
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, Health! come, Jollity! light footed, come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home:
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;
Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a frown
Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the field, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the Farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swarth, the quiv'ring load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumb'rous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;
Where oft the mastiff sculks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
Whilst unrestrain'd the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

* * * * * * *

Now, ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,
The bustling day and jovial night must come,
The long-accustomed feast of Harvest-home.
No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight;
No triumph please, while rage and death destroy;
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
And where the joy, if rightly understood,
Like cheerful praise for universal good?
The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,
But free and pure the grateful current flows.
Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful dame
And gen'rous host invite their friends around,
For all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
Are guests by right of custom: — old and young;
And many a neighbouring yeoman join the throng,
With artizans that lent their dext'rous aid,
When o'er each field the flaming sunbeams play'd.
Yet Plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,
Though not one jelly trembles on the board,
Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave;
With all that made our great forefathers brave,
Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours tried,
And cooks had Nature's jndgment set aside.
With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,
The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er;
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,
As quick the frothing horn performs its round,
Care's mortal foe; that sprightly joys imparts
To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.
Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,
And crackling music, with the frequent song,
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.
Here once a year Distinction low'rs its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
And, warn'd with gratitude, he quits his place,
With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
To serve at once the master and the friend;
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.
Such were the days — of days long past I sing,
When pride gave place to mirth without a sting;
Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
To violate the feelings of the poor;
To leave them distanc'd in the mad'ning race,
Where'er refinement shows its hated face:
Nor causeless hatred, — 'tis the peasant's curse,
That hourly makes his wretched station worse;
Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan
That rank to rank cements, as man to man:
Wealth flows around him, Fashion lordly reigns,
Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.

* * * * * * *

E'en Giles, for all his cares and watching past
And all his contests with the wintry blast,
Claims a full share of that sweet praise bestow'd
By gazing neighbours, when along the road,
Or village green, his curly-coated throng
Suspends the chorus of the spinner's song;
When admiration's unaffected grace
Lisps from the tongue, and beams in ev'ry face:
Delightful moments! — sunshine, health, and joy,
Play around, and cheer the elevated boy!
"Another spring!" his heart exulting cries;
"Another year!" with promis'd blessings rise.

The Widow to her Hour-Glass.

Come, friend, I'll turn thee up again:
Companion of the lonely hour!
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,
Since thou hast stood
In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side:
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear —
And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes:
Its conic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:
Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou flow,
And jog along thy destin'd way.
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou get'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell:
Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here, sweet Woodbine flower; —
Companion of the lonely hour,
I'll turn thee up again.

Rosy Hannah.

A Spring, o'erhung with many a flower,
The grey sand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head:
A rosy lass approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eye's modest beam:
The stranger nodded "how d'ye do!"
And leap'd across the infant stream.

The water heedless pass'd away:
With me her glowing image stay'd:
I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely maid.
I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy moss the wild thyme grew;
Nor moss elastic, flow'rs though sweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale moon rising gave
New glories to her clouded train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor
Our plighted vows to heaven are flown;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.

Woodland Hallo.

In our cottage, that peeps from the skirts of the wood,
I am mistress, no mother have I;
Yet blithe are my days, for my father is good,
And kind is my lover hard by;
They both work together beneath the green shade,
Both woodmen, my father and Joe;
Where I've listen'd whole hours to the echo that made
So much of a laugh or — Hallo.

From my basket at noon they expect their supply
And with joy from my threshold I spring;
For the woodlands I love, and the oaks waving high,
And echo that sings as I sing.

Though deep shades delight me, yet love is my food,
As I call the dear name of my Joe;
His musical shout is the pride of the wood,
And my heart leaps to hear the — Hallo.

Simple flowers of the grove, little birds live at ease,
I wish not to wander from you;
I'll still dwell beneath the deep roar of your trees,
For I know that my Joe will be true.
The trill of the robin, the coo of the dove,
Are charms that I'll never forego;
But resting through life on the bosom of love,
Will remember the Woodland Hallo.

Love of the Country.

Welcome silence! welcome peace!
O most welcome, holy shade!
Thus I prove, as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief
While rapture's gushing tears descend,
That every flower and every leaf
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

I would not for a world of gold
That Nature's lovely face should tire;
Fountain of blessings yet untold,
Pure source of intellectual fire!
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquicken'd midst the world's rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to live.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.
I grant that summer heats will burn,
That keen will come the frosty night;
But both shall please: and each in turn
Yield reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
To rural gods, or prostrate fall;
Did I not see, did I not feel,
That one Great Spirit governs all.
O Heaven permit that I may lie
Where o'er my corse green branches wave;
And those who from life's tumult fly
With kindred feelings press my grave.

Wordsworth.

William Wordsworth einer der geachtetsten noch lebenden englischen Dichter ward am 7. April 1770 zu Cockesmouth geboren, studirte zu Cambridge und machte während der Ferien eine Fussreise durch Frankreich, die Schweiz und Italien, deren Beschreibung in Versen er 1793 veröffentlichte. Aus Neigung für die Dichtkunst entsagte er der Theologie für die er sich früher bestimmt hatte und zog sich in das Privatleben zurück. Schon seit einer langen Reihe von Jahren ist sein väterliches Erbgut Rydale in Westmoreland sein Wohnsitz, den er hin und wieder nur bei gelegentlichen Reisen verlassen hat.

Die neueste Sammlung von Wordsworth's Werken ist die von 1833 (Poetical Works of W. Wordsworth, 4 Bde in 8., sie enthält ein grösseres Gedicht: The Recluse (zuerst erschienen 1814, 2 Bde in 4.) welches in zwei besondere Abtheilungen the Excursion und the white doe of Rylstone zerfällt; Balladen, Lieder, Sonnette u. A. m.

Der Mensch überragt in Wordsworth den Dichter; sein echt religiöses Gefühl, sein herzentsprungenes Wohlwollen für Alles was Gott geschaffen, und seine Liebe für das Wahre und Gute, sowie sein tiefes Mitleid für die Unterdrückten und Geknechteten, weisen seinen auch durch schönen Versbau, Bilderreichthum und anmuthige Darstellung ausgezeichneten poetischen Leistungen einen sehr hohen Rang an, aber sein Streben, seine Ansichten über Welt und Lebensverhältnisse vollständig zu entwickeln, verleitet ihn oft zur Breite und sogar, obwohl selten, zur Trivialität.

Sonnet.

Adieu, Rydalian laurels! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair mount, a Poet of your own,
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self sown.
Farewell! no minstrels now with harp new-strung
For summer wandering quit their household bowers;
Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or, musing, sits forsaken halls among.

Ode.

Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of early Childhood.

"The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.
The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare:
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth, —
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay:
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday; —
Thou child of joy.
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss I feel — I feel it all.
Oh, evil day! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide.

Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm: —
I hear, I hear — with joy I hear!
But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon.
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy:
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses, —
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand, he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art:
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part, —
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind; —
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, — a master o'er a slave, —
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest;
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surpzised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds! sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound!
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng;
Ye that pipe, and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright,
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, — rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death, —
In years that bring the philosophic mind.
And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Lucy.

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take, —
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm, —
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her, — for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form,
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake, — the work was done;
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, — and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be!

Sonnets.

Scorn not the Sonnet.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains, — alas, too few.

It is a beauteous Evening.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea;
Listen! — the mighty Being is awake.
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear'st untouch'd by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not, therefore, less divine;
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

The world is too much with us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

London, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
Oh; raise us up, return to us again!
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens — majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Composed upon Westminster Bridge.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare.
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky, —
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air,
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Great Men.

Great men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom — better none:
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour; what strength was, that would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

To a Sky-lark.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! — that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood, —
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

She dwelt among the untrodden Ways.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid, whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, — and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

We are Seven.

— — — A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage-girl:
She was eight years old, she said
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland-air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?
How many? Seven in all, she said
And wondering looked at me.

And where are they? I pray you, tell.
She answered: Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the church-yard-cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.

You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you, tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be?

Then did the little Maid reply:
Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard-tree.

You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.

Their graves are green, they may be seen,
The little Maid replied,
Twelve steps or more from my mother's door
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane,
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
And all the summer dry
Together round her grave we played
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.

How many are you then, said I,
If they two are in Heaven?
The little Maiden did reply:
O Master, we are seven.

But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said: Nay, we are seven.

The seven Sisters, or the Solitude of Binnorie.

Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald,
All Children of one Mother:
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A Garland of seven Lilies wrought:
Seven Sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
Their Father, took on them no thought,
He loved the Wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a Rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The Warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the Leader of the Band
Hath blown in bugle-born.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a Grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like Fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of Man and Steed,
Away they fly to left to right —
Of your fair household, Father Knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hills and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful Rovers follow.
Cried they: Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty House when he comes home
For us your yellow ringlets comb;
For us be fair and kind! —
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run, and cry: Nay let us die,
And let us die together.
A Lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plung'd into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

The Stream that flows out of the Lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For these seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little Islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The Fishers say, those Sisters fair
By Fairies are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Ruth.

When Ruth was left half desolate
Her father took another mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And from that oaten pipe could draw
All sounds of wind and floods;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight:

Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay,
She passed her time, and in this way
Grew up to woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore
A military casque he wore
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
Ah no! he spake the English tongue
And bore a Soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of Genius on his cheek
In finest tones the Youth could speak
— While he was yet a boy
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as told to any Maid
By such a Youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of Girls, a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian Town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When day-light is gone down.

He spake of plants divine and strange
That every hour their blossoms change,
Ten thousand lovely hues!
With budding, fading, faded flowers
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening-dews.

He told of the Magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The Cypress and her spire;
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening-clouds.

And then he said: How sweet it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
A gardener in the shade,
Still wandering with an easy mind
To build a household-fire, and find
A home in every glade:

What days and what sweet years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss!
And all the while, said he, to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!

And then he sometimes interwove
Dear thoughts about a father's love,
For there, said he, are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted Bride,
A sylvan Huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer.

Beloved Ruth! — No more he said.
Sweet Ruth alone at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again — and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the Church our faith will plight,
A Husband and a Wife.
Even so they did; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That, on those lonesome floods

And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth — so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those Climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less to feed voluptuous thought
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers:
The breezes their own languor lent:
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent;
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known:
Deliberately and undeceived
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn:
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature played?
So kind and so forlorn!

But now the pleasant dream was gone:
No hope, no wish remained, not one, —
They stirred him now no more:
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore:
But, when they thither came, the Youth
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth! — Such pains she had
That she in half a year was mad
And in a prison housed;
And there, exulting in her wrongs,
Among the music of her songs
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May;
They all were with her in her cell;
And a wild brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain
There came a respite to her pain,
She from her prison fled;
But of the Vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again:
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest, and dwell alone
Under the greenwood-tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves, she loved them still,
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A barn her winter-bed supplies;
But till the warmth of summer-skies
And summer-days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood-tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old.
Sore aches she needs must have! but less
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is pressed by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten Pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers:
This flute, made of a hemlock-stalk,
At evening in his homeward-walk
The Quantock Woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild —
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth! in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

Byron.

George Gordon Byrón ward am 22. Januar 1788 in London geboren; er war der Enkel des berühmten Admirals gleichen Namens und ward 1798 der Erbe des Ranges und der Güter seines Grossonkels Lord Byron. Seine Mutter trennte sich von ihrem Gatten und erzog ihn bis zu seinem zehnten Jahre in Schottland. Später erhielt er seine Bildung auf der Schule zu Harrow und studirte dann in Cambridge. Nachdem er darauf eine Zeit lang abwechselnd auf seinem Familiensitze und in London gelebt hatte, besuchte er während der Jahre 1809—1811 Portugal, Spanien und Griechenland. Nach England zurückgekehrt gab er die ersten Gesänge seines Childe Harold, so wie mehrere seiner kleinen poetischen Erzählungen heraus, die ihm ausserordentlichen Ruhm erwarben. Er vermählte sich 1815 mit Miss Noel, aber seine Ehe war unglücklich und es erfolgte sehr bald die Scheidung. Byron verliess sein Vaterland von Neuem, lebte erst eine Zeit lang am Genfer See, dann in Venedig, Ravenna, Pisa und Genua und ging 1823 nach Griechenland, um den Hellenen in ihrem Befreiungskampfe beizustehen. Eine Hirnentzündung brachte ihm am 19. April 1824 den Tod zu Missolunghi. —

Seine gesammelten Werke enthalten ausser den schon genannten, mehrere epische Gedichte, Tragödien, lyrische Poesieen und Satyren. Sie sind in mehreren Auflagen erschienen und vielfach nachgedruckt worden. Eine der schönsten Ausgaben derselben ist die in einem Bande, London 1837, bei Murray. Was Byron als Dichter leistete in wenigen Worten zusammendrängen zu wollen ist schwer, fast unmöglich; der Dichter und der Mensch sind bei ihm unzertrennlich; man muss sein Leben so genau wie seine Werke kennen, um die Letzteren vollständig zu würdigen. Wir beschränken uns daher darauf, folgende Aussprüche seines eben so geistreichen als wohlwollenden Landsmannes Allan Cunningham über ihn zusammenzustellen: "Die edelsten Fähigkeiten waren ihm angeboren. Seine Einbildungskraft kannte keine Grenze, sein Verstand war hell und kräftig, seine Thätigkeit unermüdlich; ein leidenschaftlich reizbares Gemüth und reges Gefühl, kurz alle jene kostbaren Eigenschaften waren sein, welche den kühnsten Aufschwung des Dichters begünstigen. Wie und wann Vieles davon verdorben und beschädigt wurde, kommt vielleicht nie an den Tag. — — Byron's Poesie hat einen ausserordentlich kühnen Charakter; seine Ideen sind

im Allgemeinen neu und überraschend, die Sprache gewaltig und fliessend. Nur mit den eigenen Augen betrachtet er die Natur und verschmäht es mit Anderen zu fühlen. — — Am Meisten zeichnet er sich in ruhiger Zergliederung des menschlichen Herzens und im Ausdrucke düsterer entsetzlicher Gefühle aus. Er fesselt nicht durch Liebeszauber, sondern durch den Bannspruch der Furcht. Während wir in unserem Herzen nicht für den dritten Theil der entsetzlichen Dinge ein Echo finden, die er vorbringt, können wir doch nicht von ihm lassen."

Inscription on the Monument of a Dog.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh, man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debas'd by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on, — it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, — and here he lies.

The Dream.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy:
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity:
They pass like spirits of the past, — they speak
Like sybils of the future; they have power —
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not — what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by, —
The dread of vanish'd shadows. Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind? The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, — and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recal a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep, — for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, — the last
As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-field, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd, —
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing; the one, on all that was beneath —
Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her:
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood; —
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years; and, to his eye,
There was but one beloved face on earth —
And that was shining on him: he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers:
She was his voice; — he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words: she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects; — he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life, —
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all! upon a tone,

A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously; — his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him! to her he was
Even as a brother, — but no more: 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race. It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not, — and why?
Time taught him a deep answer — when she loved
Another! even now she loved another;
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake; — he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
He sate him down; and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as't were
With a convulsion, — then arose again,
And, with his teeth and quivering hands, did tear
What he had written; but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused
The lady of his love re-entered there;
She was serene and smiling then, — and yet
She knew she was by him beloved! she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow; and she saw
That he was wretched, — but she saw not all.
He rose, and, with a cold and gentle grasp,
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, — and then it faded as it came:
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, — but not as bidding her adieu;
For they did part with mutual smiles: he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way,
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more!
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been: on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer!
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me; but he was
A part of all, — and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them: by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man,
Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around,
And they were canopied by the blue sky —
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better: in her home,
A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty, — but, behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be? — she had all she loved;
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be? — she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind, — a spectre of the past.
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was return'd. I saw him stand
Before an altar, with a gentle bride:
Her face was fair, — but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood! as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then,
As in that hour, a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, — and then it faded as it came;
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, — but heard not his own words;
And all things reel'd around him! he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been;
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,

The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade, —
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love, — oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul: her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes, —
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth: she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms — impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight — familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy! but the wise
Have a far deeper madness; and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift:
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone as heretofore;
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him! he was a mark
For blight and desolation, — compass'd round
With hatred and contention: pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power, —
But were a kind of nutriment: he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains! with the stars
And the quick spirit of the universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries:
To him the book of night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret, — Be it so.
My dream was past: it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality: the one
To end in madness, — both in misery!

Farewell.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others' weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air —
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word — Farewell! Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns, nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain, —
I only feel — Farewell! Farewell!

Southey.

Robert Southey ward am 12. August 1774 in Bristol geboren, studirte zu Oxford Theologie und fasste darauf den Plan mit Coleridge und Lorell nach Amerika zu gehn und dort eine Pantisowacy zu gründen. Es wurde jedoch Nichts daraus und Southey machte nun eine Reise nach Lissabon, von der er nach sechs Monaten zurückkehrte, sich vermählte und fortan literarischen Beschäftigungen lebte. Während der Jahre 1800 und 1801 besuchte er nochmals Spanien und Portugal und wurde darauf bei seiner Zurückkunft Secretair des damaligen Kanzlers der Schatz-

kammer von Irland, Carry, legte aber 1803 dieses Amt nieder und zog sich nach Keswick in Cumberland zurück. 1813 erhielt er die Bestallung eines Hofpoeten, ohne die Verpflichtung indessen den Geburtstag des Königs alljährlich mit einer Ode zu feiern und 1834 eine Pension von 300 Pfund Sterling. Er starb 1843.

Southey hat sehr viele poetische wie prosaische Schriften hinterlassen. Seine dichterischen Leistungen umschliessen mehrere epische Poesieen von grösserem Umfange, wie z. B. Thalaba, Madae, the curse of Kehama, Roderick; ein Trauerspiel Wat Tyler, viele lyrische Gedichte u. s. w. Eine treffliche Auswahl aus denselben für die Jugend erschien London 1831 in 12. — Gesammelt kamen seine poetischen Werke London 1820, 14 Bde in 8. heraus. — Die Eigenschaften, welche ihn als Dichter auszeichnen, sind Reichthum der Phantasie, Geist, Lebendigkeit, Witz und Gefühl, aber es fehlt ihm an Ruhe und Besonnenheit; er lässt sich zu sehr vom Augenblicke hinreissen und giebt zu viel auf den ersten Eindruck. Er glänzt zu oft auf Kosten der Wahrheit und bleibend ist daher selten eine seiner Gestalten. Zu häufig bringt er bloss rhetorische Schönheit statt poetischer und glaubt zu genügen, wenn er die nackten Seiten seiner Stoffe durch schimmernden Flitter verhüllt. — Uebrigens ist er vollkommener Herr der Sprache, aber mehr ihr launenhafter Tyrann als ihr wohlwollender Gebieter.

Noch weit bedeutender als seine Dichtungen, sind seine Biographieen, namentlich seine Lebensbeschreibung Nelson's; hier ist er auch in den kleinsten Theilen ein bewährter Meister und ein edles Vorbild.

Sunrise.

I marvel not, o Sun! that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee,
And pour his prayers of mingled awe and love;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyance from above.
No longer let these mists thy radiance shroud, —
These cold raw mists that chill the comfortless day;
But shed thy splendour through the opening cloud
And cheer the earth once more. The languid flowers
Lie odourless, bent down with heavy rain,
Earth asks thy presence, saturate with showers!
O lord of light! put forth thy beams again,
For damp and cheerless are the gloomy hours.

Remembrance.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends,
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms, —
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern:
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
Before his wish'd return.
From hard controul and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah no! for hopes too long delay'd,
And feelings blasted or betray'd,
The fabled bliss destroy;
And Youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous warmth is gone:
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;

Back on the past he turns his eye;
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old Experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet Age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

Hannah.

Passing across a green and lonely lane
A funeral met our view. It was not here
A sight of every day, as in the streets
Of some great city, and we stopt and ask'd
Whom they were bearing to the grave. A girl,
They answer'd, of the village, who had pined
Through the long course of eighteen painful months
With such slow wasting, that the hour of death
Came welcome to her. We pursued our way
To the house of mirth, and with that idle talk
Which passes o'er the mind and is forgot,
We wore away the time. But it was eve
When homewardly I went, and in the air
Was that cool freshness, that discolouring shade
Which makes the eye turn inward: hearing then
Over the vale the heavy toll of death
Sound slow, it made me think upon the dead;
I question'd more, and learnt her mournful tale.
She bore unhusbanded a mother's pains;
And he who should have cherish'd her, far off
Sail'd on the seas. Left thus a wretched one,
Scorn made a mock of her, and evil tongues
Were busy with her name. She had to bear
The sharper sorrow of neglect from him
Whom she had loved so dearly. Once he wrote,
But only once that drop of comfort came
To mingle with her cup of wretchedness;
And when his parents had some tidings from him,
There was no mention of poor Hannah there,
Or 'twas the cold inquiry, more unkind
Than silence. So she pined and pined away,
And for herself and baby toil'd and toil'd;
Nor did she, even on her death-bed, rest
From labour, knitting these with lifted arms,
Till she sunk with very weakness. Her old mother
Omitted no kind office, working for her,
Albeit her hardest labour barely earn'd
Enough to keep life struggling, and prolong
The pains of grief and sickness. Thus she lay
On the sick bed of poverty, worn out
With her long suffering and those painful thoughts
Which at her heart were rankling, and so weak,
That she could make no effort to express
Affection for her infant; and the child,
Whose lisping love perhaps had solaced her,
Shunn'd her as one indifferent. But she too
Had grown indifferent to all things of earth;
Finding her only comfort in the thought
Of that cold bed wherein the wretched rest.
There had she now, in that last home been laid,
And all was over now, — sickness and grief,
Her shame, her suffering, and her penitence:
Their work was done. The school-boys as they sport
In the church-yard, for awhile might turn away
From the fresh grave till grass should cover it;
Nature would do that office soon; and none
Who trod upon the senseless turf would think
Of what a world of woes lay buried there!

The Ebb tide.

Slowly thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood side,
Behold the gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
And yet the eye beheld them labouring long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlabour'd boat falls rapidly along;
The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay
So silent late the shallow current roars;
Fast flow thy waters on their sea-ward way,
Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know
The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way;
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms which long have stood,
And slow to strength and power attain'd at last,
Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
Ebb to their ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage;
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age!

The Victory.

Hark, — how the church bells' thundering harmony
Stuns the glad ear! tidings of joy have come, —
Good tidings of great joy! two gallant ships
Met on the element; — they met, they fought
A desperate fight! — good tidings of great joy!
Old England triumph'd! — yet another day
Of glory for the ruler of the waves!
For those who fell, 'twas in their country's cause,
They have their passing paragraphs of praise,
And are forgotten!
There was one who died
In that day's glory, whose obscurer name
No proud historian's page will chronicle.
Peace to his honest soul! I read his name, —
'Twas in the list of slaughter, and blest God
The sound was not familiar to mine ear.
But it was told me, after, that this man
Was one whom lawful violence had forced
From his own home, and wife, and little ones,
Who by his labour lived; that he was one
Whose uncorrupted heart could keenly feel
A husband's love, — a father's anxiousness;
That, from the wages of his toil, he fed
The distant dear ones, and would talk of them
At midnight, when he trod the silent deck
With him he valued; — talk of them, of joys
Which he had known, — oh God! and of the hour
When they should meet again, till his full heart,
His manly heart, at last would overflow —
Even like a child's — with very tenderness.
Peace to his honest spirit! suddenly
It came, and merciful the ball of death, —
For it came suddenly and shatter'd him,
And left no moment's agonizing thought
On those he loved so well.
He, ocean deep,
Now lies at rest. Be Thou her comforter
Who art the widow's friend! Man does not know
What a cold sickness made her blood run back
When first she heard the tidings of the fight:
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope
She listened to the names of those who died:
Man does not know, — or, knowing, will not heed, —
With what an agony of tenderness
She gazed upon her children, and beheld
His image who was gone. O God! be Thou,
Who art the widow's friend, her comforter!

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something lurge and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's scull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
"For there's many here about;
"And often when I go to plough,
"The ploughshare turns them out!
"For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
"And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
"But what they kill'd each other for,

"I could not well make out.
"But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
"Yon little stream hard by:
"They burnt his dwelling to the ground
"And he was forced to fly;
"So with his wife and child he fled,
"Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
"Was wasted far and wide;
"And many a childing mother then,
"And new-born baby died;
"But things like that, you know, must be
"At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
"After the field was won;
"For many thousand bodies here
"Lay rotting in the sun;
"But things like that, you know, must be
"After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
"And our good prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay — nay — my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And every body prais'd the Duke
"Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

To a Bee.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so grey,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee!
After the fall of the Cistus flower;
When the Primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee!
What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil:
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

Sonnet.

O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner! in comfort here
Safe shelter'd as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves,
The madden'd waves, and know no succour near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves:
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billow's gleaming light;
And in the dread of death to think of her,
Who, as she listens, sleepless, to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale?
O God! have mercy on the mariner!

Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Who is yonder poor Maniac, whose wildlyfix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs:
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No pity she looks for, no alms does she seek;
Nor for raiment nor food doth she care:

Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On that wither'd breast, and her weatherworn cheek
Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the Maniac hath been;
The Traveller remembers who journey'd this way
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door.
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

'Tis pleasant, cried one, seated by the fire-side
To hear the wind whistle without.
What a night for the Abbey! his comrade replied,
Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old Abbot's grim spirit appear,
For this wind might awaken the dead!

I'll wager a dinner, the other one cried,
That Mary would venture there now.
Then wager and lose! with a sneer he replied,
I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow,

Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?
His companion exclaim'd with a smile;
I shall win, — for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle.

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the Maid
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gate-way she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments she fearlessly past,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well-pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
She paused, and she listen'd all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd — nought else could she hear;
The wind fell, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by, —
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd, —
She felt, and expected to die.

Curse the hat! he exclaims; nay come on, till we hide
The dead body, his comrade replies.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gazed horribly eager around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view; —
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For — what a cold horror then thrill'd through her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may espy,
The traveller beholds them and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Moore.

Thomas Moore ward am 28. Mai 1780 in Dublin geboren, studirte daselbst und widmete sich dann der juristischen Praxis. 1803 erhielt er eine Anstellung in Bermuda, kehrte aber 1806 wieder nach England zurück, vermählte sich und lebt seit dieser Zeit als Privatmann, meist bei Bowwood in Wiltshire.

Abgesehen von seinen prosaischen Schriften hat sich Moore besonders einen bedeutenden Namen erworben durch seine epischen, lyrischen und satyrischen Poesieen. Eine vollständige Ausgabe seiner Dichtungen mit Ausnahme der wenigen später geschriebenen, kam für Deutschland, Leipzig 1826 in einem Bande in gross 8. heraus. Sie enthält sein grösseres aus vier erzählenden Gedichten bestehendes und durch einen prosaischen Rahmen verbundenes Werk, Lalla Rookh, ein anderes episches Poem, the Loves of the Angels, eine Reihe von Satyren, The Fudge Family, eine Sammlung Lieder, Irish Melodies, viele einzelne lyrische Poesieen, Satyren, Fabeln u. A. m.

Die glänzendste Phantasie in ihrem üppigsten Reichthume, eine fast schneidende Schärfe des Verstandes und der Auffassungskraft und die dem innersten Herzen entsprungene Tiefe des Gefühls sind Eigenschaften, die Moore nie verlassen, sondern beständig als die treuesten und bereitwilligsten Dienerinnen seiner Muse zur Seite wandeln. Ganz im Gegensatz zu Byron's melancholischen Färbungen, weiss er über fast alle Gebilde seiner Schöpfung einen beinahe blendenden Schimmer freudigen, gewaltig strömenden Lebens auszugiessen und doch herrscht wieder eine Zartheit und Innigkeit überall vor, wie man sie nur selten mit solcher Kraft vermählt findet. Dabei beherrscht er einen ungeheuern Schatz von Kenntnissen, der ihm aber nie zur Last wird; denn wie unter des Midas Berührung sich Alles vor diesem in Gold verwandelte, so wird ihm, dem echten Dichter Alles zur Poesie und selbst dem sprödesten und widerstrebendsten Stoffe vermag er eine Seite abzugewinnen, die ihn gefällig darstellt. Aus Allem aber bricht die Liebenswürdigkeit und Redlichkeit seiner Gesinnungen siegreich hervor und erhöht unendlich den Werth seiner Gaben. Als Dichter ist er ein Proteus, aber als Mensch immer echt und man muss ihn daher lieben, selbst dann, wenn es ihm gefällt, frivol und leichtfertig oder sarkastisch und verletzend vor uns zu erscheinen, denn sein Genius verlässt ihn auch in solchen Augenblicken nicht und seine Grazie hindert uns, ihm ernstlich zu zürnen.

Written in an Album.

They say that Love had once a book
(The urchin likes to copy you),
Where all who came the pencil took,
And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line,
Or thought profane, should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
More bright than that she turn'd before!

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas! as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again!

But, oh, there was a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
As all who read still sigh'd for more!

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book!

For still she saw his playful fingers
Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys;
And well she knew the stain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys!

And so it chanced, one luckless night
He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book so pure, so white,
And sullied lines, and marge and all!

In vain he sought, with eager lip,
The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink!

Oh, it would make you weep, to see
The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page, where Modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud!

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defaced,
And Love himself could scarcely know
What Love himself had lately traced!

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas! could Pleasure stay?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away!

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages, now no more,
And thinks of lines that long have faded!

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related!

I saw thy Form in youthful Prime.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!

Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary!

I saw from the Beach.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters moved gloriously on;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining, —
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known:
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night; —
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul — like the wood that grows precious in burning —
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!

This Life is all chequer'd with Pleasures and Woes.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another, like waves of the deep, —
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside,
But pledge me the cup — if existence would cloy
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light grief that is sister to Joy,
And the short brilliant folly that flashes and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet — while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

St. Jerome's Love.

Who is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has she Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is hers an eye of this world's light?
No, — wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No — heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

Oft, in the stilly Night.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When 'midst the Gay I meet.

When 'midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine:
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh! then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them as they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But, when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh! then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

Shelley.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, der älteste Sohn von Sir Thomas Shelley, Baronet von Castle-Garing, ward am 4. August 1792 zu Field-Place in Sussex geboren, studirte zu Eton und Oxford und ward von der Universität relegirt, wegen einer Schrift über die Nothwendigkeit des Atheismus, in Folge

deren ihn auch sein Vater verstiess. Er liess sich nun zu Marlow nieder und vermählte sich; der Kampf mit den Verhältnissen und eine unglückliche Ehe trieben ihn aber aus England fort. Seine Gattin starb 1817 vor Gram. Shelley ging nach Italien, kehrte darauf ihn sein Vaterland zurück, ward aber von seinen Verwandten verfolgt. Er verheirathete sich nun zum zweiten Male, nahm seinen Aufenthalt von Neuem in Italien, nicht weit von Livorno, und lebte literarischen Beschäftigungen. Eine freundlichere Zukunft lächelte ihm, da ertrank er auf einer Fahrt im Golf von Spezzia, am 8. Juli 1822. Lord Byron liess seine aufgefischte Leiche am Meergestade verbrennen und die Asche in Rom neben der Pyramide des Cestius beisetzen.

Shelley's erschienenen Werke — denn Vieles, das er hinterliess, ist nicht durch den Druck veröffentlicht worden — bestehen aus: The Revolt of Islam, ein episches Gedicht, the Cenci, eine Tragödie, Prometheus Unbound, ein lyrisches Drama, Queen Mab, ein didactisches Gedicht (gegen dessen nochmalige Veröffentlichung er sich später erklärte), Alastor, ein didactisches Gedicht, Adonais, eine Elegie auf Keats, Hellas, ein lyrisches Drama und Poesieen gemischten Inhaltes. Ausführlicheres über sein Leben findet sich in: The Shelley Papers etc. By T. Medwin; London 1833.

Shelley besass ungemeine Kenntnisse fast in allen Fächern des menschlichen Wissens, dabei tiefen Scharfsinn und grossen Geschmack; aber das Schwanken seines Geistes und der Kampf seiner Philosophie mit der Poesie um die Oberherrschaft in den Leistungen des Dichters gestattete nicht, seinen Gedichten durch innere Ruhe die Vollendung, deren sie bedurften, zu geben. Das glühendste Gefühl für alles Edle und Grosse waltete in ihm; sein Atheismus war eigentlich nur eine Art von Pantheismus und wurde von seinen Feinden falsch verstanden und mit Unrecht verschrieen; aber der Wunsch, seinen Ansichten Bahn zu brechen und ihnen den Vorrang zu verschaffen, liess ihn oft zu weit gehen und er musste der Menge unzugänglich und unverständlich werden, da er selber nicht ruhig und klar genug war. Seine Richtung ist mehr elegisch zu nennen; sein Bestreben trieb ihn aber nur zu oft speculativen Meditationen zu, in welchen er sich zu sehr verwirrte.

The Cloud.

I bring fresh showers for thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits,
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,

Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
Is the million-colour'd bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

An Exhortation.

Chameleons feed on light and air;
Poets' food is love and fame:
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a-day?

Poets are on this cold earth,
As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea,
Where light is, chameleons change;
Where love is not, poets do:
Fame is love disguised — if few
Find either, never think it strange
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
A poet's free and heavenly mind:
If bright chameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are.
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
O, refuse the boon!

Mutability.

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempts and then flies:
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day:
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou — and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

To Night.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand, —
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee!

Thy brother, Death, came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child, Sleep, thy filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? — And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon!
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night;
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures,
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness,
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Coleridge.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge ward am 20. October 1772 zu Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire geboren, wo sein Vater als Geistlicher lebte. Er war das jüngste von eilf Kindern, erhielt seine Vorbildung im Christ's Hospital in London, wo er sich zum ersten Schüler aufschwang, dann studirte er zu Cambridge, verliess die Universität aber nach dreijährigem Aufenthalte und ging nach London, wo er als gemeiner Dragoner Dienste nahm. Seinen Freunden gelang es, ihm den Abschied auszuwirken; er lebte nun eine Zeit lang in Bristol und fasste hier den Entschluss, mit Lorell und Southey nach Amerika auszuwandern, Liebe machte aber diesen Plan scheitern; Coleridge vermählte sich und liess sich zu Nether-Stowey nieder, wo er sich seinen Unterhalt durch literarische Arbeiten erwarb. 1798 machte er eine Reise durch Deutschland, kehrte darauf im nächstfolgenden Jahr nach England zurück, lebte anfangs zu Keswick, dann in London, wo er die Morning-Post redigirte, ging darauf 1804 nach Malta, wo er das Amt eines Regierungssecretair verwaltete und liess sich dann von Neuem in seinem Vaterlande nieder, fortwährend literarisch und poetisch

beschäftigt. Die letzten neunzehn Jahre seines Lebens verbrachte er zu Highgate, wo er am 25. Juli 1834 starb.

Seine poetischen Werke enthalten: Juvenile Poems, Sibylline Leaves, Odes and Miscellaneous Poems, vermischte, meist lyrische Gedichte: The Rime of the ancient Mariner, ein Balladencyclus: Christabel, ein episch-romantisches Gedicht: Remorse, ein Trauerspiel: Zapolya, ein erzählendes Gedicht: The Fall of Robespierre, ein historisches Drama, eine Uebersetzung von Schillers Wallenstein u. A. m. Eine sehr schöne Ausgabe derselben erschien 1834, in 3 Bänden, London, bei Pickering. Coleridge hat sein Leben selbst geschildert in Biographical sketches of my literary life and opinions by S. T. C. London 1817. 2 Bde. —

Die ausgezeichnetste Eigenthümlichkeit dieses Dichters ist die Zartheit und Tiefe seiner Empfindungen. Keiner hat wie er die Falten des menschlichen Herzens durchspäht und die Stimme der Natur belauscht; er bezaubert daher durch die Wahrheit seiner Gefühle überall da, wo er sich nicht seiner Phantasie überlässt. Selbst die Unregelmässigkeit und absichtliche Nachlässigkeit der Diction und des Rythmus geben seinen Poesieen einen zauberhaften Reiz, denn aller Orten blickt der echte Genius durch. Hat er sich aber einmal den wilden Träumen seiner Muse hingegeben, so ist kein Halt mehr, wie ein ungezügeltes Ross, das der Reiter nicht zu beherrschen vermag, reisst sie ihn mehr als dass sie ihn trägt durch die Reiche der Phantasie und was er sich auf solchem Zuge aneignet und uns darbringt, streift oft nahe an die Ausgeburten des Wahnsinns. Wenn man seine Gedichte liest, so sollte man glauben, sie rührten von zwei Verfassern her, welche Beide zwar gleich grosse Gaben besitzen, von denen der Eine aber im wildesten Rausche, der Andere dagegen nur in Momenten der tiefsten, ruhigsten Empfindung dichtet und die sich mitunter darin gefallen, gemeinschaftlich an demselben Werke zu arbeiten. — Das hier zuerst mitgetheilte Gedicht Love ist nicht allein Coleridge's schönste Leistung, sondern überhaupt eine der schönsten und zartesten Poesieen, welche die englische Literatur aufzuweisen hat.

Love.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight:
She stood and listened to my harp
Amid the ling'ring light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story —
An old rude song that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight, that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and, ah!
The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came, and looked, him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murd'rous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn, that crazed his brain:

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words — But when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My falt'ring voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng!
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and maiden shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved — she stepped aside;
As conscious of my look, she stepped —
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

The Nightingale.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird? O idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
— But some night-wand'ring man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows,) he and such as he
First named these notes a melancholy strain:
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moonlight, to the influxes
Of shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements,
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved, like nature! — But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical
Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My friend, and my friend's sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices always full of love

And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes!
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music! and I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales: and far and near
In wood and thicket over the wide grove
They answer and provoke each other's songs —
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, swift jug-jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all —
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day.
A most gentle maid
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid! and oft, a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence: till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
Have all burst forth with choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
An hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a Nightingale perch giddily
On bloss'my twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.
Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly.
And now for our dear homes. — That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! and I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star: and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beholds the moon, and hushed at once
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes that swam with undropt tears
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well —
It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! once more, my friends, farewell!

Lines,

written in the Album at Elbingerode, in the Hartz forest.

I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragg'd through fir-groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became a hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leap'd frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood: for I had found
That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the life within:
Fair ciphers else: fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds
History or prophecy of friend, or child,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs!
My native land!
Fill'd with the thought of thee this heart was proud,

Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is every where! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the world our home.

Recollections of Love.

How warm this woodland wild recess!
Love surely hath been breathing here.
And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks with fain caress,
As if to have you yet more near.

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
On sea-ward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'er head the sky-lark shrills.

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name; yet why
That asking look? that yearning sigh?
That sense of promise every where?
Beloved! flew your spirit by?

As when a mother doth explore
The rose-mark on her long-lost child,
I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before —
So deeply had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remember'd in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought —
O Greta, dear domestic stream!

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
Has not Love's whisper evermore
Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in Clamour's hour.

Milman.

Henry Hart Milman ward 1791 in London geboren, studirte in Eton und Oxford, ward 1817 Prediger und 1821 Professor der Poesie an der eben genannten Universität, wobei er jedoch sein Pfarramt zu St. Mary in Reading beibehielt, das er gegenwärtig noch verwaltet.

Ausser mehreren grösseren historischen Werken in Prosa schrieb er, einige kleinere lyrische Poesieen abgerechnet, fast nur dramatische Gedichte wie: Fazio; the Fall of Jerusalem; Belshazzar; the Martyr of Antioch, Anna Boleyn u. A. m.

Milman's Dramen sind mit Ausnahme des Fazio für die Aufführung bestimmt, auch herrscht das lyrische Element zu sehr in ihnen vor. Er ist ein Dichter von edler Gesinnung, tiefem Gefühl und hohem Streben, aber zu kalt und besonnen; er sieht sich, wie Lessing von sich sagte, zu sehr bei dem Schaffen zu und gefällt daher durch seine edle, würdige Sprache und seine Besonnenheit, ohne indessen je den Leser mit sich fortzureissen und zu begeistern.

Hymn.

When God came down from Heaven — the living God —
What signs and wonders mark'd His stately way!
Brake out the winds in music where He trod?
Shone o'er the heavens a brighter, softer day?

The dumb began to speak, the blind to see,[1]
And the lame leap'd, and pain and paleness fled;
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,
And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead!

When God went back to Heaven — the living God —
Rode He the Heavens upon a fiery car?
Waved seraph-wings along His glorious road?
Stood still to wonder each bright wandering star?

Upon the cross He hung, and bowed the head,
And pray'd for them that smote, and them that curst;
And, drop by drop, His slow life blood was shed,
And His last hour of suffering was His worst.

The merry Heart.

I would not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits — light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth, —
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour;
And sometimes have been half inclined
To rate her for her ill behaviour.
But life was short, — I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season;
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love, you know, 's a reason fair;
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find:
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind;
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humour find.
Yes, — let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share;
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

The Love of God.

I.

Love Thee! — oh, Thou, the world's eternal Sire!
Whose palace is the vast infinity;
Time, space, height, depth, oh, God! are full of Thee,
And sun-eyed seraphs tremble and admire.
Love Thee! — but Thou art girt with vengeful fire,
And mountains quake, and banded nations flee;
And terror shakes the wide unfathom'd sea,
When the heavens rock with Thy tempestuous ire.
Oh, Thou! — too vast for thought to comprehend,
That wast ere time, — shalt be when time is o'er;
Ages and worlds begin — grow old — and end, —
Systems and suns Thy changeless throne before,
Commence and close their cycles: — lost, I bend
To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and adore!

II.

Love Thee! — oh, clad in human lowliness, —
In whom each heart its mortal kindred knows, —
Our flesh, our form, our tears, our pains, our woes;
A fellow-wanderer o'er earth's wilderness!
Love Thee! — whose every word but breathes to bless!
Through Thee, from long-seal'd lips, glad language flows;
The blind their eyes, that laugh with light, unclose;
And babes, unchid, Thy garment's hem caress.
I see Thee — doom'd by bitterest pangs to die,
Up the sad hill, with willing footsteps move,
With scourge, and taunt, and wanton agony;
While the cross nods, in hideous gloom, above,
Though all — even there — be radiant Deity!
Speechless I gaze, and my whole soul is love!

Elliott.

Ebenezer Elliott ward am 17. März 1781 zu Masbro, einem Dorfe in der Nähe von Sheffield geboren. Er hat dasselbe nie verlassen und lebt daselbst als Schmied, nebenbei einen Eisenhandel treibend. Seine Bildung verdankt er sich selbst durch anhaltende Lectüre. Seine Gedichte erschienen gesammelt in drei Bänden, London 1835.

Elliott wird gewöhnlich the Corn-Law Rhymer genannt, weil er in einer Sammlung Poesieen, welche unter dem Titel Corn-Law-Rhymes im Jahre 1832 an das Licht trat, heftig und mit grosser Kraft die Sache des durch die englischen zum Vortheil der Landbesitzer bestehenden Korngesetze unterdrückten Volkes führte. Hier wie in allen seinen politischen Gedichten ist er schroff, hart und unversöhnlich voll Hass gegen die Bevorzugten und Alles von der schwärzesten Seite auffassend. Im Allgemeinen aber besitzt er tiefes Gefühl, reiche Naturanschauung, Phantasie und seltene Herrschaft über die Sprache und schliesst, obwohl nur ein Naturdichter, sich Männern wie Crabbe, Wordsworth, Cowper und Burns als ein würdiger und reichbegabter Genosse an.

The Wonders of the Lane.

Strong climber of the mountain's side,
  Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
  The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
  The stormy gloom is roll'd;
The moorland hath not yet put on
  His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling spreads his wing,
  Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sun-flower of the spring
  Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famish'd fox
  Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
  His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
  Here coils in light the snake;
And here the fire-tuft hath begun
  Its beauteous nest to make.
Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee
  Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
  The glories of the lane!
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
  This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
  And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
  Look down on earth secure;
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
  A world in miniature;
A world not scorn'd by Him who made
  Even weakness by his might;
But solemn in his depth of shade,
  And splendid in his light.
Light! not alone on clouds afar
  O'er storm-lov'd mountains spread,

Or widely teaching sun and star
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book,
To sky, and sea, and land —
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand!
And here, oh, Light! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide —
And that, Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heav'n in madness flings
The blind form of its might?
Do I not hear his thunder roll —
The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death! — but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high.
Oh, God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell!
What nations, with their kings!
I feel no shock, I hear no groan
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone —
A hundred ruin'd realms!
Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impell'd by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atoms' cliffs to see —
A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
The works of nature's might,
Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!
Oh, God of terrors! what are we? —
Poor insects, spark'd with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could smite us into nought!
But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand
Thy little ones would sleep.

The dying Boy to the Sloe-blossom.

Before thy leaves thou com'st once more,
White blossom of the sloe!
Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me;
For well thou know'st the frosty rime
Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lours
O'er nature's silent shroud!
But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
High o'er the doomed untimely flowers
In beauty bowed.

Sweet violets in the budding grove
Peep where the glad waves run;
The wren below, the thrush above,
Of bright to-morrow's joy and love
Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,
Hears bees chaunt hymns to God,
The breeze-bowed palm, mossed o'er with gold,
Smiles o'er the well in summer cold,
And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
And flowers in winter blow,
To tell me that the worm makes room
For me, her brother, in the tomb,
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn
Foretels an eve of tears,
A sunbeam on the saddened lawn
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

Thy leaves will come! but songful spring
Will see no leaf of mine;
Her bells will ring, her bride's-maids sing,
When my young leaves are withering
Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime!
But, thine before my time, oh, death!
I go where no flow'r blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
Vanish, and long ere noon
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
So fair I bloomed; and was I born
To die as soon?

To love my mother, and to die —
To perish in my bloom!
Is this my sad, brief history! —
A tear dropped from a mother's eye
Into the tomb.

He lived and loved — will sorrow say —
By early sorrow tried;
He smiled, he sighed, he past away:
His life was but an April day, —
He loved, and died!

My mother smiles, then turns away,
But turns away to weep:
They whisper round me — what they say
I need not hear, for in the clay
I soon must sleep.

O, love is sorrow! sad it is
To be both tried and true;
I ever trembled in my bliss:
Now there are farewells in a kiss, —
They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when blue bells fade,
Where Don reflects the skies;
And many a youth in Shire-cliffs' shade
Will ramble where my boyhood played,
Though Alfred dies.

Then panting woods the breeze will feel,
And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel:
But I through woodbined lanes shall steal
No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept;
For I was stricken when he died, —
I felt the arrow as he sighed
His last, and slept.

A Poet's Epitaph.

Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the poor,
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow, and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace — and the grave!
Sin met thy brother every where!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claim'd.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He fear'd to scorn or hate;
But, honouring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great.
He bless'd the Steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loath'd the haughty wretch that takes
From plunder'd labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare —
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

To the Bramble-flower.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt, and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;

The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bid'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

Lamb.

Charles Lamb ward am 11. Februar 1775 in London geboren, erhielt seine wissenschaftliche Bildung im Christ's Hospital, bekleidete darauf ein Amt bei dem South-Sea-House und später bei der ostindischen Compagnie. Im Jahre 1825 wurde er mit einer ansehnlichen Pension in den Ruhestand versetzt. Er starb am 27. December 1834.

Lamb's Schriften kamen zuerst gesammelt heraus London 1818, 2 Bde in 8. Dann nach seinem Tode Prose-Works, London 1836, 3 Bde in 8.; Poetical Works, London 1836, 1 Bd in 8. So vorzüglich Lamb auch als Prosaist sich zeigte, so haben wir hier uns doch nur mit der letzteren Sammlung zu beschäftigen. Sie sind meist lyrischen Inhaltes, mehr tändelnd als begeistert, aber voll inniger Zartheit und Anmuth, Beweise jener hohen eigenthümlichen Liebenswürdigkeit, welche von Allen, die je mit ihm in Berührung standen, auf das Lebhafteste gerühmt wird. Sprache und Weise derselben nähern sich mehr den Dichtern aus der Periode der Elisabeth als denen der Gegenwart, aber gerade das verleiht den Poesieen Lamb's einen ganz besonderen Reiz.

The Gipsy's Malison.

"Suck, baby, suck, mother's love grows by giving,
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting;
Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.
Kiss, baby, kiss, mother's lips shine by kisses,
Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings;
Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings."

Hester.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: — if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

Sonnets.

Was it some sweet device of faëry
That mocked my steps with many a lonely glade,
And fancied wanderings with a fair hair'd maid?
Have these things been? or what rare witchery,
Impregning with delights the charmed air,
Enlighted up the semblance of a smile
In those fine eyes? methought they spake the while
Soft soothing things, which might enforce despair
To drop the murdering knife, and let go by
His foul resolve. And does the lonely glade
Still court the footsteps of the fair hair'd maid?
Still in her locks the gales of summer sigh?
While I forlorn do wander reckless where,
And 'mid my wanderings meet no Anna there.

Methinks how dainty sweet it were, reclin'd
Beneath the vast out-stretching branches high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild eyed maid!
Beloved! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses all summer's day,
Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade.
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail
In gentle sort, on those who practise not
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

When last I roved these winding wood walks green
Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet,
Oft times would Anna seek the silent scene,
Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.
No more I hear her footsteps in the shade:
Her image only in these pleasant ways
Meets me self-wandering, where, in happier days,
I held free converse with the fair-hair'd maid.
I passed the little cottage which she lov'd,
The cottage which did once my all contain;
It spake of days which ne'er must come again,
Spake to my heart, and much my heart was moved.
"Now fair befal thee, gentle maid!" said I,
And from the cottage turned me with a sigh.

On an Infant dying as soon as born.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work.
A flow'ret crushed in the bud,
A nameless piece of babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying:
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying:
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry,
That babe, or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock,
And cut the branch; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd; and the pain,
When single state comes back again
To the lone man, who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimed life?

The economy of Heaven is dark;
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why human buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day; while shrivel'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells and baby clothes;
Coral redder than those lips,
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave,
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,
A more harmless vanity?

Montgomery.

James Montgomery ward am 4. November 1771 zu Irvine in Ayrshire geboren. Sein Vater, Prediger der Brüdergemeine, ging als Missionair mit seiner Gattin nach Westindien und liess den Knaben im Vaterlande zurück. Beide Eltern starben dort und ihr verwaister Sohn ward nun in der Herrnhutischen Anstalt zu Fulneck in Yorkshire erzogen und sollte ebenfalls Geistlicher werden. Er weigerte sich jedoch entschieden und ward darauf zu einem Krämer in die Lehre gethan. Hier entwich er, diente eine Zeit lang als Ladengehülfe in Rotherham und kam dann in ähnlicher Eigenschaft zu dem Buchhändler Harrison in London. Später redigirte er ein demokratisches Journal in Sheffield, das er bis 1825 fortführte, wo er davon zurücktrat. In neuester Zeit ist ihm durch das Ministerium Peel eine Pension zugetheilt worden, von der er noch in Sheffield lebt.

Ausser lyrischen Poesieen hat Montgomery eine Reihe grösserer, meist erzählender Dichtungen veröffentlicht, wie z. B. 1805 the Ocean; 1806 the Wanderer of Switzerland; 1810 the West Indies; 1813 the World before the Flood; 1819 Greenland; 1827 the Pelican Island u. s. w. Er wird von seinen Landsleuten als Dichter sehr hoch gestellt. Allan Cunningham (a. a. O. S. 61) sagt von ihm: "Montgomery's Verdienste als Dichter müssen nach dem Beifalle der Welt und nicht nach der Ansicht des Edinburgh Review beurtheilt werden. Seine Ideen sind einfach und erhaben, seine Diction fliessend und harmonisch; er hält sich immer auf einer gleichen Höhe und versteigt sich weder zu hoch, noch sinkt er zu tief, besitzt ein gutes Gefühl, allein geräth nicht in Verzückung." —

The Grave.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found, —
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil, —
To slumber in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish! O my mother earth
Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse, — my brain runs wild, — I rave:
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I am the Grave!

"The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen! I will speak no more; —
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me:

"By all the terrors of the tomb, —
Beyond the power of tongue to tell:
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By death and hell.

"I charge thee live! repent and pray,
In dust thine infamy deplore:
There yet is mercy, — go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a wanderer? — hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer, hast thou been
Misfortune's mark?

"Art thou a mourner? — hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights;
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O live! — and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam;
Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port, —
A quiet home.

"To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe, —
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A surer blow?

"Live! — and repine not o'er his loss, —
A loss unworthy to be told;
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm;
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did Woman's charms thy youth beguile, —
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"Live! 'Twas a false bewildering fire;
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire, —
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye;
To ask, — and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast, —
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

"Whate'er thy lot — whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, — kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed He will not break, —
Afflictions all his children feel:
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done! Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

"The sun is but a spark of fire, —
A transient meteor in the sky:
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die!"

Friends.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest, —
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death, —
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown, —
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night, —
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Hannah.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart;
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid;
I stole her hand, — it shrunk! — but no;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth;
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye, —
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, woos young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the Sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love;
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon
Should vanish in so dark a noon!

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood, — and all his wrath defied:
I stood, — though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph; — and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye;
I shunn'd her, — for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest:
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way:

My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I liv'd my wooing days once more;
And fancy sketch'd my married lot, —
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise, —
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes:
The rural bells rang sweet and clear, —
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet; — all was gay:
I love a rustic holiday;
I met a wedding, — stepp'd aside;
It pass'd, — my Hannah was the bride!

— There is a grief that cannot feel, —
It leaves a wound that will not heal:
— My heart grew cold, — it felt not then;
When shall it cease to feel again?

Incognita,

written at Leamington, in 1817, on viewing the picture of an unknown Lady.

"She was a phantom of delight."
Wordsworth.

Image of One, who lived of yore!
Hail to that lovely mien,
Once quick and conscious; — now no more
On land or ocean seen!
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass
Many as fair as Thou might be,
But oh! not one, — not one like Thee.

Thou art no Child of Fancy; — Thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow,
Wreath'd with luxuriant hair;
Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue;
Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
Thou art the image of but One.

And who was she, in virgin prime,
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
In shadowy tints have stood;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
In which her once-resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

Of gentle blood; — upon her birth
Consenting planets smiled,
And she had seen those days of mirth,
That frolick round the child;
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her beautiful and young!
Lives there a record, which hath told,
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

How long her date, 'twere vain to guess
The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
One motion of the heart;
A smile, a blush, — a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face;
One passion's changing colour mix;
One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs, alike in vain,
Would fancy here recall;
Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
Lull'd in oblivion all;
With her, me thinks, life's little hour
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
That leaves upon the vernal wind
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she? — Ask yon aged tree,
Whose boughs embower the lawn,
Whether the bird's wild minstrelsy
Awoke her here at dawn;
Whether beneath its youthful shade,
At noon, in infancy she play'd;
— If from the oak no answer come,
Of her all oracles are dumb.

The Dead are like the stars by day;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way,
In glory through the sky:
Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,
Could I explore that round,
In bliss, or woe, there is a place,
Where she might still be found;

And oh! unless those eyes deceive,
I may, I must, I will believe,
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
Is what she only seem'd below; —

An angel in that glorious realm,
Where God himself is King:
— But awe and fear, that overwhelm
Presumption, check my wing;
Nor dares imagination look
Upon the symbols of that book,
Wherein eternity enrolls
The judgments on departed souls.

Of Her of whom these pictured lines
A faint resemblance form;
— Fair as the second rainbow shines
Aloof amid the storm;
Of Her, this "shadow of a shade,"
Like its original must fade,
And she, forgotten when unseen,
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain
Of all that e'er I sung,
A lorn memorial may remain,
When silent lies my tongue;
When shot the meteor of my fame,
Lost the vain echo of my name,
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me.

With One who lived of old, my song
In lowly cadence rose;
To One who is unborn, belong
The accents of its close:
Ages to come, with courteous ear,
Some youth my warning voice may hear;
And voices from the dead should be
The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
Reader! if I am blest,
Again, as spirits, may we meet
In glory and in rest:
If not, — and I have lost my way,
Here part we; — go not Thou astray;
No tomb, no verse my story tell!
Once, and for ever, Fare Thee well!

Verses on the death of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool, who was drowned while bathing in the tide, on the 5th August, 1811, in the 21st year of his age.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."

On earth, in ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent, and fair,
Seen, felt or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With God begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of good.

Him through all nature I explore,
Him in his creatures I adore
Around, beneath, above;
But clearest in the human mind,
His bright resemblance where I find,
Grandeur with purity combined,
I most admire and love.

O! there was one — on earth awhile
He dwelt, but transient as a smile
That turns into a tear;
His beauteous image pass'd us by;
He came like lightning from the sky,
As prompt to disappear.

Sweet in his undissembling mien
Were genius, candour, meekness, seen,
The lips that loved the truth,
The single eye, whose glance sublime
Look'd to eternity through time;
The soul whose hopes were wont to climb
Above the joys of youth.

Of old — before the lamp grew dark,
Reposing near the sacred ark,
The child of Hannah's prayer
Heard, through the temple's silent round,
A living voice: nor knew the sound
That thrice alarm'd him, ere he found
The lord who chose him there.

Thus early call'd and strongly mov'd,
A prophet from a child approv'd,
Spencer his course began;
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
Swiftest and foremost in the race,
He carried victory in his face,
He triumph'd as he ran.

The loveliest star of evening's train
Sets early in the western main,
And leaves the world in night.
The brightest star of morning's host:
Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost,
Thus sunk his form in ocean's coast,
Thus sprang his soul to light.

Revolving his mysterious lot,
I mourn him, but I praise him not,
To God the praise be given,
Who sent him like the radiant bow,
His covenant of peace to shew,
Athwart the passing storm to glow, —
To vanish into heaven.

White.

Henry Kirke White ward am 21. August 1785 zu Nottingham geboren, wo sein Vater als Metzger lebte und sollte anfangs dessen Gewerbe, dann das eines Strumpfwirkers ergreifen; da der Knabe aber ungewöhnliche Fähigkeiten zeigte, so gelang es seiner Mutter ihn bei einem Sachwalter unterzubringen. Er arbeitete nun unablässig um die Universität besuchen zu können und gab zu diesem Zwecke 1803 eine Sammlung seiner Poesieen heraus. Eine sehr scharfe Kritik derselben in einem Journal schien alle seine Hoffnungen zerstören zu wollen, da nahm sich Southey gerade durch dieselbe aufmerksam gemacht, des talentvollen Jünglings edelmüthig an und es gelang White nun nach Cambridge zu gehen, wo er sehr bald alle akademischen Ehrengrade erwarb. Sein rastloser Fleiss hatte jedoch seine Gesundheit untergraben; er starb am 27. October 1806 an der Auszehrung.

White's Hinterlassenschaft wurde von Southey zum Druck befördert und mit einer Biographie des früh Geschiedenen ausgestattet. Sie erschien unter dem Titel: The poetical Remains of Henry Kirke White with an account of his Life, London 1807, 2 Bde in 8. und hat seitdem wiederholt neue Auflagen erlebt. Alle darin enthaltenen Poesieen mit Ausnahme einiger Fragmente sind vor dem neunzehnten Lebensjahre ihres Verfassers geschrieben, meist lyrischer oder descriptiver Gattung, voll tiefen und zarten Gefühls, reicher Anschauung und edler, wahrhaft frommer Gesinnung und lassen es um desto lebhafter bedauern, dass einem so reichbegabten Geiste nicht vergönnt worden, sich hienieden in seiner ganzen Kraft vollständig zu entfalten.

Description of a Summer's Eve.

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And Eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes;
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft, with his accustomed call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, — the master's gone, —
And thresher puts his jacket on;
While Dick upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.

Here comes shepherd Jack at last
He has penn'd the sheepcot fast;
For 'twas but two nights before
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet Rover carries, —
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries;
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheel'd,
And both the colts are drove a-field:
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup.

The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slink'd away to talk
With Roger in the holly walk.

Now on the settle all but Bess
Are set, to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things, —
Of taxes, ministers, and kings;
Or else tell all the village news, —
How madam did the 'squire refuse,
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrain'd for rent.
Thus do they, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high;
And from the ale-house drunken Ned
Had reel'd; — then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate,
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid, — while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out;
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear:
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

The Savoyard's Return.

O! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home;
Oh, welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest — no more to roam!
Oh, I have travell'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband!
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report,
Allured me from my native land;
It bade me rove — my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And oh! a thousand more delights
That grace yon dear belov'd retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall wile away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband!
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Wilson.

John Wilson ward 1789 zu Paisley in Schottland geboren, studirte in Glasgow und Oxford, wo er mehrere Preisaufgaben löste und wurde 1820 Professor der Moral an der Universität zu Edinburg. Seine Ferien bringt er meist auf seinem Landgute Elleray am See von Winandermere zu.

Neben mehreren sehr geschätzten Romanen hat Wilson einige grössere romantisch-epische Gedichte veröffentlicht wie z. B. The Isle of Palms (1812), the City of the Plague 1816, ferner the Angler's Tent, ein descriptives Poem, viele kleinere lyrische Poesien u. A. m. Warme Menschenliebe, reiche Naturanschauung, Phantasie und Begeisterung für alles Schöne und Gute, Gedankenfülle und seltene Anmuth der Darstellung weisen ihm einen sehr hohen Rang unter den lebenden englischen Dichtern an.

Lines written in a Highland Glen.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living Thing?
Silent — as infant at the breast —
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or, mid the silence lie!
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth
Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

O! that this lovely vale were mine,
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven,
A piety sublime!
And thoughts, would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of Time!

And did I ask to whom belong'd
This vale? I feel that I have wrong'd
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children, from their birth,
Are joint-heirs of the whole!

Yea, long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice;
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies!

A Church-yard Dream.

Methought that in a burial-ground
One still, sad vernal day,
Upon a little daisied mound
I in a slumber lay;
While faintly through my dream I heard
The hymning of that holy bird,
Who with more gushing rapture sings
The higher up in heaven float his unwearied wings!

In that my mournful reverie,
Such song of heavenly birth,
The voice seemed of a soul set free
From this imprisoning earth;
Higher and higher still it soared,
A holy anthem that adored, —
Till vanished song and singer blest
In the blue depths of everlasting rest.

Just then a child in sportive glee
Came gliding o'er the graves,
Like a lone bird that on the sea
Floats dallying with the waves;
Upon the vernal flowers awhile,
She pour'd the beauty of her smile, —
Then laid her bright cheek on the sod,
And, overpowered with joy, slept in the eye of God.

The flowers that shine all round her head
May well be breathing sweet;
For flowers are they that spring hath shed,
To deck her winding-sheet;
And well the tenderest gleams may fall
Of sunshine, on that hillock small
On which she sleeps, — for they have smiled
O'er the predestined grave of that unconscious child.

In bridal garments, white as snow,
A solitary maid
Doth meekly bring a sunny glow
Into that solemn shade:
A church-yard seems a joyful place
In the visit of so sweet a face;
A soul is in that deep blue eye
Too good to live on earth, — too beautiful to die.

But Death behind a marble tomb
Looks out upon his prey;
And smiles to know that heavenly bloom
Is yet of earthly clay.
Far off I hear a wailing wide,
And, while I gaze upon that bride,
A silent wraith before me stands,
And points unto a grave with cold, pale, clasped hands.

A matron, beautiful and bright,
As is the silver moon,
Whose lustre tames the sparkling light
Of the starry eyes of June,

Is shining o'er the church-yard lone;
While circling her as in a zone,
Delighted dance five cherubs fair,
And round their native urn shake wide their golden hair.

Oh! children they are holy things,
In sight of earth and heaven;
An angel shields with guardian wings
The home where they are given.
Strong power there is in children's tears, —
And stronger in their lisped prayers;
But the vulture stoops down from above,
And, 'mid her orphan brood, bears off the parent dove.

The young, — the youthful, — the mature
Have smiled and all past by,
As if nought lovely could endure
Beneath the envious sky;
While bow'd with age, and age's woes
Still near, — yet still far off the close
Of weary life, yon aged crone
Can scarce with blind eyes find her husband's funeral-stone.

All dead the joyous, bright, and free,
To whom this life was dear!
The green leaves shiver'd from the tree,
And dangling left the sere!
O dim wild world! — but from the sky
Down came the glad lark waveringly;
And, startled by his liquid mirth,
I rose to walk in faith the darkling paths of earth.

The widowed Mother.

Beside her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widow'd mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmur'd her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth;
The sea will not give back its prey, —
And he was wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Stedfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son; —
"O merciful Heaven! when I am gone,
Thine is this earthly blossom!"

While thus she sat — a sunbeam broke
Into the room; — the babe awoke,
And from his cradle smiled!
Ah me! what kindling smiles met there,
I know not whether was more fair
The mother or her child!

With joy fresh sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt;
All tears at once were swept away,
And, said a face as bright as day,
"Forgive me — that I wept!"

Sufferings there are from Nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard, nor Poet's tongue
May venture to declare;
But this as Holy Writ is sure,
"The griefs she bids us here endure,
She can herself repair!"

The three Seasons of Love.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heart felt revelry!
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;
With accents blithe as voice of May,
Chaunting glad Nature's roundelay;
Circled by joy like planet bright
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light, —
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,
And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of love!

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace; —
Though happy still — yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loveliness!
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams!
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,

Shower blessings on a darling child;
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed!
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By thy glad youth, and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time!
For thou art doom'd in age to know
To calm that wisdom steals from woe;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When earth's affections nearly o'er
With Peace behind, and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul, — then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in immortality!

Crabbe.

George Crabbe ward am 24. December 1754 zu Aldborough in Suffolk, wo sein Vater Zollaufseher war, geboren. Zum Chirurgus bestimmt, entsagte er jedoch diesem Beruf und ging um in der literarischen Welt sein Glück zu versuchen nach London. Hier nahm sich der berühmte Edmund Burke seiner an. Crabbe widmete sich auf dessen Rath dem geistlichen Stande, wurde 1782 ordinirt, dann Pfarrvicar in seinem Geburtsort, darauf Caplan des Herzogs von Rutland und später nach einander Prediger an verschiedenen Orten, zuletzt zu Trowbridge in Wiltshire. Er starb daselbst am 3. Februar 1832.

Die vollständigste Ausgabe von Crabbe's poetischen Werken besorgte sein Sohn unter dem Titel: The poetical works of the Rever. George Crabbe with his letters and journals and his life. By his son. London 1834. 6 Bde in 8. Sie enthalten: The Village; the Library; Tales of the Hall; the Parish Register; the Borough, kleinere Poesieen u. A. m.

Crabbe ist der Genremaler unter den englischen Dichtern; scharfe Beobachtungsgabe, genaue Kenntniss des menschlichen Herzens, warmes Gefühl und eine ruhige treffliche Darstellungsgabe sind ihm eigen, aber er gefällt sich zu sehr darin menschliches Elend und menschliche Verderbtheit zu schildern und hält sich nicht immer frei von Uebertreibung; der Arme kann nicht anders als schlecht sein nach seinen Begriffen, selbst die Schönheiten der Natur dienen ihm nur dazu den Jammer der Zerstörung durch ihre blinden Gewalten recht hervorzuheben. So sieht er Alles nur durch eine trübe Brille und so meisterhaft auch seine Schilderungen, so interessant auch seine Erfindungen sind, man wird von ihm stets angezogen aber nie befriedigt, und legt sein Werk stets mit einem schmerzlichen Gefühl wieder aus der Hand, denn das versöhnende beruhigende Element vermisst man schmerzlich fast überall bei ihm.

The Sands.

Turn to the watery world! — but who to thee
(A wonder yet unview'd) shall paint — the sea?
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lull'd by Zephyrs, or when rous'd by storms.
Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrown'd and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue, and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,

Lift the fair sail, and cheat th' experienced eye.
Be it the summer noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move;
(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends), —
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand, —
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchor'd; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide;
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more?
Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake;
As an awaken'd giant with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.
View now the winter-storm! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud;
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.
All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising, — all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swell'd and steep,
Breaking and sinking, — and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells:
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Stanzas.

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, around my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead.
As flow'rs that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed;
And every day the sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

Oh! let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfum'd breath;
Let them be placed about my bier
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know;
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below:
There violets on the borders blow
And insects their soft light display, —
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown, —
The soil a pure and silver sand,
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand:
In virgin earth, till then unturn'd,
There let my maiden form be laid.
Nor let my changed clay be spurn'd,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, — the lamb, in sport,
In air, — on earth, — securely play,
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, — but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground,
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey;
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin, —
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care;
I cannot these cold truths allow: —
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But, oh! they vex and tease me now.
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace;
But thou, my Lucy, come alome,
And let affection find the place.

O! take me from a world I hate, —
Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
And, in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister minds behold:
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share, —
For only generous souls design'd,
And not a man to meet us there.

Woman.

Place the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white:
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal.
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow, —
From all her stores she bears a part;
And bids the spring of hope re-flow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.

"What though so pale his haggard face,
So sunk and sad his looks," — she cries;
"And far unlike our nobler race,
With crisped locks and rolling eyes;
Yet misery marks him of our kind, —
We see him lost, alone, afraid!
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
Pronounce him man, and ask our aid.

"Perhaps in some far distant shore,
There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more
Than ours of jet, thus burnish'd bright:
Of such may be his weeping wife,
Such children for their sire may call:
And if we spare his ebbing life,
Our kindness may preserve them all."

Thus her compassion woman shows,
Beneath the line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland snows
Can her warm flow of pity freeze; —
"From some sad land the stranger comes,
Where joys like ours are never found;
Let's soothe him in our happy homes,
Where freedom sits, with plenty crown'd.

"'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
To see the famish'd stranger fed;
To milk for him the mother-deer,
To smooth for him the furry bed.
The powers above our Lapland bless
With good no other people know;
T' enlarge the joys that we possess,
By feeling those that we bestow!"

Thus in extremes of cold and heat.
Where wandering man may trace his kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In woman they compassion find:
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.

Man may the sterner virtues know, —
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And woman holds affliction dear:
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear, —
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear.
To woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe — and age they cheer.

Phoebe Dawson.

Next at our altar stood a luckless pair,
Brought by strong passions and a warrant there;
By long rent cloak, hung loosely, strove the bride,
From ev'ry eye what all perceived to hide.
While the boy-bridegroom, shuffling in his pace,
Now hid awhile and then exposed his face;
As shame alternately with anger strove,
The brain confused with muddy ale to move:
In haste and stammering he perform'd his part,
And look'd the rage that rankled in his heart;
(So will each lover inly curse his fate,
Too soon made happy and made wise too late:)
I saw his features take a savage gloom,
And deeply threaten for the days to come.
Low spake the lass, and lisp'd and minced the while,
Look'd on the lad, and faintly tried to smile;
With soften'd speech and humbled tone she strove
To stir the embers of departed love:
While he, a tyrant, frowning walk'd before,
Felt the poor purse and sought the public door,
She sadly following in submission went,
And saw the final shilling foully spent;
Then to her father's hut the pair withdrew,

And bade to love and comfort long adieu!
Ah! fly temptation, youth, refrain! refrain!
I preach for ever; but I preach in vain.
Two summers since, I saw, at Lammas-Fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there,
When Phoebe Dawson gaily cross'd the Green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen:
Her air, her manners, all who saw, admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd;
A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phoebe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her beauty won them and her worth retain'd:
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away.
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power,
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
At length, the youth, ordain'd to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the 'Squire, and brush'd the coat he made:
Yet now, would Phoebe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth: — she sigh'd and look'd consent.
Now, through the lane, up hill and 'cross the green,
(Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen —
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid,)
Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid:
Slow through the meadows roved they, many a mile
Toy'd by each bank and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly colour'd what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears;
Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears. —
Thus pass'd th' allotted hours, till lingering late,
The lover loiter'd at the master's gate;
There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden — soothed — entreated — forced away;
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
When, if his teazing vex'd her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compell'd her to be hind!
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before. —
Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain,
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!
Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause, her anxious soul alarms.
With water burthen'd then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes;
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits:
In vain, they come, she feels th' inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress'd
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd.
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies;
Unfee'd, the calls of Nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, not allured by praise;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid,
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

But who this child of weakness, want, and care?
'Tis Phoebe Dawson, pride of Lammas-Fair;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assail'd her gentle heart,
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love: —
But ah! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:
If present, railing, till he saw her pain'd;
If absent, spending what their labours gain'd;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
Then fly temptation, youth; resist, refrain!
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

Scott.

Walter Scott ward am 15. August 1771 zu Edinburg geboren, studirte die Rechte, wurde 21 Jahr alt Advocat in seiner Vaterstadt, verheirathete sich 1798 mit Miss Carpenter, erhielt 1806 das Amt eines principal Clerk of the sessions of Scotland, zog sich später von den öffentlichen Geschäften zurück und sah sich 1820 zum Baronet erhoben. Er starb auf seinem Landsitze Abbotsford am 21. September 1832.

Die Characteristik von Scott's eben so berühmten als zahlreichen Romanen, durch welche er der Romanliteratur der ganzen civilisirten Welt eine neue Wendung gab, gehört nicht hieher, obwohl aber dieselben seine poetischen Productionen verdunkelten, so stehen diese doch denselben in keiner Hinsicht an innerem Werthe nach und es ist noch sehr die Frage ob sie nicht am Ende aller Dinge jene überlebt haben werden. W. Scott's gesammelte Werke in streng poetischer Form, von denen auch eine gute deutsche Ausgabe vorhanden ist (Frankfurt 1826, 1 Bd in 8), enthalten: the Lay of the last Minstrel, Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, the Lord of the Isles, Rokeby, the Bridal of Triermain, Harold, the Vision of Don Roderick, sämmtlich romantisch epische Dichtungen, Halidon Hill ein Drama, Balladen, Lieder, vermischte Gedichte u. A. m. — "Scott" — sagt Allan Cunningham a. a. O. — "ist ein wahrhaft nationaler und heroischer Dichter. Sein Schauplatz ist sein Vaterland, seine Helden und Heldinnen sind der britischen Geschichte und Sage entlehnt. In seinen Versen herrscht eine erstaunenswürdige Leichtigkeit, Kraft und Klarheit. Seine Dichtungen sind eine Reihe historischer Figuren, nach den genauesten Verhältnissen der Bildhauerkunst verfertigt, nur mit dem Unterschiede dass sie nach des Dichters Willen handeln und sprechen. Allein ungeachtet sie an Eleganz der Formen und Genauigkeit des Umfanges Werken der bildenden Kunst gleichen, besitzen sie doch weniger von ihrer Ruhe wie irgend eine andere Dichtung neuerer Zeit." — Fügen wir noch hinzu, dass auch in W. Scotts kleineren lyrischen Gedichten eine Naturfrische, verbunden mit Energie wie mit Zartheit, je nachdem der Gegenstand es erfordert, vorherrscht, welche ihnen eben einen so grossen Reiz als bleibenden Werth verleiht.

Farewell to the Muse.

Enchantress, farewell! who so oft has decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell! and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking,
The language alternate of rapture and woe;

Oh! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment, to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day !
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, queen of numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain;
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain:
As vain those enchantments, O queen of wild numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers, —
Farewell then, enchantress! I meet thee no more!

Hunting Song.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear:
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
Merrily, merrily, mingle they, —
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey;
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chaunt our lay, —
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size:
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay, —
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chaunt the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay;
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we:
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day, —
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

Lochinvar.

O, young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented — the gallant came late —
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby-hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, — my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup. —
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar:
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and blume, —
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung, —
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bush, loch, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan, —
Forsters, Tenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see,
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Lullaby of an Infant Chief.

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight, —
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu lo.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

Hellvellyn.

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied,
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died:

Dark green was the spot mid the brown meadow heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay, —
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet, that — no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him —
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming,
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

Jock of Hazeldean.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen," —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen," —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Sall ride our forest queen," —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Nora's Vow.

Hear what Highland Nora said,
"The earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made, and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light:
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn,
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river:
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won, —
She's wedded to the earlie's son!

* *

Sotheby.

William Sotheby ward am 9. November 1757 in London geboren, erhielt seine Bildung auf der Schule zu Harrow und trat dann, siebenzehn Jahr alt in die Armee. 1780 nahm er seinen Abschied und kaufte sich ein Landgut Beirs Mount, in der Nähe von Southampton, wo er seinen Wohnsitz aufschlug. Im Jahre 1791 liess er sich in London nieder, wurde Mitglied mehrerer gelehrter Gesellschaften und bereiste 1816 Italien. Zurückgekehrt gab er in einer Reihe von Gedichten unter dem Titel Italy die Früchte dieser Reise heraus. Er starb am 30. December 1833 in seiner Vaterstadt.

Ausser vielen poetischen Uebersetzungen wie z. B. von Wieland's Oberon, Virgils Georgica, Homer's Ilias und Odyssee, hat Sotheby eine lange Reihe eigener Dichtungen hinterlassen, von denen wir hier nur Poems consisting of a Tour through parts of North and South Wales, London 1790 in 4.; The Battle of the Nile, London 1799 in 4.; The Siege of Cuzco, a Tragedy, London 1800 in 8; Julian a Tragedy, London 1801 in 8.; Oberon or Huon de Bordeaux, a mask; and Orestes, a Tragedy, London 1802; Saul, a poem, London 1807 in 4.; Constance de Castille, a poem, London 1810 in 4.; Six Tragedies, London 1814 in 8.; Italy, London 1819 in 8. u. s. w. anführen. Nur das letztere Werk, sowie seine Uebersetzungen haben sich im Angedenken erhalten. Er war nicht immer glücklich in der Wahl seiner Stoffe, wusste sie aber mit Feinheit und Eleganz zu behandeln, obwohl ihm wiederum Tiefe und Energie abgeht, am Gelungensten sind seine Schilderungen, in diesen finden sich einzelne durch Schönheit und Kraft ausgezeichnete Stellen, welche grössere Verbreitung verdienen als sie in des Dichters Vaterlande gefunden haben.

Salvator.

Where stood Salvator, when with all his storms
Around him winter rav'd,
When being, none save man, the tempest brav'd?
When on her mountain crest
The eagle sank to rest,
Nor dar'd spread out her pennons to the blast:
Nor, till the whirlwind passed,
The famish'd wolf around the sheep-cote prowl'd?
Where stood Salvator, when the forest howl'd,
And the rock-rooted pine in all its length
Crash'd, prostrating its strength?

Where stood Salvator, when the summer cloud
At noon-day, to Ausonia direr far
Than winter, and its elemental war,
Gather'd the tempest, from whose ebon shroud,
That cross'd like night a sky of crimson flame,
Stream'd ceaselessly the fire-bolts' forked aim:
While hurricanes, whose wings were frore with hail,
Cut sheer the vines, and o'er the harvest vale
Spread barrenness? Where was Salvator found,
When all the air a bursting sea became,
Deluging earth? — On Terni's cliff he stood,
The tempest sweeping round.
I see him where the spirit of the storm
His daring votary led:
Firm stands his foot on the rock's topmost head,
That reels above the rushing and the roar
Of deep Vellino. — In the glen below,
Again I view him on the reeling shore,
Where the prone river, after length of course,
Collecting all its force,
An avalanche cataract, whirl'd in thunder o'er

The promontory's height,
Bursts on the rock: while round the mountain brow,
Half, half the flood rebounding in its might,
Spreads wide a sea of foam evanishing in light.

Rome.

I saw the ages backward roll'd,
The scenes long past restore:
Scenes that Evander bade his guest behold,
When first the Trojan stept on Tyber's shore
The shepherds in the forum pen their fold;
And the wild herdsman, on his untamed steed,
Goods with prone spear the heifer's foaming speed,
Where Rome, in second infancy, once more
Sleeps in her cradle. But — in that drear waste,
In that rude desert, when the wild goat sprung
From cliff to cliff, and the Tarpeian rock
Lour'd o'er the untended flock,
And eagles on its crest their aërie hung:
And when fierce gales bow'd the high pines, when blaz'd
The lightning, and the savage in the storm
Some unknown godhead heard, and, awe-struck, gaz'd
On Jove's imagin'd form: —
And in that desert, when swoln Tyber's wave
Went forth the twins to save,
Their reedy cradle floating on his flood:
While yet the infants on the she-wolf clung,
While yet they fearless play'd her brow beneath,
And mingled with their food
The spirit of her blood,
As o'er them seen to breathe
With fond reverted neck she hung,
And lick'd in turn each babe, and formed with fostering tongue:
And when the founder of imperial Rome
Fix'd on the robber hill, from earth aloof,
His predatory home,
And hung in triumph round his straw-thatched roof
The wolf skin, and huge boar tusks, and the pride
Of branching antlers wide:
And tower'd in giant strength, and sent afar
His voice, that on the mountain echoes roll'd,
Stern preluding the war:
And when the shepherds left their peaceful fold,
And from the wild wood lair, and rocky den,
Round their bold chieftain rush'd strange forms of barbarous men:
Then might be seen by the presageful eye
The vision of a rising realm unfold,
And temples roof'd with gold.
And in the gloom of that remorseless time,
When Rome the sabine seiz'd, might be foreseen
In the first triumph of successful crime,
The shadowy arm of one of giant birth
Forging a chain for earth:
And tho' slow ages roll'd their course between,
The form as of a Caesar, when he led
His war-worn legions on,
Troubling the pastoral stream of peaceful Rubicon.
Such might o'er clay-built Rome have been foretold
By word of human wisdom. But — what word,
Save from thy lip, Jehovah's prophet! heard,
When Rome was marble, and her temples gold,
And the globe Caesar's footstool, who, when Rome
View'd th' incommunicable name divine
Link a Faustina to an Antonine
On their polluted temple; who but thou,
The prophet of the Lord! what word, save thine,
Rome's utter desolation had denounc'd?
Yet, ere that destin'd time,
The love-lute, and the viol, song, and mirth,
Ring from her palace roofs. — Hear'st thou not yet,
Metropolis of earth!
A voice borne back on every passing wind,
Wherever man has birth,
One voice, as from the lip of human kind,
The echo of thy fame? Flow they not yet,
As flow'd of yore, down each successive age
The chosen of the world, on pilgrimage,
To commune with thy wrecks, and works sublime,
Where genius dwells enthron'd?

* * * * *

Rome! thou art doom'd to perish, and thy days,
Like mortal man's, are numbered: number'd all,
Ere each fleet hour decays.
Though pride yet haunt thy palaces, though art
Thy sculptur'd marbles animate:
Though thousands, and ten thousands throng thy gate;
Though kings and kingdoms with thy idol mart
Yet traffic, and thy throned priest adore:
Thy second reign shall pass, — pass like thy reign of yore.

The Grotto of Egeria.

Can I forget that beauteous day,
When, shelter'd from the burning beam,
First in thy haunted grot I lay,
And loos'd my spirit to its dream,
Beneath the broken arch, o'erlaid
With ivy, dark with many a braid
That clasp'd its tendrils to retain
The stone its roots had writh'd in twain?
No zephyr on the leaflet play'd,
No bent grass bow'd its slender blade,
The coiled snake lay slumber-bound:
All mute, all motionless around,
Save, livelier, while others slept,
The lizard on the sunbeam leapt,
And louder while the groves were still,
The unseen cigali, sharp and shrill,
As if their chirp could charm alone
Tir'd noontide with its unison.
Stranger! that roam'st in solitude!
Thou, too, 'mid tangling bushes rude,
Seek in the glen, yon heights between,
A rill more pure than Hippocrene,
That from a sacred fountain fed
The stream that fill'd its marble bed.
Its marble bed long since is gone,
And the stray water struggles on,
Brawling thro' weeds and stones its way.
There, when o'erpower'd at blaze of day,
Nature languishes in light,
Pass within the gloom of night,
Where the cool grot's dark arch o'ershades
Thy temples, and the waving braids
Of many a fragrant brier that weaves
Its blossom thro' the ivy leaves.
Thou, too, beneath that rocky roof,
Where the moss mats its thickest woof,
Shalt hear the gather'd ice-drops fall
Regular, at interval,
Drop after drop, one after one,
Making music on the stone,
While every drop, in slow decay,
Wears the recumbent nymph away.
Thou, too, if ere thy youthful ear
Thrill'd the Latian lay to hear,
Lull'd to slumber in that cave,
Shalt hail the nymph that held the wave;
A goddess, who there deign'd to meet,
A mortal from Rome's regal seat,
And o'er the gushing of her fount,
Mysterious truths divine to earthly ear recount.

Keats.

John Keats ward am 29. October 1796 in London geboren, der Sohn eines Lohnkutschers. Er erhielt eine gute Erziehung und kam dann zu einem Chirurgen in die Lehre, bei dem er jedoch nicht lange blieb, da eine kleine Erbschaft ihm ein unabhängiges Leben sicherte. 1817 gab er seine Jugendgedichte und gleich darauf seinen "Endymion" heraus, fand aber an Gifford einen so erbitterten und gehässigen Recensenten im Quarterly Review, dass sein Leben mit tiefem Gram erfüllt wurde und die Anlage zur Auszehrung, die er schon lange in sich trug, sich rasch und zerstörend entwickelte. Um Heilung zu suchen ging er nach Italien, aber sie ward ihm nicht; er starb am 24. Februar 1821 in Rom.

Seine hinterlassenen Gedichte sind: Endymion, Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, Hyperion und Miscellaneous Poems. Er besass ein reiches, schönes Talent, voll tiefer und zarter Empfindung, schöpferischer Phantasie und Gedankenfülle und würde sich bei längerem Leben und unter günstigeren Verhältnissen gewiss herrlich entwickelt haben.

Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness, —
That thou, light-winged dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time,
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstacy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep?

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape?
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Sonnets.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven, — to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel, — an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by;
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent:
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or wordling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

Stanzas.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;

But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

To Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run.
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flower for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting, careless, on a granary floor, —
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind:
Or, on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or, by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue:
Then, in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with treble soft,
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Hogg.

James Hogg ward am 25. Januar 1772 in einer Hütte am Ufer des Ettrick im Shire von Selkirk (Schottland) geboren. Er stammte von Schäfern und ward selbst wieder ein Schäfer, weshalb er auch zur Auszeichnung the Ettrick Shepherd genannt wurde. Schon früh musste er sich sein Brod verdienen und genoss nur ein halbes Jahr lang eigentlichen Schulunterricht; seine ganze übrige Bildung verdankte er seinem eigenen Fleisse. Als er achtzehn Jahr alt war, entstanden seine ersten Gedichte, welche er später in Edinburg herausgab, die aber wenig Aufmerksamkeit erregten. Mit der Landwirthschaft wollte es ihm nicht gelingen und er hatte mit Armuth zu kämpfen, bis sich Walter Scott seiner annahm. Hogg liess nun mehrere grössere Dichtungen erscheinen, unter denen namentlich The Queen's Wake sich des allgemeinsten Beifalls erfreute, aber seine Vermögensumstände verbesserten sich nicht, da er den Pachthof von Mount Benger übernommen hatte und vom Ackerbau doch nicht sonderlich viel verstand. Er starb am 21. November 1835 und hinterliess eine Wittwe und fünf Kinder in drückenden Verhältnissen.

Neben mehreren Romanen und prosaischen Erzählungen schrieb Hogg einige grössere Dichtungen, wie dass oben erwähnte Queen's Wake, the Pilgrims of the Sun, Mador of the Moor, Queen Hynde und eine Anzahl Balladen und lyrischer Poesieen u. A. m. Allan Cunningham sagt von ihm a. a. O.: "Als Dichter steht er auf einer hohen Stufe. An Energie des Ausdrucks und Leidenschaftlichkeit des Gefühls ist er Burns zwar bei Weitem nicht gleich, allein was den natürlichen Aufschwung einer freien fessellosen Einbildungskraft anlangt, tritt er vor Niemand zurück. Die besonderen Eigenschaften seiner Dichtungen, so wie seine Stellung als Haupt der ländlichen Schule, die eben keine zahlreichen Jünger hat, geben ihm alle Aussicht auf Nachruhm."

The Wee Hausie.

I like thee weel, my wee auld house,
Though laigh thy wa's an' flat the riggin';
Though round thy lum the sourock grows,
An' rain-draps gaw my cozy biggin'.
Lang hast thou happit mine and me,
My head's grown grey aneath thy kipple
And aye thy ingle cheek was free
Baith to the blind man an' the cripple.

What gart my ewes thrive on the hill,
An' kept my little store increasin'?
The rich man never wish'd me ill,
The poor man left me aye his blessin'.
Troth I maun greet wi' thee to part,
Though to a better house I'm flittin';
Sic joys will never glad my heart
As I've had by thy hallan sittin'.

My bonny bairns around me smiled,
My sonsy wife sat by me spinning, —
Aye lilting o'er her ditties wild,
In notes sae artless an' sae winning.
Our frugal meal was aye a feast,
Our e'ening psalm a hymn of joy;
Sae calm an' peacefu' was our rest,
Our bliss, our love, without alloy.

I canna help but hand thee dear,
My auld, storm-batter'd hamely shieling;
Thy sooty lum, an' kipples clear,
I better love than gaudy ceiling.
Thy roof will fa', thy rafters start,
How damp an' cauld thy hearth will be!
Ah! sae will soon ilk honest heart,
That erst was blithe an' bauld in thee!

I thought to cower aneath thy wa',
Till death should close my weary een;
Then leave thee for the narrow ha',
Wi' lowly roof o' sward sae green.
Farewell, my house an' burnie clear,
My bour tree bush an' bowzie tree!
The wee while I maun sojourn here,
I'll never find a hame like thee.

The Broken Heart.

Now lock my chamber-door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even a while reprieve it;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it!

O, let me lie, and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will,
To close these eyes for ever:
For how can maid's affections dear
Recal her love forsaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

O, why should vows so fondly made,
Be broken ere the morrow —
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow!
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary!

Farewell, dear Yarrow's mountains green,
And banks of broom so yellow!
Too happy has this bosom been
Within your arbours mellow.
That happiness is fled for aye,
And all is dark desponding —
Save in the opening gates of day,
And the dear home beyond them!

Mary Gray.

Some say that my Mary Gray is dead,
And that I in this world shall see her never;
Some say she is laid on her cold death-bed,
The prey of the grave and of death for ever!

Ah, they know little of my dear maid,
Or kindness of her spirit's Giver;
For every night she is by my side, —
By the morning bower, or the moonlight river.

My Mary was bonny when she was here,
When flesh and blood was her mortal dwelling;
Her smile was sweet, and her mind was clear,
And her form all virgin forms excelling.
But oh, if they saw my Mary now,
With her looks of pathos and of feeling,
They would see a cherub's radiant brow,
To ravish'd mortal eyes unveiling.

The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers,
It is all of beauty and of sweetness, —
So my dear maid in the heavenly bowers,
Excels in beauty and in meekness!
She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kaim'd my hair,
And made a breast of heaven my pillow;
And promised her God to take me there
Before the leaf falls from the willow!

Farewell! ye homes of living men —
I have no relish for your pleasures;
In the human face I naething ken
That with my spirit's yearning measures.
I long for onward bliss to be,
A day of joy — a brighter morrow;
And from this bondage to be free, —
Farewell, this world of sin and sorrow!

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place, —
O to abide in the desert with thee!

An Arabian Song.

Meet me at even, my own true love,
Meet me at even, my honey, my dove,
Where the moonbeam revealing
The cool fountain stealing,
Away and away
Through flow'rets so gay,
Singing its silver roundelay.

Love is the fountain of life and bliss,
Love is the valley of joyfulness;
A garden of roses,
Where rapture reposes, —
A temple of light
All heavenly bright;
O, virtuous love is the soul's delight!

Kilmeny.
From the Queen's Wake.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hang frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!
When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,

Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen.
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of night,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night:
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane:
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She 'wakened on couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
What spirit has brought this mortal here? —

Lang have I journeyed the world wide,
A meek and reverent fere replied;
Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning-snaw:
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn this countrye:
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she never may ken. —

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying: Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily-bower and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! whe have seen! but the time must come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!
O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kyth as the body fair!
O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see
Of the times that are now, and the time that shall be. —

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day.
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered bye.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:
O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom! —

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies:
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light:
And radiant beings went and came
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer-sky,
And clouds of amber sailing bye;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting ee;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes-man came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain:
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.
Then the gruff grim carle girned amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.

He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at Heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were rapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man:
She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till claught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.
With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter-day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight-sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blythly round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But oh, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain,
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

Hemans.

Felicia Dorothea Browne, später verehelichte Hemans ward 1794 in Liverpool geboren, zog dann mit ihren Eltern nach St. Asaph in Nordwales und verheirathete sich sehr früh mit einem Capitain Hemans, aber ihre Ehe war keine glückliche und wurde später nach gegenseitiger Uebereinkunft wieder getrennt. Sie zog nun nach Wavertree bei Liverpool, dann nach Dublin, wo sie am 16. Mai 1835 starb.

Ihre Dichtungen, mit wenigen Ausnahmen, fast sämmtlich zur lyrischen Gattung gehörend (Early Blossoms; Domestic Affections; National Lyrics; Scenes and Hymns of Life u. s. w., so lauten die Titel der verschiedenen Sammlungen, welche sie nach einander erscheinen liess), zeichnen sich durch sanfte Empfindung, innige Frömmigkeit, Anmuth, Geist, Phantasie und treffliche Sprache sehr vortheilhaft aus und haben ihr ein dauerndes Andenken bei ihrer Nation, namentlich bei den englischen Frauen erworben.

Cathedral Hymn.

A dim and mighty minster of old Time!
A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past! — the very light
Streams with a colouring of heroic days
In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
To other years; — and the rich fretted roof
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose —
The tenderest image of mortality —
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves, — all these things
Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
On their heart's worship poured a wealth of love!
Honour be with the dead! — the people kneel
Under the helms of antique chivalry,
And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,
And midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved
Of warriors on their tombs. — The people kneel
Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt; where jewelled crowns
On the flushed brows of conquerors have been set;
Where the high anthems of old victories
Have made the dust give echoes. Hence, vain thoughts!
Memories of power and pride, which, long ago,
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
In twilight depths away. Return, my soul!
The cross recals thee. — Lo! the blessed cross!
High o'er the banners and the crests of earth,
Fixed in its meek and still supremacy!
And lo! the throng of beating human hearts,
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
All their full treasuries of immortal Hope,
Gathered before their God! Hark! how the flood
Of the rich organ harmony bears up
Their voice on its high waves! — a mighty burst! —
A forest-sounding music! — every tone
Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings
From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent:
And the old minster — forest-like itself —
With its long avenues of pillared shade,
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy
Answering the electric notes. — Join, join, my soul!
In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

The Song of Night.

I come to thee, O Earth!
With all my gifts: — for every flower, sweet dew,
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills or forest-leaves,
But, through its views of beauty, so receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star:
Making thy streams, that on their noon-day track
Gave but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace; I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks o'er the honey-bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe, and, sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!
Who calls me silent? — I have many tones:
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
Till the bright day is done.

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong in their sweetness from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crush'd affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tone heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb;
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love,
They pass — though low as murmurs of a dove —
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train:
Who calls me lonely? — Hosts around me tread,
Th' intensely bright, the beautiful, the dread —
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes,
These are my lightnings! — filled with anguish vain,
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
I am th' Avenging One! — the armed, the strong,
The searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms! — the tempest birth
Of memory, thought, remorse: — be holy, Earth!
I am the solemn Night!

The Hebrew Mother.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her firstborn, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vowed
Unto the temple service. By the hand
She led him; and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was her's,
To bring before her God!
So passed they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest:
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheeks' repose,
As at a red flower's heart; and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There, too, she lingered, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.
At last the fane was reached,
The earth's one sanctuary; and rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped
In light like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to her's, — and, half in fear,
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung, even as ivy clings, the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swelled high; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song. — "Alas!" she cried,

"Alas! my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,

And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart, —
How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing
So late along the mountains at my side?
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, even as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

"And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away,
While, through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill?

"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn!
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake!

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck; and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child? — will He not hear thee
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Will He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

"I give thee to thy God! — the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And, precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child!

"Therefore, farewell! — I go! my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks!
But thou, my firstborn! droop not, nor bewail me, —
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength, — farewell!"

The Captive Knight.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
And the knight look'd down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, — be still!

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave, by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float!
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, — be still!

"I am here, with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent, sweeping by,
And an eagle, rushing to the sky,
And a host, to its battle plain!
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, — be still!

"Must I pine in my fetters here?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear?
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, — be still!

"They are gone! they have all pass'd by!
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!
Sound again, clarion! clarion, pour thy blast!
Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past!"

The Trumpet.

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
Light up the beacon-pyre!
A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire!
A hundred banners to the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast;
And, hark! was that the sound of seas?
A king to war went past!

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth!
The mother on her firstborn son
Looks with a boding eye; —
They come not back, though all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side;
E'en for the marriage altar crowned,
The lover quits his bride!
And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By earthly clarion spread!
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead?

The Return to Poetry.

Once more the eternal melodies from far,
Woo me like songs of home: once more discerning
Through fitful clouds the pure majestic star,
Above the poet's world serenely burning, —
Thither my soul, fresh-winged by love, is turning,
As o'er the waves the wood-bird seeks her nest,
For those green heights of dewy stillness yearning,
Whence glorious minds o'erlook the earth's unrest.
Now be the spirit of Heaven's truth my guide
Through the bright land! that no brief gladness, found
In passing bloom, rich odour, or sweet sound,
May lure my footsteps from their aim aside:
Their true, high quest — to seek, if ne'er to gain,
The inmost, purest shrine of that august domain.

The Treasures of the Deep.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! — what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! — thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar, —
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! — those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown, —
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head, —
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice, — Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
Restore the dead, thou sea!

Cunningham.

Allan Cunningham ward am 7. December 1784 nicht weit von Dumfries geboren. Er war der Sohn eines Pächters, erhielt eine dürftige Schulbildung und musste dann, eilf Jahr alt, Maurerlehrling werden. Später ging er nach London und ward 1814 Aufseher im Atelier des berühmten Bildhauers Chantrey, eine Stelle, die er noch bekleidet. Später trat er mit seiner dramatischen Dichtung Sir Marmaduke Maxwell hervor; Walter Scott lenkte die Aufmerksamkeit des Publicums darauf und seit dieser Zeit war ihm eine Stelle unter den Dichtern Englands gesichert, die er würdig ausfüllt.

Neben mehreren prosaischen Werken hat er nur wenige Dichtungen veröffentlicht; noch bedeutender als jene obengenannte ist seine Maid of Elvar und seine Balladen und Lieder. In vielen der Letzteren hat er den Ton echter Volkspoesie so glücklich angeschlagen, dass sie selbst Kenner täuschten. Warmes Gefühl, Anmuth, Einfachheit, Eleganz und Wohlklang sind ihm eigen.

The Town and Country Child.

Child of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nurs'd to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June:
I sing of thee; — 'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.
Child of the town! for thee I sigh;
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless road,
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp, —
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair.
Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April, while she nursed her young;
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild bluebells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree, —
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.
Child of the town! for thee, alas!
Glad Nature spreads nor flowers nor grass.
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run:
A Maypole is thy blossom'd tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
Thy bird is cag'd, thy dove is where
Thy poulterer dwells, beside thy hare;
Thy fruit is pluck'd, and by the pound
Hawk'd clamorous all the city round;
No roses, twinborn on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds, — but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.
Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of spring;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree —
For climbing sake. 'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.
Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabin'd and confined,
At once from sun, and dew, and wind;

Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone;
The coachman there careering reels,
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And Commerce pours each poring son
In pelf's pursuit and hollos' run:
While flush'd with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day.
The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
There nought can sail, save what is stark.
Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

Awake, my Love!

Awake, my love! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim grey;
Ere yet the hare, cower'd close from view,
Licks from her fleece the clover dew:
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs:
Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake.

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,
Lac'd her green jupes, and clasp'd her shoon;
And from her home, by Preston-burn,
Came forth the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropp'd, — now loud, now hush, —
The goldspink answer'd from the bush;
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery grey,
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
Instinct with soul of song awake; —
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lovely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon carolling lark?
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
Warms its wild note with nuptial love;
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

The Lass of Gleneslan-mill.

The laverock loves the dewy light,
The bee the balmy fox-glove fair;
The shepherd loves the glowing morn,
When song and sunshine fill the air:
But I love best the summer moon,
With all her stars, pure streaming still;
For then, in light and love I meet,
The sweet lass of Gleneslan-mill.

The violets lay their blossoms low,
Beneath her white foot, on the plain;
Their fragrant heads the lilies wave,
Of her superior presence fain.
O might I clasp her to my heart,
And of her ripe lips have my will!
For loath to woo, and long to win,
Was she by green Gleneslan-mill.

Mute was the wind, soft fell the dew,
O'er Blackwood brow bright glow'd the moon;
Rills murmur'd music, and the stars
Refused to set our heads aboon:
Ye might have heard our beating hearts,
Our mixing breaths, — all was so still,
Till morning's light shone on her locks, —
Farewell, lass of Gleneslan-mill.

Wert thou an idol all of gold,
Had I the eye of worldish care, —
I could not think thee half so sweet,
Look on thee so, or love thee mair.
Till death's cold dewdrop dim mine eye,
This tongue be mute, this heart lie still, —
Thine every wish of joy and love,
My lass of green Gleneslan-mill!

The Poet's Bridal-day Song.

O! my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and fears;

Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain, —
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued
Ye seem, but of sedater mood:
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose:
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought;
And fancy in her heaven flies free, —
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old,
To silver than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit from fortune's tree;
And sweeter, still, to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine;
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought, —
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower:
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve, and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak,
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine!

A wet Sheet and a flowing Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast, —
And fills the white and rustling sail,
  And bends the gallant mast:
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
  I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
  And white waves heaving high:
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
  The good ship tight and free, —
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark! the music, mariners,
  The wind is piping loud:
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashing free, —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

Hunt.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, der Sohn eines Geistlichen der anglikanischen Kirche, ward am 19. October 1784 zu Southgate in Middlesex geboren, besuchte die Schule von Christ's Hospital und widmete sich dann literarischen Bestrebungen. Ein eifriger Anhänger der Reform hatte er harte Verfolgungen auszustehn, die er jedoch mannhaft überwand. Er lebte eine Zeit lang in Italien, in näherer Verbindung mit Lord Byron und kehrte dann nach England zurück, wo er vorzüglich bei Zeitschriften betheiligt ist.

Seine Dichtungen (Juvenilia, Feast of the Poets, Francesca da Rimini u. A. m.) erfreuen sich reicher Phantasie, grosser Lebhaftigkeit und warmen Gefühls, sind aber nicht immer frei von Affectation.

Songs and Chorus of the Flowers.

Roses.

We are blushing roses,
Bending with our fulness,
Midst our close-capp'd sister buds
Warming the green coolness.

Whatsoe'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly, —
See from what a slender
Stalk we bow'r in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender:

Know you not our only
Rival flow'r, — the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman?

Lilies.

We are lilies fair,
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
"Lo! my thoughts of white."

Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels
Also do we seem;
And not the less for being crown'd
With a golden dream.

Could you see around us
The enomour'd air,
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair.

Poppies.

We are slumberous poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
Leaves more bright than rose, —
Who shall tell what brightest thought
Out of darkest grows?
Who, through what funereal pain,
Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,
Unto eyes of power;
Pluto's alway-setting sun,
And Proserpine's bower:
There, like bees, the pale souls come
For our drink, with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also;
Milky-hearted, we; —

Taste, but with a reverent care;
Active-patient be.
Too much gladness brings to gloom
Those who on the gods presume.

Chorus.

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith;)
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath.
All who see us love us, —
We befit all places:
Unto sorrow we give smiles, — and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe, to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green, when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers, —
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top, sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling through the grass;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bridegroom pass.
Age, the wither'd clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his childhood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how heav'n loves colour;
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green; —
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues, made solely to be seen:
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of the flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travellers, weary eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prison'd thoughts we give sudden truce:
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses,
Mix'd with our sweet juices,
Whether man, or May-fly, profit of the balm;
As fair fingers heal'd
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
Ev'n the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine?
Elfin court 'twould seem;
And taught, perchance, that dream
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon nights divine.
To expound such wonder
Human speech avails not;
Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say;

Then think in what bright show'rs
We thicken fields and bow'rs,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May:
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the spring:
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the bloomy thicks with darksome antheming.
Beneath the very burthen
Of planet-pressing ocean,
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace, — a thought for meek devotion.

Tears of Phoebus, — missings
Of Cytherea's Kissings,
Have in us been found, and wise men find them still;
Drooping grace unfurls
Still Hyacinthus' curls,
And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill:
Thy red lip, Adonis,
Still is wet with morning;
And the step, that bled for thee, the rosy briar adorning.

Oh! true things are fables,
Fit for sagest tables,
And the flow'rs are true things, — yet no fables they;
Fables were not more
Bright, nor loved of yore, —
Yet they grew not, like the flow'rs, by every old pathway:
Grossest hand can test us;
Fools may prize us never; —
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise, — marvels sweet for ever.

Who shall say, that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy, — or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say, we sprang not there, —
And came not down that Love might bring one piece of heav'n the more?

Oh! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions,
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

To a Child, during Sickness.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears, —
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones
I will not think of now;
And calmly midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow:
But when thy fingers press,
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness, —
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! firstborn of thy mother,
When life and hope were new;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too:
My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison bound, —
My hand in hand companion, — no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed," —
"His voice," — "his face," — "is gone;"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on:
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fix'd, and sleeping!
This silence too the while —
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile: —
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We've finish'd here."

The Glove and the Lions.

King Francis was a hearty king, and lov'd a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:
Said Francis, then, "Faith gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same;
She thought, The count, my lover, is brave as brave can be —
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me:
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine, —
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine.

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him and smil'd;
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"By God!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity sets love a task like that!"

The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit.

To fish.

You strange, astonish'd-looking, angle-fac'd,
Dreary-mouth'd, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be grac'd,
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste;
And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be, —
Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste;

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights
What is't ye do? What life lead? eh, dull goggles?
How do ye vary your vile days and nights?
How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes, and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?

A Fish answers.

Amazing monster! that, for aught I know,
With the first sight of thee didst make our race
For ever stare! O flat and shocking face,
Grimly divided from the breast below!
Thou, that on dry land horribly dost go
With a split body, and most ridiculous pace
Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
Long-useless-finn'd, hair'd, upright, unwet, slow!

O breather of unbreathable, sword-ship air,
How canst exist! How bear thyself, thou dry
And dreary sloth? What particle canst share
Of the only blessed life, the watery?
I sometimes see of ye an actual pair
Go by! link'd fin by fin! most odiously.

The Fish turns into a Man, and then into a Spirit, and again speaks.

Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling still,
O man! and loathe, but with a sort of love;
For difference must itself by difference prove,
And, with sweet clang, the spheres with music fill.
One of the spirits am I, that at their will
Live in whate'er has life — fish, eagle, dove —
No hate, no pride, beneath nought, nor above,
A visiter of the rounds of God's sweet skill.

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves and graves,
Boundless in hope, honour'd with pangs austere,
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves: —
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,
A cold sweet silver life, wrapp'd in round waves,
Quicken'd with touches of transporting fear.

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold:
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord,"
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so;"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Norton.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton, die Tochter von Thomas und die Enkelin von Richard Brinsley Sheridan, ward in London 1808 geboren, vermählte sich in ihrem neunzehnten Jahre mit dem Hon. George Chapple Norton und ward später von ihm, nach englischer Sitte, öffentlich vor Gericht der Untreue angeklagt, ging aber rein und fleckenlos aus diesem skandalösen Process, dem, wie es hiess, eine politische Intrigue zu Grunde lag, hervor. Eine Trennung von ihrem Gatten erfolgte; Mistress Norton nahm darauf ihren Wohnsitz auf längere Zeit in Paris.

Sie hat zwei grössere Dichtungen The Sorrows of Rosalie und the Undying One, so wie viele kleinere lyrische Poesieen geschrieben, die sich sämmtlich durch Grazie, Energie und Gedankenfülle, weniger jedoch durch schöpferische Phantasie auszeichnen.

The Mourners.

Low she lies, who blest our eyes
Through many a sunny day;
She may not smile, she will not rise, —
The life hath past away!
Yet there is a world of light beyond,
Where we neither die nor sleep;
She is there, of whom our souls were fond,
Then wherefore do we weep?

The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told
In each glance of her glad bright eye;
And she lies pale, who was so bright,
She scarce seemed made to die.
Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
Where the saints their calm watch keep;
That angels are crowning that fair young brow, —
Then wherefore do we weep?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice,
Who caught the happy sound;
There was gladness in her very step,
As it lightly touched the ground.
The echoes of voice and step are gone,
There is silence still and deep;
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne, —
Then wherefore do we weep?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all, —
And her glossy golden hair!
But though that lid may never wake
From its dark and dreamless sleep;
She is gone where young hearts do not break, —
Then wherefore do we weep?

That world of light with joy is bright,
This is a world of woe:
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
Because we dwell below?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
And one long bright tress we'll keep;
We have only given her back to God, —
Ah! wherefore do we weep?

The Mother's Heart.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety lean'd to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given:
Obedient, — easy to be reconciled;
And meekly cheerful, — such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;
Nor leaving in thy turn: but pleased to glide
Thro' the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

Oh! boy, of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness, — prone to fade, —
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then **thou**, my merry love; — bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile; — the frequent soft caress; —
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with thee had reach'd its bound.

At length thou camest; thou, the last and least;
Nick-named "the Emperor," by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile: —

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming;
Fair shoulders — curling lip — and dauntless brow —
Fit for the world's strife, not for Poet's dreaming:
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing;
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call, —
But in the mother's heart found room for **all!**

The Child of Earth.

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
"I am content to die, — but, oh! not now! —
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe.
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow;
I am content to die, — but, oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer time;
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime:
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
"Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain-bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow;
I am content to die, — but, oh! not now!"

Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
"Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
I am content to die, — but, oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles: snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground:
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound:
Yet still that prayer ascends. "Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die, — but, oh! not now!"

The spring is come again — the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing: —
The child of earth is numbered with the dead!
"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow;
Why didst thou linger? — thou art happier now!"

Rogers.

Samuel Rogers ward 1762 in London geboren, wo sein Vater als Bankier lebte, erhielt eine sehr sorgfältige Bildung, machte grössere Reisen und trat dann in das väterliche Geschäft ein, seinen fortwährenden Aufenthalt in London, nur dann und wann durch einen Ausflug nach dem Festlande unterbrechend. Nach einigen Angaben starb er bereits 1832, nach Anderen, und dies scheint das Richtigere zu sein, lebt er noch in sehr hohem Alter.

Er gab heraus: Ode on Superstition and other Poems. London 1786. The pleasures of Memory, London 1792; Epistle to a Friend, London 1798; The vision of Columbus; Jacqueline; Human Life, London 1819; Poems, London 1815; Italy, London 1822, 5. Aufl. London 1830; Poems, London 1834, 2 Bde; u. A. m.

Sehr treffend characterisirt Sharon Turner ihn als Dichter in folgenden Zeilen:

Calm, elegant, correct, with finish'd touch,
That never leaves too little nor too much;
Attractive pictures and at times a gem
The Bard of Memory scatters round his stem,
A moral taste his graceful flower improves.
And strains melodious murmur as it moves;
Again thro' human life the music roves
And sweetly draws us to its ethic groves. —

An Italian Song.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

On a Tear.

Oh! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell, —
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of virtue shine, —
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief, —
When first we feel the rude controul
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime — in every age;
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

To an old Oak.

Round thee, alas! no shadows move, —
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe!
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath!

There once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-toss'd:
And, as the death-bell smote the wind,
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero cross'd!

Then culture came, and days serene,
And village-sports, and garlands gay:
Full many a pathway cross'd the green,
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen
To celebrate the May!

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy thunder fraught!
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,
Opening new spheres of thought!

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druid saw thee rise;
And, planting there the guardian-spell,
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
Of human sacrifice!

Thy singed top and branches bare
Now struggle in the evening sky;
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the long corse that shivers there
Of him who came to die!

Meeting with Lord Byron.

A Fragment from Roger's Italy.

— — — — Much had passed
Since last we parted; and those five years,
Much had they told! His clustering locks were turn'd
Grey, nor did aught recall the youth that swam
From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice,
Still it was sweet, still from his eye the thought
Flashed lightning-like nor lingered on the way,
Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
We sat, conversing — no unwelcome hour,
The hour we met; and, when Aurora rose,
Rising, we climbed the rugged Apennine.
Well I remember how the golden sun
Filled, with its beams, the unfathomable gulphs,
As on we travelled, and along the ridge
Mid groves of cork and cistus and wild fig,
His motley household came. Not last nor least,
Battista, who upon the moonlight-sea
Of Venice, had so ably, zealously
Served, and, at parting, flung his oar away,
To follow thro' the world; who without stain
Had worn so long that honourable badge,
The gondolier's, in a patrician house,
Arguing unlimited trust. — Not last nor least,
Thou, tho' declining in thy beauty and strength,
Faithful Moretto, to the latest hour
Guarding his chamber-door, and now along
The silent, sullen strand of Missolunghi
Howling in grief.
He had just left that place
Of old renown, once in the Adrian sea,
Ravenna; where, from Dante's sacred tomb
He had so oft, as many a verse declares,
Drawn inspiration; where at twilight-time
Thro' the pine-forest wandering with loose rein,
Wandering and lost, he had so oft beheld
(What is not visible to a poet's eye?)
The spectre-knight, the hell-hounds and their prey,
The chase, the slaughter, and the festal mirth
Suddenly blasted. 'Twas a theme he loved,
But others claimed their turn: and many a tower,
Shattered, uprooted from its native rock,
It's strength the pride of some heroic age,
Appeared and vanished (many a sturdy steer
Yoked and unyoked) while as in happier days
He poured his spirit forth. The past forgot,
All was enjoyment. Not a cloud obscured
Present or future.
He is now at rest,
And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,
Gone like a star that thro' the firmament
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
Was generous, noble — noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little; nothing there
Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
None more than I, thy gratitude would build
On slight foundations: and, if in thy life.
Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert.
Thy wish accomplished; dying in the land,
Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,
Dying in Greece and in a cause so glorious!

They in thy train — ah little did they think,
As round we went, that they so soon should sit
Mourning beside thee, while a nation mourned,
Changing her festal for her funeral song;
That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,
As morning gleamed on what remained of thee,
Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering
Thy years of joy and sorrow.
Thou art gone;
And he who would assail thee in thy grave,
Oh, let him pause! For who among us all,
Tried as thou wert — even from thine earliest years,
When wandering, yet unspoilt, a highland-boy —
Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame,
Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,
Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine
Her charmed cup — ah, who among us all
Could say he had not erred as much and more?

Columbus.

Say who first pass'd the portals of the West,
And the great Secret of the Deep possess'd;
Who first the standard of his Faith unfurl'd
On the dread confines of an unknown World;
Sung ere his coming — and by Heav'n design'd
To lift the veil that cover'd half mankind! . . . .
'Twas night. The Moon, o'er the wide wave, disclos'd
Her awful face; and Nature's self reposed;
When, slowly rising in the azure sky,
Three white sails shone — but to no mortal eye,
Entering a boundless sea. In slumber cast,
The very ship-boy, on the dizzy mast,
Half breath'd his orisons. Alone unchang'd
Calmly, beneath, the great Commander rang'd,
Thoughtful not sad. "Thy will be done!" he cried —
He spoke, and, at his call, a mighty Wind,
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,
But deep, majestic, in its destin'd course,
Rush'd with unerring, unrelenting force,
From the bright East. Tides duly ebb'd and flow'd;
Stars rose and set; and new horizons glow'd;
Yet still it blew! As with primeval sway
Still did its ample spirit, night and day
Move on the waters!
Yet who but He undaunted could explore
A world of waves — a sea without a shore,
Trackless and vast and wild as that reveal'd
When round the Ark the birds of tempest wheel'd,
When all was still in the destroying hour —
No trace of man! no vestige of its power!

War and the Great in war let others sing,
Havoc and spoil, and tears and triumphing;
The morning-march that flashes to the sun,
The feast of vultures when the day is done;
And the strange tale of many slain for one!
I sing a Man amidst his sufferings here,
Who watch'd and serv'd in humbleness and fear;
Gentle to others, to himself severe . . . .

Still unsubdued by Danger's varying form,
Still, as unconscious of the coming storm,
He look'd elate! His beard, his mien sublime,
Shadow'd by Age — by Age before the time,
From many a sorrow borne in many a clime,
Mov'd every heart.

A Farewell.

Once more, enchanting girl, adieu!
I must be gone, while yet I may.
Oft shall I weep to think of you;
But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,
For ever changing, yet the same,
Ah no, I dare not turn to trace,
It melts my soul, it fires my frame!

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,
One little lock of those so blest,
That lend your cheek a warmer glow,
And on your white neck love to rest.

Say when to kindle soft delight,
That hand has chanc'd with mine to meet,
How could its thrilling touch excite
A sigh so short and yet so sweet?

O say — but no, it must not be,
Adieu! A long, a long adieu!
Yet still, methinks, you frown on me;
Or never could I fly from you.

Landon.

Laetitia Elizabeth Landon (auf ihren frühern Werken nur durch die Initialen L. E. L. bezeichnet), ward 1804 in London geboren, erhielt eine sorgfältige Erziehung und zeichnete sich schon früh durch ihre dichterischen Fähigkeiten aus und trat zuerst um 1822 mit Poesieen hervor. Im Jahre 1838 vermählte sie sich mit George Maclean, dem Gouverneur von Cape-Coast-Castle und folgte diesem nach Südafrica, ward aber wenige Monate nachher am 15. October 1838 eines Morgens todt, ein Fläschchen mit Blausäure in der erstarrten Hand, an der Thür ihres Zimmers gefunden. Die Ursache ihres gewaltsamen Endes ist noch immer ein Räthsel. Vgl. The Life and Correspondence of L. E. L., London 1839, 3 Bde in 8.

Ihre vorzüglichsten Schriften sind: The Improvisatrice, London 1825 u. ö.; the Troubadour, the golden Bracelet, the golden Violet, London 1825—1827; the Vow of the Peacock, London 1835, sämmtlich grössere romantisch-epische Gedichte, denen eine Reihe kleinerer angehängt ist. Ausserdem hat sie noch mehrere Bände Erzählungen und Romane, und viele kleinere prosaische Aufsätze und Dichtungen für Zeitschriften und Almanache verfasst.

Eine überaus reiche Phantasie, Geschmack, Eleganz der Sprache und Harmonie des Verses sind die Hauptzierden ihrer Leistungen, deren Reiz oft durch eine melancholische Stimmung, die fast in ihren sämmtlichen Schriften vorwaltet, auf eigenthümliche Weise erhöht wird: doch war sie zu schöpferisch um ihren Arbeiten Tiefe und die nothwendige Vollendung geben zu können, was sie vielleicht erlangt haben würde, wenn ihr das Schicksal ein längeres, ungetrübtes Leben gestattet hätte.

Little Red Riding Hood.

Come back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before!
Come back, come back, my childhood;
Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of the wild wood,
From beside the charmed well!
Summer shed its shining store.
For Red Riding Hood, the darling, —
The flower of fairy lore.

The fields were covered over
With colours, as she went;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover,
Below her footsteps bent.
She was happy as she prest them
Beneath her little feet;
She pluck'd them and caress'd them —
They were so very sweet,
They had never seemed so sweet before,
To Red Riding Hood, darling, —
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day!
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they!
A world where phantasy is king,
Made all of eager dreaming, —
When once grown up and tall;
Now is the time for scheming,
Then we shall do them all!
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling, —
The flower of fairy lore?

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own;
A younger sister for the heart;
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright,
And her smile is pleasant,
With its rosy light.
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling, —
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower?
Winning it with eager eyes,
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight,
On the unforgotten glories

Of the infant sight?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling, —
The flower of fairy lore?

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us,
We, too, loiter mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling, —
The flower of fairy lore.

The first Grave,
in the new Churchyard at Brompton.

A single grave! — the only one
In this unbroken ground,
Where yet the garden leaf and flower
Are lingering around.
A single grave! — my heart has felt
How utterly alone
In crowded halls, where breathed for me
Not one familiar tone;

The shade where forest-trees shut out
All but the distant sky; —
I've felt the loneliness of night
When the dark winds pass'd by:
My pulse has quicken'd with its awe,
My lip has gasped for breath;
But what were they to such as this, —
The solitude of death!

A single grave! — we half forget
How sunder human ties,
When round the silent place of rest
A gathered kindred lies.
We stand beneath the haunted yew,
And watch each quiet tomb;
And in the ancient churchyard feel
Solemnity, not gloom:

The place is purified with hope,
The hope that is of prayer;
And human love, and heavenward thought,
And pious faith, are there,
The wild flowers spring amid the grass,
And many a stone appears, —
Carved by affection's memory,
Wet with affection's tears.

The golden chord which binds us all
Is loosed, not rent in twain;
And love, and hope, and fear, unite
To bring the past again.
But this grave is so desolate,
With no remembering stone;
No fellow-graves for sympathy, —
'Tis utterly alone.

I do not know who sleeps beneath,
His history or name, —
Whether, if lonely in his life,
He is in death the same:
Whether he died unloved, unmourned,
The last leaf on the bough;
Or, if some desolated hearth
Is weeping for him now.

Perhaps this is too fanciful: —
Though single be his sod,
Yet not the less it has around
The presence of his God.
It may be weakness of the heart,
But yet its kindliest, best:
Better if in our selfish world
It could be less represt.

Those gentler charities which draw
Man closer with his kind;
Those sweet humanities which make
The music which they find.
How many a bitter word 't would hush, —
How many a pang 't would save,
If life more precious held those ties
Which sanctify the grave!

The Moon.

The moon is sailing o'er the sky,
But lonely all, as if she pined
For somewhat of companionship,
And felt it were in vain she shined:

Earth is her mirror, and the stars
Are as the court around her throne;
She is a beauty and a queen, —
But what is this? she is alone.

Is there not one — not one — to share
Thy glorious royalty on high?
I cannot choose but pity thee,
Thou lovely orphan of the sky.

I'd rather be the meanest flower
That grows, my mother earth, on thee,
So there were others of my kin,
To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.

Earth, thou hast sorrow, grief, and death;
But with these better could I bear,
Than reach and rule yon radiant sphere,
And be a solitary there.

Venice.

Morn on the Adriatic, every wave
Is turned to light, and mimics the blue sky,
As if the ocean were another heaven;
Column, and tower, and fretted pinnacle
Are white with sunshine; and the few soft shades
Do but relieve the eye.
The morning-time —
The summer time, how beautiful they are!
A buoyant spirit fills the natural world,
And sheds its influence on humanity;
Man draws his breath more lightly, and forgets
The weight of cares that made the night seem long.
How beautiful the summer, and the morn,
When opening over forest and green field,
Waking the singing birds, till every leaf
Vibrates with music; and the flowers unfold,
Heavy and fragrant with their dewy sleep.
But here they only call to life and light
The far wide waste of waters, and the walls
Of a proud city, — yet how beautiful!
Not the calm beauty of a woodland world,
Fraught with sweet idleness and minstrel-dreams:
But beauty which awakes the intellect
More than the feelings; that of power and mind —
Man's power, man's mind — for never city raised
A prouder or a fairer brow than Venice,
The daughter and the mistress of the sea.
Far spread the ocean, — but it spread to bear
Her galleys o'er its depths, for war or wealth;
And raised upon foundations, which have robbed
The waters of its birthright, stand her halls.
Now enter in her palaces: a world
Has paid its tribute to their luxury;
The harvest of the rose, on Syria's plains,
Is reaped for Venice; from the Indian vales
The sandal-wood is brought to burn in Venice;
The ambergris that floats on eastern seas,
And spice, and cinnamon, and pearls that lie
Deep in the gulf of Ormus, are for Venice;
The Persian loom doth spread her silken floors;
And the clear gems from far Golconda's mines
Burn on the swanlike necks of her proud daughters —
For the fair wife of a Venetian noble
Doth often bear upon her ivory arm
The ransom of a kingdom. By the sword,
Drawn by the free and fearless; by the sail,
That sweeps the sea for riches, which are power,
The state of Venice is upheld: she is
A Christian Tyre, — save that her sea-girt gates
Do fear no enemy, and dread no fall.
Morn on the Adriatic, bright and glad!
And yet we are not joyful; there is here
A stronger influence than sweet Nature's joy:
The scene hath its own sorrow, and the heart
Ponders the lessons of mortality
Too gravely to be warmed by that delight
Born of the sun, and air, and morning prime.
For we forget the present as we stand,
So much beneath the shadow of the past:
And here the past is mighty. Memory
Lies heavy on the atmosphere around;
There is the sea, — but where now are the ships
That bore the will of Venice round the world?
Where are the sails that brought home victory
And wealth from other nations? No glad prows
Break up the waters into sparkling foam:
I only see some sluggish fishing-boats.
There are the palaces, — their marble fronts
Are grey and worn; and the rich furniture
Is stripped from the bare walls; or else the moth
Feeds on the velvet hangings. There they hang, —
The many pictures of the beautiful,
The brave, the noble, who were once Venetians:
But hourly doth the damp destroy their colours,
And Titian's hues are faded as the face
From which he painted. With a downcast brow,
Drawing his dark robe round him, which no more
Hides the rich silk or gems, walks the Venetian;
Proud, with a melancholy pride which dwells
Only upon the glories of the dead;
And humble, with a bitter consciousness
Of present degradation.
These are the things that tame the pride of man;
The spectral writings on the wall of time, —
Warnings from the Invisible, to show

Man's destiny is not in his own hands.
Cities and nations, each are in their turn
The mighty sacrifice which Time demands,
And offers up at the eternal throne, —
Signs of man's weakness, and man's vanity.

Roland's Tower.

O heaven, the deep fidelity of love!

Where, like a courser starting from the spur,
Rushes the deep-blue current of the Rhine,
A little island rests; green cypresses
Are its chief growth, bending their heavy boughs
O'er gray stones marking long-forgotten graves.
A convent once stood here; and yet remain
Relics of other times, pillars and walls,
Worn away and discoloured, yet so hung
With wreaths of ivy that the work of ruin
Is scarcely visible. How like this is
To the so false exterior of the world!
Outside all looks so fresh and beautiful;
But mildew, rot and worm, work on beneath,
Until the heart is utterly decayed.
There is one grave distinguished from the rest,
But only by a natural monument:
A thousand deep-blue violets have grown
Over the sod. — I do love violets:
They tell the history of woman's love;
They open with the earliest breath of spring;
Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew and light;
And, if they perish, perish with a sigh
Delicious as that life; on the hot June
They shed no perfume: the flowers may remain,
But the rich breathing of their leaves is past; —
Like woman, they have lost their loveliest gift,
When yielding to the fiery hour of passion:
The violet-breath of love is purity.

On the shore opposite a tower stands
In ruins, with a mourning-robe of moss
Hung on the gray and shattered walls, which fling
A shadow on the waters; it comes o'er
The waves, all bright with sunshine, like the gloom
Adversity throws on the heart's young gladness.
I saw the river on a summer-eve:
The sun was setting over fields of corn, —
'Twas like a golden sea; — and on the left
Were vineyards, whence the grapes shone forth like gems,
Rubies, and lighted amber; and thence spread
A wide heath covered with thick furze, whose flowers,
So bright, are like the pleasures of this world,
Beautiful in the distance, but, once gained,
Little worth, piercing through the thorns which grow
Around them ever. Wilder and more steep
The banks upon the river's other side:
Tall pines rose up like warriors; the wild rose
Was there in all its luxury of bloom,
Sown by the wind, nursed by the dew and sun:
And on the steeps were crosses gray and old,
Which told the fate of some poor traveller.
The dells were filled with dwarfed oaks and firs;
And on the heights, which mastered all the rest,
Were castles, tenanted now by the owl,
The spider's garrison: there is not one
Without some strange old legend of the days,
When love was life and death, — when lady's glove
Or sunny curl were banners of the battle. —
My history is of the tower which looks
Upon the little island.

Lord Herbert sat him in his hall: the hearth
Was blazing as it mocked the storm without
With its red cheerfulness: the dark hounds lay
Around the fire; and the old knight had doffed
His hunting-cloak, and listened to the lute
And song of the fair girl who at his knee
Was seated. In the April-hour of life,
When showers are led by rainbows and the heart
Is all bloom and green leaves, was Isabelle:
A band of pearls, white like the brow o'er which
They past, kept the bright curls from off the fore head; thence
They wandered to her feet — a golden shower.
She had that changing colour on the cheek
Which speaks the heart so well; those deep-blue eyes,
Like summer's darkest sky, but not so glad —
They were too passionate for happiness.
Light was within her eyes, bloom on her cheek,
Her song had raised the spirit of her race
Upon her eloquent brow. She had just told
Of the young Roland's deeds, — how he had stood
Against a host and conquered; when there came
A pilgrim to the hall — and never yet
Had stranger asked for shelter and in vain!
The board was spread, the Rhenish flask was drained;
Again they gathered round the hearth, again
The maiden raised her song; and at its close, —
"I would give worlds," she said, "to see this chief,

This gallant Roland! I could deem him all
A man must honour and a woman love!"
"Lady, I pray thee, not recall those words,
For I am Roland!" From his face he threw
The hood and pilgrim's cloak, — and a young knight
Knelt before Isabelle!

They loved; — they were beloved. Oh, happiness!
I have said all that can be said of bliss,
In saying that they loved. The young heart has
Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild pulse;
And it is love that works the mind, and brings
Its treasure to the light. I did love once —
Loved as youth — woman — genius loves; though now
My heart is chilled with fear, and taught to wear
That falsest of false things — a mask of smiles:
Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
Of that which has been! Love is like the glass,
That throws its own rich colour over all,
And makes all beautiful. The morning looks
Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red;
And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,
When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page
Bearing the poet's words of love: and then
The twilight-walk, when the linked arms can feel
The beating of the heart; upon the air
There is a music never heard but once, —
A light the eyes can never see again;
Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
And every song and tale that breathe of love
Seem echoes of the heart.

And time past by —
As time will ever pass, when Love has lent
His rainbow-plumes to aid his flight — and spring
Had wedded with the summer, when a steed
Stood at Lord Herbert's gate, — and Isabelle
Had wept farewell to Roland, and had given
Her blue scarf for his colours. He was gone
To raise his vassals, for Lord Herbert's towers
Were menaced with a siege; and he had sworn
By Isabelle's white hand, that he would claim
Its beauty only as a conqueror's prize.
Autumn was on the woods, when the blue Rhine
Grew red with blood: — Lord Herbert's banner flies,
And gallant is the bearing of his ranks.
But where is he who said that he would ride
At his right hand to battle? — Roland! where —
O where is Roland?

Isabelle has watched
Day after day, night after night, in vain,
Till she has wept in hopelessness and thought
Upon old histories, and said with them,
"There is no hope in man's fidelity!"
Isabelle stood upon her lonely tower;
And as the evening-star rose up, she saw
An armed train bearing her father's banner
In triumph to the castle. Down she flew
To greet the victors: — they had reached the hall
Before herself. What saw the maiden there?
A bier! — her father laid upon that bier!
Roland was kneeling by the side, his face
Bowed on his hands and hid; — but Isabelle
Knew the dark curling hair and stately form,
And threw her on his breast. He shrank away
As she were death, or sickness, or despair.
"Isabelle! it was I who slew thy father!"
She fell almost a corpse upon the body.
It was too true! With all a lover's speed,
Roland had sought the thickest of the fight;
He gained the field just as the crush began;
Unwitting of his colours, he had slain
The father of his worshipped Isabelle!

They met once more; — and Isabelle was changed
As much as if a lapse of years had past:
She was so thin, so pale and her dim eye
Had wept away its luxury of blue.
She had cut off her sunny hair, and wore
A robe of black, with a white crucifix:
It told her destiny — her youth was vowed
To Heaven. And in the convent of the isle
That day she was to enter, Roland stood
Like marble, cold and pale, and motionless:
The heavy sweat upon his brow was all
His sign of life. At length he snatched the scarf
That Isabelle had tied around his neck,
And gave it her — and prayed that she would wave
Its white folds from the lattice of her cell
At each pale rising of the evening star,
That he might know she lived. They parted: — Never
Those lovers met again! But Roland built
A tower beside the Rhine, and there he dwelt.
And every evening saw the white scarf waved,
And heard the vesper-hymn of Isabelle

Float in deep sweetness o'er the silent river.
One evening, and he did not see the scarf,
He watched and watched in vain; at length his hope
Grew desperate, and he prayed his Isabelle
Might have forgotten him: — but midnight came,
And with it came the convent's heavy bell,
Tolling for a departed soul; and then
He knew that Isabelle was dead! Next day
They laid her in her grave; and the moon rose
Upon a mourner weeping there: — that tomb
Was Roland's death-bed!

Croly.

George Croly ward um 1790 in Irland geboren, studirte zu Dublin Theologie und wurde dann Prediger auf einem Dorfe, wo er in stiller Abgeschiedenheit seinem Amte und seinen Studien lebte. Später besuchte er London und dann nach dem Frieden von 1815 Deutschland und Frankreich. Nach seiner Rückkehr ertheilte ihm die Universität Dublin das Ehrendiplom eines Doctors der Philosophie und er verwaltete von Neuem ein geistliches Amt, welches er 1835 mit dem Rectorat von St. Stephens in Walbrook vertauschte, das ihm Lord Lyndhurst ertheilte.

Croly hat viel veröffentlicht — mehrere bedeutende theologische Werke abgerechnet — wie z. B. Paris in 1815, a poem, the Angel of the World, grössere Dichtungen, Catilina, ein Trauerspiel; Gems from the Antique, kleinere Poesieen, Sala thiel, ein philosophischer Roman u. A. m.

Ausserordentliche Kraft und eine erhabene Lebensanschauung, sowie Gedankenfülle und reiche Phantasie characterisiren seine Leistungen, aber es fehlt ihnen an Wärme und Gemüthlichkeit und so haben sie weniger Verbreitung gefunden, als sie verdienen.

Pericles and Aspasia.

This was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame:
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king!

Yet, not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won;
Fear'd — but alone as freemen fear;
Loved, — but as freemen love alone:
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind,
By Nature's first great title — mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue;
Then eloquence first flash'd below!
Full arm'd to life the portent sprung,
Minerva, from the thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her aegis o'er the land!

And thron'd immortal, by his side,
A woman sits, with eye sublime, —
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in their darken'd age.

He perish'd — but his wreath was won —
He perish'd on his height of fame!
Then sank the cloud on Athens' sun;
Yet still she conquer'd in his name.
Fill'd with his soul, she could not die —
Her conquest was posterity!

Lines written at Spithead.

Hark to the knell!
It comes in the swell
Of the stormy ocean wave;
'Tis no earthly sound,
But a toll profound
From the mariner's deep sea grave.

When the billows dash,
And the signals flash,
And the thunder is on the gale;
And the ocean is white
In its own wild light,
Deadly, and dismal, and pale.

When the lightning's blaze
Smites the seaman's gaze,
And the sea rolls in fire and in foam;
And the surges' roar
Shakes the rocky shore,
We hear the sea-knell come.

There 'neath the billow,
The sand their pillow,
Ten thousand men lie low;
And still their dirge
Is sung by the surge,
When the stormy night-winds blow.

Sleep, warriors! sleep
On your pillow deep
In peace; for no mortal care,
No art can deceive, —
No anguish can heave
The heart that once slumbers there,

Leonidas.

Shout for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,
Who died within this mountain glen:
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on valour's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylae!

Shout for the mighty men,
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den,
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd — a storm of sword and spear —
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land:

But there are none to hear;
Greece is a hopeless slave.
Leonidas: no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now:
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.
The voice that should be raised by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given: the surge
The tree — the rock — the sand —
On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee:
The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell:

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where Justice has an ear to hear?
Be holy: God shall guide thy spear;
Till in thy crimson'd seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
Greece shall be a new-born star!

The Death of Leonidas.

It was the wild midnight,
A storm was on the sky;
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.

The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lash'd the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed in gore:

Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield;
Then, silent, gather'd round
The leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior-word, —
He bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roar'd,
And they rush'd upon the foe.

The fiery element
 Show'd, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart, and flag, and tent,
 Like the spectres of a dream.

All up the mountain side,
 All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide
 Waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas
 Among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass,
 Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,
 And the forest ceased its moan;
But there came a clash of steel,
 And a distant, dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,
 And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw
 A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill,
 A host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rush'd onwards still,
 Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,
 And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
 On the silken turbans came.

And still the Greek rush'd on
 Beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun,
 Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
 His midnight banquet, there:
And the treasures of the east
 Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast
 The bravest of the brave:
That feast must be their last,
 That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
 In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
 Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreath'd lyres
 From eunuch and from slave;
And taught the languid wires
 The sounds that freedom gave.

But now the morning star
 Crown'd Oeta's twilight brow:
And the Persian horn of war
 From the hills began to blow,

Up rose the glorious rank,
 To Greece one cup pour'd high, —
Then, hand in hand, they drank
 "To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
 When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell
 He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,
 With chariot and with charge;
Down pour'd the arrowy shower,
 Till sank the Dorian's targe.

They march'd within the tent,
 With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
 Then on high their torches flung.

To heaven the blaze uproll'd,
 Like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold
 Were the Grecians' funeral pyre.

Their king sat on the throne,
 His captains by his side, —
While the flame rush'd roaring on,
 And their paean loud replied!

Thus fought the Greek of old, —
 Thus will he fight again:
Shall not the selfsame mould
 Bring forth the selfsame men?

Wolfe.

Charles Wolfe ward am 14. December 1791 in Dublin geboren, studirte in seiner Vaterstadt Theologie und wurde dann Pfarrer zu Castle-Caulfield in Irland. Seine leidende Gesundheit zwang ihn ein wärmeres Klima aufzusuchen und er lebte daher eine Zeitlang in Bordeaux. In sein Vaterland zurückgekehrt fand sichs bald dass seine Heilung nur eine scheinbare gewesen; er starb in Folge der Auszehrung am 21. Februar 1823.

Wolfe hat nur wenige in Zeitschriften verstreute Gedichte hinterlassen, aber diese wenigen, namentlich das hier zuerst mitgetheilte auf den Tod des General Moore, sind meisterhaft und werden sein Andenken bei allen Freunden der Poesie bis zu den spätesten Zeiten erhalten.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we stedfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory.

Song.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain:
But when I speak, thou dost no say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

Landor.

Walter Savage Landor ward am 30. Januar 1775 zu Ipsley-Court in Warwickshire auf dem väterlichen Landgute geboren, erhielt eine treffliche Erziehung, studirte darauf in Oxford, diente dann in Spanien und liess sich später in Italien auf einer von ihm erkauften Villa bei Fiesole nieder, wo er noch lebt, nur selten sein Vaterland besuchend.

Er hat viel in Prosa geschrieben, aber nur einen Band Poesieen unter dem Titel Geber, Count Julian and other Poems herausgegeben, welche zum Theil früher einzeln erschienen sind. Gedankenfülle, Phantasie, Kraft, ausgebreitetes Wissen und reiche Menschenkenntniss verbunden mit Eleganz des Ausdruckes, weisen ihm einen sehr hohen Rang unter seinen poetischen Zeitgenossen an.

The Dragon-fly

Life (priest and poet say) is but a dream;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath some cool syringa's scented shade;
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the Dragon-fly
Wanders as careless and content as I.

Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and meshy wing,
Who, with indifference, givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river!
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing!

To Janthe.

While the winds whistle round my cheerless room,
And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;
While indistinct lie rude and cultured lands,
The ripening harvest and the hoary sands:
Alone, and destitute of every page
That fires the poet, or informs the sage,
Where shall my wishes, where my fancy rove,
Rest upon past or cherish promised love?
Alas! the past I never can regain,
Wishes may rise, and tears may flow in vain.
Fancy, that shews her in her early bloom,
Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
What then would passion, what would reason do?
Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue,
Here will I sit, 'till heaven shall cease to lour,
And happier Hesper bring the appointed hour;
Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,
Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

Faesulan Idyl.

Here, where precipitate Spring with one light bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs, that want the lute to play with them,
And softer sighs, that know not what they want;
Under a wall, beneath an orange-tree
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesole right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seemed to show me with their nods
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden steps,
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
(Such I believed it must be); for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot, that, although half erect
From its grey slipper, could not lift her up

To what she wanted: I held down a branch
And gather'd her some blossoms, since their hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
Of harder wing were working their way through
And scattering them in fragments under foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
For such appear the petals when detach'd,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen through, by eye or sun:
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first — I thought not so,
But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said: "You find the largest."
"This indeed,"
Cried she, "is large and sweet."
She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts.
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen.
She drew back
The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

The Maid's Lament.

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas fain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me: but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And, oh: pray, too, for me!

To Corinth.

Queen of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Shew but like herbage waving in the mead;
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away — the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises.
But, O Queen,
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
As when they first were uttered, are those words
Divine which praised the valiant and the just;
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
So perilous, him who brought before his eye
The Colchian babes.
"Stay! spare him! save the last!
Medea: — is that blood? again! it drops
From my imploring hand upon my feet; —
I will invoke the Eumenides no more.
I will forgive the — bless the — bend to thee
In all thy wishes — do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives."
"And shall I too deceive?"
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;
And swifter than two falling stars descend
Two breathless bodies — warm, soft, motionless,
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him — such they lie
As when he left them sleeping side by side,
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks
Between them, flushed with happiness and love.
He was more changed than they were — doomed to shew
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarred
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.

To give the inertest masses of our earth
Her loveliest forms was thine, to fix the gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.
A nobler work remains: thy citadel
Invites all Greece; o'er lands and floods remote
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:
Confide then in thy strength, and unappalled
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
Run bellowing, where their herdsmen goad them on;

Instinct is sharp in them, and terror true —
They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.
Ere you are sweet, but freed
From life, you then are prized; thus prized are poets too.

The Briar.

My briar that smelledst sweet,
When gentle spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins;
Thou that couldst injure none,
But wouldst be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine remains.

What: hath no poet's lyre
O'er thee, sweet breathing briar,
Hung fondly, ill or well?
And yet, methinks with thee,
A poet's sympathy,
Whether in weal or woe in life or death, might dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,
Few hands your youth will rear,
Few bosoms cherish you;
Your tender prime must bleed

Sixteen.

In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not cull'd as sweet before —
Ah, yes, Lucilla: and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever;
And Modesty, who, when she goes
Is gone for ever.

Campbell.

Thomas Campbell ward im Jahre 1777 in Glasgow geboren, studirte hier und zu Edinburg, sich auf beiden Universitäten durch seine glänzenden Fähigkeiten und Leistungen auszeichnend. Im Jahre 1800 bereiste er den Continent, verlebte ein volles Jahr in Deutschland und ging dann, 1803 nach London, wo er Professor an der Royal Institution wurde. Er starb daselbst allgemein verehrt 1844.

Campbell hat ausser vielen sehr elegant geschriebenen prosaischen Arbeiten und einer ziemlichen Anzahl kleinerer Poesieen, drei grössere poetische Werke: The Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming und Theodric geliefert. Eine Sammlung seiner poetischen Werke erschien 1837 mit Illustrationen von Turner, in 2 Bänden.

Reichthum der Phantasie, Tiefe und Wahrheit der Gefühls, begeisterte Wärme für alles Gute und Grosse und der höchste Glanz der Diction sind die schönsten Blüthen in Campbell's Dichterkranze, doch trifft ihn ein Tadel, der bei manchem Anderen als Lob erscheinen würde, er strebt zu ängstlich nach Correctheit und giebt sich daher nie dem Drange seines Genius hin, sondern fesselt diesen nur zu oft mit den eigensinnigen Ketten der Regel. Er reiht sich den grössten Dichtern seiner und aller Nationen auf das Würdigste an, und sein Name wie seine Werke werden allen Freunden echter Poesie unvergesslich bleiben.

To the Evening-star.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above;
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as her's we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard, —
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages, whose smoke unstirr'd,
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
  Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
  Of thrilling vows thou art, —
Too delicious to be riven
  By absence from the heart.

To the Rain-bow.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
  When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
  To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
  A midway station given —
For happy spirits to alight
  Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
  Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
  Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from creation's face
  Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
  To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
  But words of the Most High
Have told why first thy robe of beams
  Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
  Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth,
  To watch thy sacred sign?

And when its yellow lustre smiled
  O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
  To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
  The first made anthem rang
On earth, delivered from the deep,
  And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,
  Unraptured greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
  Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
  The lark thy welcome sings, —
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
  The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is the girdle cast
  O'er mountain, tower, and town;
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
  A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
  As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
  First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
  Heaven still rebuilds thy span;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
  That first spoke peace to man.

Ye Mariners of England.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow:
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow, —
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow:
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark, —
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below, —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow:
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

The Exile of Erin.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger, —
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, — or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh, my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure, —
But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion, —
Erin mavournin, — Erin go bragh!

The last Man.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight, — the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread:
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by, —
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will:
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day;

For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men;
Nor with thy rising beams recal
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste;
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality
Or shake his trust in God!"

The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce, — for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-power'd, —
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die,

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us, — rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

O'Connor's Child, or the Flower of Love lies bleeding.

Oh! once the harp of Innisfail
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.

Sad was the note, and wild its fall;
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connors child to mourn,
The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt;
Say, why should dwell in place so wild
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloomed a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broche, the jewelled ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone
Like dews on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kern
Beneath de Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host
So far on Galways shipwrecked coast?
Why wanders she a huntress wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevell'd are her raven-locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Plac'd in the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shielding door
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet:
For lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light — a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassel'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,
More richly than in Aghrim's bower
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat in a golden cup.

A hero's bride! this desert bower
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call: — "My love lies bleeding."
"This purple flower my tears have nursed;
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I loved it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
Oh! hearken, stranger to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here this pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bore witness that he was my own."

"O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory.
But woe to them, that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story.
Still as I clasp my burning brain
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
And rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud — the fatal night,
When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They call'd my hero basely born
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand:
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O'Connor;
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A meaner crest upon his shield."

"Ah, brothers! what did it avail
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the pale
And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry?
And what was it to love and me
That barons by our standard rode,
Or peal-fires for your jubilee
Upon an hundred mountains glowed?
What though the lords of tower and dome,
From Shannon to the North-sea-foam,
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?

No: — let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone!"

"At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love — 'Oh, come with me:
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree;
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans —
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love!' — How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes."

"And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring rushed we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle-Connor fade!
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening-food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, oh, that midnight of despair!
When I was doom'd to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
The night, to me, that had no morrow!"

"When all was hushed, at even-tide,
I heard the baying of their beagle,
Be hushed, my Connocht Moran cried,
'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas! 't was not the eyrie's sound,
Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
Up listening starts our couchant hound —
And, hark! again that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare, spare him — Brazil, Desmond fierce!
In vain — no voice the adder charms.
Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms:
Another's sword had laid him low —
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow —
Ah me! it was a brother's.
Yes, when his moanings died away
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial-turf they trod,
And I beheld — oh God! oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod!"

"Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior spirit brave,
Nor mass, nor ulla-lulla heard
Lamenting soothe his grave.
Dragged to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's gasp I lay,
I knew not, for my soul was black
And knew no chance of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And check'd my bosom's power to sob;
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear."

"But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire:
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight-skies.
That standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave, that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

And go! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek;
Go! — and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal-brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd. —
O stranger, by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given
To speak the malison of heaven."

"They would have cross'd themselves; all mute,
They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But, at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down pow'rless fell!
And go to Athunree! (I cried)
High lift the banner of your pride!
But know, that where its sheet unrolls,
The weight of blood is on your souls.
Go, where the havoc of your kern
Shall float as high as mountain-fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!
Away, away to Athunree!
Where downward, when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizar from your dying face!"

"A bolt that overhung our dome,
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam
Pealed in the blood-red heaven

Dire was the look, that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:
But now, behold! like cataracts
Came down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partizans.
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom."

"Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child,
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild:
And still may home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake
The flower of love lies bleeding."

Procter.

Bryan Walter Procter, als Dichter nur unter dem Namen Barry Cornwall bekannt, ward um 1790 in London geboren, widmete sich der Rechtswissenschaft und lebt als Advocat in seiner Vaterstadt. Seit dem Jahre 1815 trat er jedoch nie unter seinem eigenen Namen als Dichter auf und veröffentlichte bis jetzt: Dramatic Scenes; A Sicilian Story; Marcian Colonna; the Flood of Thessaly, Mirandola, viele kleinere Poesieen, Lieder u. A. m. Reiche Phantasie, Geist und seltene Herrschaft über Form und Sprache sind ihm eigen, aber sein Streben nach Natürlichkeit verleitet ihn oft gerade zum Gegentheil. Unter seinen Liedern ist viel überaus Gelungenes.

Song.

Here's a health to thee, Mary,
Here's a health to thee;
The drinkers are gone,
And I am alone,
To think of home and thee, Mary.

There are some who may shine o'er thee, Mary,
And many as frank and free;
And a few as fair, —
But the summer air
Is not more sweet to me, Mary.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Mary,
And thy dimm'd and gentle eye;
And I've call'd on thy name
When the night winds came,
And heard my heart reply, Mary.

Be thou but true to me, Mary,
And I'll be true to thee;
And at set of sun,
When my task is done,
Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary.

Woman.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, — but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that play'd round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh; —
And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart;
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

Stanzas.

In glowing youth he stood beside
His native stream, and saw it glide,
Showing each gem beneath its tide, —
Calm as though nought could break its rest,
Reflecting heaven on its breast;
And seeming, in its flow, to be
Like candour, peace, and piety.

When life began its brilliant dream,
His heart was like his native stream;
The wave-shrined gems could scarcely seem
Less hidden than each wish it knew:
Its life flow'd on as calmly, too;
And heaven shielded it from sin,
To see itself reflected in.

He stood beside that stream again,
When years had fled in strife and pain;
He look'd for its calm course in vain, —
For storms profaned its peaceful flow,
And clouds o'erhung its crystal brow;
And turning then, he sigh'd to deem
His heart still like his native stream.

The Blood-horse.

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed;
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known:
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within;
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light:
Look! — how round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is on his reins
And the red blood gallops through his veins;
Richer, redder never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire, —
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!
He — who hath no peer — was born
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers, dead,
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred:
And the last of that great line
Seemed as of a race divine!
And yet — he was but friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green:
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived — (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day) —
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

King Death.

King Death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And pour'd out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows, with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning, —
The poet his fancied woes;
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine;
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in death's black wine.
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

Dirge.

Let the moaning music die,
Let the hope-deceived fly,
Turn'd by strong neglect to pain!
Let the mind desert the brain,
Leaving all to dark decay,
Like a lump of idle clay!

They are gone who loved and — died, —
The once lover and his bride;
Therefore we our sorrow weave
Into songs; — yet wherefore grieve?
Though they sleep an endless sleep,
Why should we despair and weep?
They are gone together:
They are safe from wind and weather,
Lightning and the drowning rain,
And the hell of earthly pain.
They are dead; — or if they live,
There is One who can forgive,
Though a thousand errors ran
Through the fond, false heart of man.

Let the moaning music perish!
Wherefore should we strive to cherish
Sorrow, like the desert rain?
Though we weep, we weep in vain!
They are gone together,
Haply to the summer shores, —
Where the bright and cloudless weather
Shineth, and for ever pours
Music with the flooding light,
And the night doth chase the day,
And the morn doth chase the night,
Like a starry fawn away!

They are gone — where pleasure reigns
Sinless on the golden plains,
Far above the scathing thunder,
Far above the storms and jars
Of earth, and live delighted under
The bright silence of the stars!
Therefore let the music die, —
Thoughtless hope and sorrow fly:
They are happy, — happier than
We who, in the mask of man,
Pour our unavailing tears
Over Beauty's number'd years!

Serenade.

Awake! — the starry midnight hour
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight;
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
And the doves lie hushed in deep delight!
Awake! awake!
Look forth, my love, for love's sweet sake!

Awake! — soft dews will soon arise
From daisied mead, and thorny brake;
Then, sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
And like the tender morning break!
Awake! awake!
Dawn forth, my love, for love's sweet sake!

Awake! — within the musk-rose bower
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee;
Ah, come and shew the starry hour
What wealth of love thou hidest from me!
Awake! awake!
Shew all thy love, for love's sweet sake!

Awake! — ne'er heed, though listening night
Steal music from thy silver voice;
Uncloud thy beauty rare and bright,
And bid the world and me rejoice!
Awake! awake!
She comes, at last, for love's sweet sake!

Life.

We are born; we laugh, we weep,
We love, we droop, we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep? —
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil — through pain and wrong;
We fight, and fly;
We love, we lose — and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and — die?"

To a wounded singing Bird.

Poor singer! hath the fowler's gun,
Or the sharp winter done thee harm?
We'll lay thee gently in the sun,
And breathe on thee, and keep thee warm;
Perhaps some human kindness still
May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in, and nurse thee well,
And save thee from the winter wild,
Till summer fall on field and fell,
And thou shalt be our feather'd child;
And tell us all thy pain and wrong,
When thou canst speak again in song.

Fear not, nor tremble, little bird,
We'll use thee kindly now;
And sure there's in a friendly word
An accent even thou shouldst know;
For kindness which the heart doth teach
Disdaineth all peculiar speech:

'Tis common to the bird and brute,
To fallen man, to angel bright;
And sweeter 'tis than lonely lute
Heard in the air at night;
Divine and universal tongue,
Whether by bird or spirit sung!

But, hark! is that a sound we hear
Come chirping from its throat,
Faint, short — but weak — and very clear,
And like a little grateful note?
Another? ha! look where it lies, —
It shivers, — gasps, — is still, — it dies!

'Tis dead! 'tis dead! and all our care
Is useless. Now, in vain
The mother's woe doth pierce the air,
Calling her nestling bird again!
All's vain; the singer's heart is cold,
Its eye is dim, — its fortune told!

An Invocation to Birds.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool,
And ye, who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phoenix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian, — lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs,
Until they waken; and thou, cuckoo bird,
Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouch'd echo whom the woods deny
Sight of her love, come all to my slow charm!
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth
(Epithalamium and Pindarique song),
And with it enrich our ears; come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper — Love!

Bowles.

William Lisle Bowles ward am 4. September 1762 im Dorfe King's Sutton in Northamptonshire geboren, erhielt seine wissenschaftliche Bildung zu Winchester und Oxford und verwaltete dann nacheinander mehrere Pfarrämter, zuletzt das Rectorat von Bremhill in Wiltshire, wo er noch in hohem Alter lebt. Er hat viele Poesieen veröffentlicht, unter denen seine Sonnette und seine grössere Dichtung the Spirit of Discovery, London 1805 u. ö., sich den meisten Beifall erwarben. Die Herausgabe von Pope's Werken verwickelte ihn in einen literarischen Streit mit Byron, in welchem er zwar den Kürzeren zog. sich aber als Kritiker dennoch grosse Achtung erwarb.

Reinheit der Gesinnung, Einfachheit, Würde und anmuthige Behandlung verleihen seinen poetischen Leistungen einen bleibenden Werth und weisen ihrem Verfasser einen ehrenvollen Rang unter seinen Zeitgenossen an.

St. Michael's Mount.

Mountain! no pomp of waving woods hast thou,
That deck with varied shade thy hoary brow;
No sunny meadows at thy feet are spread, —
No streamlets sparkle o'er their pebbly bed.
But thou canst boast thy beauties, — ample views
That catch the rapt eye of the pausing Muse:
Headlands around new-lighted; sails, and seas
Now glassy smooth, — now wrinkling to the breeze;
And when the drizzly winter, wrapt in sleet,
Goes by, and winds and rain thy ramparts beat, —
Fancy can see thee standing thus aloof,
And frowning, bleak and bare, and tempest-proof,
Look, as with awful confidence, and brave
The howling hurricane, — the dashing wave;
More graceful when the storm's dark vapours frown,
Than when the summer suns in pomp go down!

Restoration of Malmesbury Abbey.

Monastic and time-consecrated fane!
Thou hast put on thy shapely state again,
Almost august, as in thy early day,
Ere ruthless Henry rent thy pomp away.
No more the mass on holidays is sung,
The host high-raised, or fuming censer swung;
No more, in amice white, the fathers, slow,
With lighted tapers, in long order go; —
Yet the tall window lifts its arched height,
As to admit heaven's pale but purer light;
Those massy-cluster'd columns, whose long rows,
E'en at noon-day, in shadowy pomp repose
Amid the silent sanctity of death,
Like giants, seem to guard the dust beneath:
Those roofs re-echo (though no altars blaze)
The prayer of penitence, the hymn of praise;
Whilst meek Religion's self, as with a smile,
Reprints the tracery of the hoary pile, —
Worthy its guest, the temple. What remains?
Oh, mightiest Master! thy immortal strains
These roofs demand. Listen, — with prelude slow,
Solemnly sweet, yet full, the organs blow.
And, hark! again, heard ye the choral chaunt
Peal through the echoing arches, jubilant?
More softly now, imploring litanies,
Wafted to heaven, and mingling with the sighs
Of penitence, from yon high altar rise:
Again the vaulted roof "Hosannah" rings —
"Hosannah! Lord of lords, and King of kings!"
Rent, but not prostrate, — stricken, yet sublime,
Reckless alike of injuries or time;
Thou unsubdued, in silent majesty,
The tempest hast defied, and shalt defy!
The temple of our Sion so shall mock
The muttering storm, the very earthquake's shock,
Founded, O Christ, on thy eternal rock!

Summer Evening, at Home.

Come, lovely Evening, with thy smile of peace
Visit my humble dwelling, welcomed in,
Not with loud shouts, and the throng'd city's din,

But with such sounds as bid all tumult cease
Of the sick heart; the grasshopper's faint pipe
Beneath the blades of dewy grass unripe,
The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol rude
Heard indistinctly from the village green,
The bird's last twitter from the hedge-row scene,
Where, just before, the scatter'd crumbs I strew'd,
To pay him for his farewell song, — all these
Touch soothingly the troubled ear, and please
The stilly-stirring fancies, — though my hours
(For I have droop'd beneath life's early show'rs)
Pass lonely oft, — and oft my heart is sad;
Yet I can leave the world, and feel most glad
To meet thee, Evening here; here my own hand
Has deck'd with trees and shrubs the slopes around,
And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fann'd,
Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell sound,
That seems to say, "Forget the transient tear
Thy pale youth shed, — repose and peace are here."

Winter Evening, at Home.

Fair moon! that at the chilly day's decline
Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
In thought, to scenes, serene and still as thine,
Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
Sombrous and strange upon the dark'ning wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deep'ning night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without; and whilst I gaze
I think — around me in this twilight room —
I but remark mortality's sad gloom;
Whilst hope, and joy, cloudless and soft appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere!

Sonnets.

Time.

O time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile, —
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while: —
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

Dover Cliffs.

On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood,
Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wand'rer has stood;
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear;
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part:
But, if like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide —
The world his country, and his God his guide.

As one, who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watch'd the ling'ring night, and heard,
Heartless the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch; now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bathed in slow-ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms fantastic wander white;
Or turns his ear to every random song,
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight:
With such delight o'er all my heart I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal!

April.

Whose was the gentle voice, that, whispering sweet,
Promised, methought, long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music, that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping! 'Twas the voice of Hope:
Of love and social scenes, it seem'd to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That oh! poor friend, might to life's downward slope
Lead us in peace, and bless our latest hours.
Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung;
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bow'rs,
Whilst horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,
"No peace be thine," exclaim'd, "away! away!"

May.

How shall I meet thee, Summer, wont to fill
My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
First came, and on each coomb's romantic side
Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill?
Fresh flow'rs shall fringe the wild brink of the stream,
As with the song of joyance and of hope,
The hedge-rows shall ring aloud, and on the slope
The poplars sparkle on the transient beam,
The shrubs and laurels which I love to tend,
Thinking their May-tide fragrance might delight,
With many a peaceful charm, thee, my best friend,
Shall put forth their green shoot, and cheer the sight!
But I shall mark their hues with sick'ning eyes,
And weep for her who in the cold grave lies!

Netley Abbey.

Fall'n pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once full proudly in their prime
And beauteous might have stood, till bow'd by time
Or injury, their early beast forgot,
They may have fallen like thee: pale and forlorn,
Their brows, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
They lift, majestic yet, as they would scorn
This short-lived scene of vanity and woe;
Whilst on their sad looks, smilingly, they bear
The trace of creeping age, and the dim hue of care!

Remembrance.

I shall look back, when on the main, —
Back to my native isle,
And almost think I hear again
Thy voice, and view thy smile.

But many days may pass away
Ere I again shall see
Amid the young, the fair, the gay, —
One who resembles thee.

Yet when the pensive thought shall dwell
On some ideal maid,
Whom fancy's pencil pictured well,
And touched with softest shade:

The imaged form I shall survey,
And, pausing at the view,
Recal thy gentle smile, and say,
"Oh, such a maid I knew!"

Tighe.

Mary Tighe, die Tochter des Pfarrers Blachford, ward 1773 in Irland geboren, vermählte sich in früher Jugend mit einem Herrn Tighe und brachte den grössten Theil ihres übrigen Lebens in Woodstock zu, wo sie am 24. März 1810 starb, während ihrer letzten sieben Jahre durch Lähmung an das Lager gefesselt. Ihre Gedichte erschienen erst nach ihrem Tode; unter diesen ist Psyche als das Bedeutendste zu betrachten, doch athmen auch ihre kleinen Poesieen viel Anmuth und Zartheit, und wurden zu ihrer Zeit gern gelesen, bis die grossartigen poetischen Erscheinungen der nächsten Periode dieselben zurückdrängten.

Hagar in the Desert.

Injured, hopeless, faint, and weary,
Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can speak a mother's anguish,
Painted in that tearless eye,
Which beholds her darling languish, —
Languish unrelieved, and die.

Lo! the empty pitcher fails her,
Perishing with thirst he lies;
Death, with deep despair assails her,
Piteous as for aid he cries.

From the dreadful image flying,
Wild she rushes from the sight;
In the agonies of dying
Can she see her soul's delight?

Now bereft of every hope,
Cast upon the burning ground,
Poor, abandoned soul! look up,
Mercy have thy sorrows found.

Lo! the angel of the Lord
Comes thy great distress to cheer;
Listen to the gracious word,
See divine relief is near.

"Care of Heaven! though man forsake thee,
Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn?
From thy dream of woe awake thee,
To thy rescued child return.

"Lift thine eyes, behold yon fountain,
Sparkling mid those fruitful trees;
Lo! beneath yon sheltering mountain
Smile for thee green bowers of ease.

"In the hour of sore affliction,
God hath seen and pitied thee;
Cheer thee in the sweet conviction,
Thou henceforth his care shalt be.

"Be no more by doubts distressed,
Mother of a mighty race!
By contempt no more oppressed,
Thou hast found a resting place."

Thus from peace and comfort driven,
Thou, poor soul, all desolate;
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven
Found thee, in thy abject state.

O'er thy empty pitcher, mourning,
Mid the desert of the world;
Thus, with shame and anguish burning,
From thy cherished pleasures hurled:

See thy great deliverer nigh,
Calls thee from thy sorrow vain;
Bids thee on his love rely,
Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eyes the mists dispelling,
Lo! the well of life he shows;
In his presence ever dwelling,
Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects rich in blessing,
Open to thy hopes secure;
Sure of endless joys' possessing,
Of an heavenly kingdom sure.

On receiving a Branch of Mezereon, which flowered at Woodstock, December, 1809.

Odours of spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature;
And, mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
Beloved friends, adieu!
The bitterness of death were past,
Could I resign but you.

But oh! in every mortal pang
That rends my soul from life, —
That soul, which seems on you to hang
Through each convulsive strife,
Even now, with agonizing grasp
Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp,
Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark!
Thus mortally opprest?
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark
And bid thy terrors rest;
Forget, forego thy earthly part,
Thine heavenly being trust:
Ah, vain attempt! my coward heart
Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye! who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer.
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear;

Whose kindness (though far, far removed)
My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,
My last sad claim receive!
Oh! do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

Wolcot.

John Wolcot, bekannter unter seinem Poetennamen Peter Pindar, ward 1738 zu Dodbrock in Devonshire geboren, studirte Arzneiwissenschaft und begleitete 1767 Sir William Trelawney als Arzt nach Jamaika, wo er jedoch zum geistlichen Stande übertrat und eine Pfarre erhielt. Später nach England zurückgekehrt, nahm er wieder als practischer Arzt seinen Wohnsitz zu Truro in Cornwall und ging endlich 1780 nach London, wo er sich gänzlich literarischen Arbeiten widmete und sich durch seine Satyren, in welchen er namentlich die königliche Familie angriff, ausgebreiteten Ruf erwarb. Er starb in hohem Alter am 14. Januar 1819.

Seine gesammelten Werke erschienen zuerst London 1794, die neueste Auflage London 1816, 4 Bde in 8.; sie enthalten the Lousiad, ein komisches Epos, viele Satyren, satyrische Oden, Lieder u. s. w. In allen seinen Leistungen sprudelt eine üppige Quelle von Witz und Humor, aber eben so oft ist er cynisch, ungerecht und gemein und nur wenige von seinen Poesieen verdienen der Nachwelt erhalten zu werden, um so mehr da die Zeitanspielungen in den meisten mit den Jahren gänzlich ihr Interesse verloren haben.

To Julia.

From her whom ev'ry heart must love,
And ev'ry eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove, —
Ah! were she fair alone for me!

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her form from mem'ry part;
That form still dwells on mem'ry's eye,
And roots its beauties in my heart.

In ev'ry rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheek's pure blush appear;
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis Julia's voice salutes my ear.

Thus let me rove the world around,
Whatever beauty's charm can boast,
Or soothe the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the idol I have lost.

Song.

The wretch, O let me never know,
Who turns from pity's tearful eye;
Who melts not at the dirge of woe,
But bids the soul renew its sigh!

O say not with the voice of scorn,
"The lilies of thy neck are fled,
Thine eyes their vanish'd radiance mourn,
The roses of thy cheek are dead."

Too cruel youth, with tears I own,
The rose and lily's sad decay;
And, sorrowing, wish for thee alone,
Their transient bloom a longer day.

Yet though thine eyes no longer trace
The healthful blush of former charms;
Remember that each luckless grace,
O Colin, faded in thy arms!

Madrigal.

When Love and Truth together play'd,
So cheerful was the shepherd's song!
How happy, too, the rural maid!
How light the minutes wing'd along!
But Love has left the sighing vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Sly stealing, see, from scene to scene,
The watchful Jealousy appear;
And pale Distrust with troubled mien,
The rolling eve, and list'ning ear!
For Love has left the sighing vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Ah! shall we see no more the hour,
That wafted rapture on its wing!
With murmurs shall the riv'let pour,
That prattled from its crystal spring?
Yes, yes, while Love forsakes the vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

A Pastoral Song.

Farewell, O farewell to the day,
That smiling with happiness flew!
Ye verdures and blushes of May,
Ye songs of the linnet, adieu!

In tears from the vale I depart,
In anguish I move from the fair;
For what are those scenes to the heart
Which Fortune has doom'd to despair?

Love frowns, — and how dark is the hour!
Of rapture, departed the breath!
So gloomy the grove and the bow'r,
I tread the pale valley of death.

With envy I wander forlorn,
At the breeze which her beauty has fann'd;
And I envy the bird on the thorn,
Who sits watching the crumbs from her hand.

I envy the lark o'er her cot,
Who calls her from slumber, so blest;
Nay, I envy the nightingale's note,
The Syren who sings her to rest.

On her hamlet once more let me dwell, —
One look! (the last comfort!) be mine;
O pleasure, and Delia, farewell!
Now, sorrow, I ever am thine.

Song.

O nymph! of Fortune's smiles beware,
Nor heed the Syren's flattering tongue;
She lures thee to the haunts of care,
Where sorrow pours a ceaseless song.

Ah! what are all her piles of gold?
Can those the host of care controul?
The splendour which thine eyes behold,
Is not the sunshine of the soul.

To love alone thy homage pay,
The queen of ev'ry true delight;
Her smiles with joy shall gild thy day,
And bless the visions of the night.

Economy.

Economy's a very useful broom,
Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
To catch each straggling pin to make a plumb;
Too oft economy's an iron vice,
That squeezes e'en the little guts of mice,
That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper economy's a comely thing;
Good in a subject, — better in a king:
Yet push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling —
Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean;
Inclines them, too, to villainy to lean,
To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

E'en when the heart should only think of grief,
It creeps into the bosom like a thief;
And swallows up th' affections all so mild, —
Witness the Jewess, and her only child.

Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
In imitation of th' ambitious great,
High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit:
In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed, and very dreadful was the wreck!

The mother was distracted, raving, wild, —
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiss'd her child;
Afflicted every heart with grief around:
Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
She cast about her eyes in thought profound;
And being with a saving knowledge bless'd,
She thus the playhouse manager address'd:

"Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
Dat meet mishfarten here so bad;
Sher, I muss haf de shilling back, you know,
Ass Moses haf nat see de show."

Hood.

Thomas Hood ward 1798 in London geboren, war der Sohn eines Buchhändlers, erhielt eine vortreffliche Erziehung und widmete sich der Kupferstecherkunst. Seine Neigung zur humoristischen Poesie trug aber den Sieg davon; er lieferte Anfangs Vieles für Journale, gab aber dann selbstständig komische Zeitschriften, Almanache und andere Sammlungen heraus, die sich eines ausserordentlichen Beifalls erfreuten, um so mehr, als er sie auch mit komischen Illustrationen seiner eigenen Erfindung ausstattete wie z. B. Whims and Oddities, Little Odes to great folks, Comic Annuals, Hood's own u. s. w. — Das Spiel mit Worten kann nicht leicht mehr auf die Spitze getrieben werden, als es von ihm geschehen. Uebrigens ist seine Satyre sittlich und gutmüthig. Er starb 1844.

Unter seinen ernsteren Poesieen sind mehrere, namentlich einige Lieder, so zart, anmuthig, tiefgefühlt und mit Eleganz behandelt, dass sie den besten Productionen dieser Gattung gleich stehen und seinen Namen sicherer auf die Nachwelt bringen werden, als es sein reicher und sprudelnder Witz je zu thun vermöchte.

To a cold Beauty.

Lady, would'st thou heiress be
To winter's cold and cruel part?
When he sets the rivers free
Thou dost still lock up thy heart:
Thou that should'st outlast the snow,
But in the whiteness of thy brow?

Scorn and cold neglect are made
For winter gloom and winter wind;
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
Breathing it to words unkind:
Breath which only should belong
To love, to sunlight, and to song!

When the little buds unclose,
Red, and white, and pied, and blue;
And that virgin flower, the rose,
Opes her heart to hold the dew, —
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
With no jewel in its cup?

Let not cold December sit
Thus in love's peculiar throne;
Brooklets are not prison'd now,
But crystal frosts are all agone;
And that which hangs upon the spray,
It is no snow, but flower of May!

Ruth.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened: — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim; —
Thus she stood amid the stooks
Praising God with sweetest looks: —

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou should'st but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

Ballad.

She's up and gone, the graceless girl!
And robb'd my failing years;
My blood before was thin and cold,
But now 'tis turn'd to tears:
My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink I stand;
She might have stayed a little yet,
And led me by the hand!

Aye call her on the barren moor,
And call her on the hill;
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,
And plovers answer shrill:
My child is flown on wilder wings
Than they have ever spread;
And I may even walk a waste
That widen'd when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has been, —
But never one like mine;
Her meat was served on plates of gold,
Her drink was rosy wine:
But now she'll share the robin's food,
And sup the common rill,
Before her feet will turn again
To meet her father's will!

I remember, I remember.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;

But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses — red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

Ode.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh, "O rus!"
Of London pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades, — my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn;
I scent no flowery gust:
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no eastern dews;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot!

Oh! but to hear the milk-maid blythe,
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among!
My grass is of that sort, — alas!
That makes no hay, call'd sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue!

Oh! but to smell the woodbine sweet!
I think of cowslip-cups, — but meet
With very vile rebuffs!
For meadow buds, I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese, or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau review'd
His periwinkles! mine are strew'd!
My rose blooms on a gown!
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown:

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing
Or mourn in thickets deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet! lark! and thrush!
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song?
Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door,
Are all my "tuneful throng."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning beams,
And colours of the skies?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles, or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes.

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones:
Not thus the city streamlets flow;
They make no music as they go,
Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral, pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin — not shear — the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
Th' Arcadian herdsman us'd to play
Sweetly, here soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwelcome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed — "piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mock'd,
On every hand the sense is shock'd
With objects hard to bear:
Shades — vernal shades! where wine is sold!
And for a turfy bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bow'rs,
And gardens redolent of flow'rs
Wherein the zephyr wons?
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more!
See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er;
And that bare wood, — St. John's.

No pastoral scene procures me peace;
I hold no leasowes in my lease,
No cot set round with trees:
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
And omnium furnishes my banks
With brokers, not with bees.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh, "O rus!"
Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades, — my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick.

Ballad.

It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast;
It was the time of roses, —
We plucked them as we passed!

That churlish season never frowned
On early lovers yet!
Oh no, — the world was newly crowned
With flowers, when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast;
It was the time of roses, —
We plucked them as we passed!

What else could peer my glowing cheek
That tears began to stud?
And when I asked the like of love,
You snatched a damask bud; —

And oped it to the dainty core,
Still glowing to the last;
It was the time of roses, —
We plucked them as we passed!

Dibdin.

Charles Dibdin, der Sohn eines Silberarbeiters, ward 1745 in Southampton geboren und ging frühzeitig nach London, um dort durch Lieder und Balladen sein Glück zu machen, musste sich aber als Klavierstimmer forthelfen. 1762 ward er Schauspieler und bald auch Schauspieldichter und lieferte nun hinter einander mehr als hundert Bühnenstücke; dennoch starb er 1814 in Dürftigkeit.

Seinen eigentlichen Ruhm erntete Dibdin als Volksdichter, er hat nahe an 1200 Lieder hinterlassen und die Mehrzahl derselben auch selbst in Musik gesetzt; viele davon sind in das Volk gedrungen und finden sich in Aller Mund, ganz vorzüglich aber im Mund der Seeleute, deren Lieb-

linge sie sind. Reich an tüchtiger, patriotischer Gesinnung, einfach, warm, natürlich, gefühlvoll, erfüllen sie alle Anforderungen, die man an populäre Poesie machen kann und verdienen durchaus die Verbreitung, die sie fanden.

I sailed from the Down.

I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy,
  My jib how she smack'd through the breeze,
She's a vessel as light to my fancy,
  As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So, adieu! to the white cliffs of Britain,
  Our girls, and our dear native shore;
For if some hard rock we should split on,
  We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
  Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
  And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
  I verily thought she'd have sunk;
For the wind so began for to alter,
  She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers, —
  Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries;
Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
  As through the rude tempest she flies.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
  As black just as pitch was the sky;
When truly a doleful disaster
  Befel three poor sailors and I:
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
  By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail
  Were every soul swept from the yard.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried Peccavi;
  As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
  Caught a rope and so landed on deck:
Well, what would you have? we were stranded,
  And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
  But I, and I think twenty-two.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
  Another guess-way sat the wind;
For to England I came and got married,
  To a lass that was comely and kind:
But whether for joy or vexation,
  We know not for what we were born;
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
  Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

For sailors were born for all weathers,
  Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
  And where the gale drives we must go.

Tom Bowling.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
  The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
  For death has broach'd him to.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
  His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
  And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
  His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
  His Poll was kind and fair.

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
  Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
  For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
  When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
  The word to pipe all hands.

Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
  In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
  His soul is gone aloft.

Lovely Nan.

Sweet is the ship that under sail
Spreads her bosom to the gale:
  Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;

Sweet to poise the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man:
Sweet sailing with a fav'rite breeze;
But, oh! much sweeter than all these,
Is Jack's delight, — his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To shew of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle, time may rust, — a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can:
My love in worth shall higher rise, —
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran;
No ship, performing quarantine,
Was ever so deserted seen;
None hailed me, — woman, child, nor man:
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend, —
To mourn their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart, —
By manners love to show the man:
To sail through life by honour's breeze,
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

Blow high, blow low.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stor'd,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore,
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song, —
Blow high, blow low, etc.

And on that night, when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be, —
Blow high, blow low, etc.

Bold Jack.

While up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard;
The landsman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard,
Bold Jack, with smiles, each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell, —
Now quivering in the air:
Bold Jack, with smiles, etc.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine;
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
Or burning near the line:
Bold Jack, with smiles, etc.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair;
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
And shot sing through the air:
Bold Jack, with smiles, etc.

Baillie.

Joanna Baillie ward um 1764 zu Bothwell in Schottland, wo ihr Vater Prediger war, geboren. Sie zog nach ihrer Eltern Tode nach Edinburg, dann nach London, wo sie am Längsten verweilte und darauf nach Hampstead, wo sie gegenwärtig in hohem Alter und unvermählt, noch lebt.

Ihre bedeutendste dichterische Leistung ist eine Reihe von Dramen, in welchen sie die vorherrschenden Leidenschaften der Menschen zu characterisiren sucht (A Series of Plays in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind. London 1798 fgde. 2 Bde., deutsch von Cramer, Leipzig 1806), welche aber nicht für die scenische Darstellung bestimmt sind. Ausserdem hat sie noch einige andere Dramen und kleine lyrische Poesieen geschrieben.

Allan Cunningham urtheilt sehr richtig von ihr (am ang. O. S. 107): "Johanna Baillie oder Schwester Johanna, wie Walter Scott sie gern nannte, ist eine Dichterin von grossem Verdienste und vielseitigem Talent, kräftig und mild, sarkastisch und rührend, natürlich und heroisch zu gleicher Zeit. Sie wagte sich an die Schilderung der Leidenschaften in dramatischen Gemälden und entwickelte dabei so mannichfache Kräfte, dass sie der weibliche Shakspeare genannt worden ist. In ihren anderen Gedichten herrscht viel Adel des Gefühls und ihre Lieder besitzen alle das Leben, den Humor und die Einfachheit der älteren schottischen Balladen.

To a Child.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair, thou urchin sly?

What boots it, who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his, or squire or hind?
For thou in every wight that passes,
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, — grave, but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness swiftly from me running, —
'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far a-field thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats, half lisped, half spoken;
I feel thee pulling at my gown, —
Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh, and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging!
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging!

The wilding rose — sweet as thyself —
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or hornbook thumbing.

Well, let it be! Through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show, —
And thou a thing of hope and change.

The Kitten.

Wanton drole, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool;
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing faggot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight:
Come, shew thy tricks and sportive graces
Thus circled round with merry faces.
Backward coiled, and crouching low,
With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,
The house wife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly

Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
Till, from thy centre starting far,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with tail in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like Madam in her tantrums high;
Though ne'er a Madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.
Doth power in measured verses dwell,
All thy vagaries wild to tell?
Ah no! the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round,
With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,
And many a whirling somerset,
(Permitted be the modern Muse
Expression technical to use,)
These mock the deftliest rhymester's skill,
But poor in art, though rich in will.

The nimblest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains,
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses too, thy feats repay:
For then, beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou takest thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides;
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy pur, —
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone, by cottage fire,
Do rustics rude thy tricks admire;
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles, with altered air,
To see thee climb his elbow chair;
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slippered toe.
The widowed dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a lettered page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper ball;
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravelled skein to catch, —
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the wit of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find,
That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless puss,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it, that in thy glaring eye
And rapid movements, we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney-corner snugly fill,
A lion, darting on the prey?
A tiger, at his ruthless play?
Or, is it, that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem, viewed with kindred eye,
Of tricksy, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly-sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becomest a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board.
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favoured playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hath spoiled thee of our love;
Still be thou deemed, by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat, —
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenished oft with savoury food.

Nor, when thy span of life be past,
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast;
But gently borne on good man's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid;
And children show, with glistening eyes,
The place where poor old Pussy lies.

Welcome Bat and Owlet Gray.

O welcome bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging lone your airy way;
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by;
And welcome shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the pale sky peep!
O welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is in the dewy air,
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou in this witching hour!
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night!

Tennyson.

Alfred Tennyson ward um 1816 geboren, ist der Sohn eines Predigers in Lincolnshire, studirte zu Cambridge und hat bis jetzt zwei Bände Poesieen veröffentlicht, in welchen er sich Keats zum Vorbilde genommen. Seine Leistungen zeichnen sich durch reiche Phantasie, Kraft und Leichtigkeit aus, doch hascht er oft nach eigenthümlichen Ausdrücken und Empfindungen, deren Gesuchtheit ihre Wirkung schwächt.

Buonaparte.

He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
Madman! — to chain with chains, and bind with bands
That island queen that sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,
When from her wooden walls, lit by sure hands,
With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,
Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands.
We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
Heard the war moan along the distant sea,
Rocking with shattered spars, with sudden fires
Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once more
We taught him; late he learned humility,
Perforce, like those whom Gideon schooled with briars.

Mariana.

With blackest moss the flower plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds looked sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange,
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary, —
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.

She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking, she heard the night fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light;
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall,
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marish mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver green with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up an' away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Down-sloped was westering in his bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh, God, that I were dead!"

The Merman.

Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold
On a throne?

I would be a merman bold;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power:
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks, —
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower,
And, holding them back by their flowing locks,
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me
Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away, away,
To the pale green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us far;
Low thunder and light in the magic night, —
Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other, and whoop and cry
All night, merrily, merrily:
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands between,
All night, merrily, merrily;
But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis, and agate, and almondine;
Then, leaping out upon them unseen,

I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me
Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea;
We would live merrily, merrily.

The Mermaid.

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl,
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I combed I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown,
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone,
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea,
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps,
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate,
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.
But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low flowing locks;
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek
On the broad seawolds i' the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap,
From the diamond ledges that jut from the dells:
For I would not be kiss'd by all who list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

Lilian.

Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking through and through me,
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks:
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her purfled wimple,
Glancing with black-beaded eyes
Till the lightning laughters dimple,
The baby roses in her cheeks,
Then away she flies.

Prythee weep, May Lilian!
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian;
Through my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson threaded lips
Silver treble laughter trilleth;
Prythee weep, May Lilian,
Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

"For I thought that God would hear his prayer,
  And set the vessel free;
For a dreadful thing it was to lie
  Upon that charnel sea.

"Yet I told him not wherefore he prayed, —
  Nor why the calm was sent;
I would not give that knowledge dark
  To a soul so innocent.

"At length I saw a little cloud
  Arise in that sky of flame;
A little cloud, — but it grew, and grew,
  And blackened as it came.

"And we saw the sea beneath its track
  Grow dark as the frowning sky;
And water-spouts, with a rushing sound,
  Like giants, passed us by.

"And all around, 'twixt sky and sea,
  A hollow wind did blow;
And the waves were heaved from the ocean depths,
  And the ship rocked to and fro.

"I knew it was that fierce death calm
  Its horried hold undoing;
And I saw the plagues of wind and storm
  Their missioned work pursuing.

"There was a yell in the gathering winds,
  A groan in the heaving sea;
And the captain rushed from the hold below,
  But he durst not look on me.

"He seized each rope with a madman's haste,
  And he set the helm to go;
And every sail he crowded on
  As the furious winds did blow.

"And away they went, like autumn leaves
  Before the tempest's rout;
And the naked masts with a crash came down,
  And the wild ship tossed about.

"The men to spars and splintered boards
  Clung, till their strength was gone;
And I saw them from their feeble hold
  Washed over, one by one.

"And 'mid the creaking timber's din,
  And the roaring of the sea,
I heard the dismal, drowning cries,
  Of their last agony.

"There was a curse in the wind that blew, —
  A curse in the boiling wave;
And the captain knew that vengeance came
  From the old man's ocean grave.

"And I heard him say, as he sate apart,
  In a hollow voice and low,
''Tis a cry of blood doth follow us,
  And still doth plague us so!'

"And then those heavy iron chests,
  With desperate strength took he,
And ten of the strongest mariners
  Did cast them into the sea.

"And out from the bottom of the sea,
  There came a hollow groan;
The captain by the gunwale stood,
  And he looked like icy stone, —
And he drew in his breath with a gasping sob,
  And a spasm of death came on.

"And a furious boiling wave rose up,
  With a rushing, thundering roar;
I saw the captain fall to the deck, —
  But I never saw him more.

"Two days before, when the storm began,
  We were forty men and five;
But ere the middle of that night
  There were but two alive.

"The child and I, we were but two,
  And he clung to me in fear;
Oh! it was pitiful to see
That meek child in his misery,
  And his little prayers to hear!

"At length, as if his prayers were heard,
  'Twas calmer, — and anon
The clear sun shone, and warm and low,
A steady wind from the west did blow,
  And drove us gently on.

"And on we drove, and on we drove,
  That fair young child and I;
But his heart was as a man's in strength,
  And he uttered not a cry.

"There was no bread within the wreck,
  And water we had none;
Yet he murmured not, and cheered me
  When my last hopes were gone:

But I saw him waste, and waste away,
And his rosy cheek grow wan.

"Still on we drove, I knew not where,
For many nights and days;
We were too weak to raise a sail,
Had there been one to raise.

"Still on we went, as the west wind drove,
On, on, o'er the pathless tide;
And I lay in a sleep, 'twixt life and death,
And the child was at my side.

"And it chanced, as we were drifting on
Amid the great South Sea,
An English vessel passed us by,
That was sailing cheerily;
Unheard by me, that vessel hailed
And asked what we might be.

"The young child at the cheer rose up,
And gave an answering word, —
And they drew him from the drifting wreck
As light as is a bird.

"They took him gently in their arms,
And put again to sea:
'Not yet! not yet!' he feebly cried,
'There was a man with me.'

"Again unto the wreck they came,
Where, like one dead, I lay,
And a ship-boy small had strength enough
To carry me away.

"Oh, joy it was when sense returned,
That fair, warm ship to see;
And to hear the child within his bed
Speak pleasant words to me!

"I thought at first that we had died,
And all our pains were o'er,
And in a blessed ship of Heaven
Were sailing to its shore.

"But they were human forms that knelt
Beside our bed to pray;
And men, with hearts most merciful,
Did watch us night and day.

"'Twas a dismal tale I had to tell,
Of wreck and wild distress;
But, even then, I told to none
The captain's wickedness.

"For I loved the boy, and I could not cloud
His soul with a sense of shame;
'Twere an evil thing, thought I, to blast
A sinless orphan's name!
So he grew to be a man of wealth,
And of honourable fame.

"And in after years when he had ships,
I sailed with him the sea,
And in all the sorrow of my life
He was a son to me;
And God hath blessed him every where
With a great prosperity."

Mountain Children.

Dwellers by lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrained step and spirit free!

No crowd impedes your way,
No city wall proscribes your further bounds;
Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening, — the fresh, dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers play'd:

The grey and ancient peaks,
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
And the low voice of water, as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys! Go forth, —
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
For in His spirit God has clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds;
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-tonèd winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting, full of glee;
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons;
Whom the world reverences, — the patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes;
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth, — earth and sky
To you are tributary; joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread!

Hervey.

Thomas R. Hervey ward um 1816 in der Nähe von Paisley geboren, erhielt seine Erziehung in Manchester und lebt hier als practischer Jurist. Er veröffentlichte the Poetical Sketch-Book 1835, the Book of Christmas und einzelne Gedichte in Zeitschriften. Seine Poesieen wenn gleich nicht ersten Ranges zeichnen sich durch reiche Phantasie und treffliche Diction sehr vortheilhaft aus.

A Twilight Landscape.

Oh! come at this hour, love! the daylight is gone,
And the heavens weep dew on the flowers;
And the spirit of loneliness steals, with a moan,
Through the shade of the eglantine bowers:
For, the moon is asleep on her pillow of clouds,
And her curtain is drawn in the sky;
And the gale, as it wantons along the young buds,
Falls faint on the ear — like a sigh!
The summer-day sun is too gaudy and bright
For a heart that has suffered like mine;
And, methinks, there were pain, in the noon of its light,
To a spirit so broken as thine!
The birds, as they mingled their music of joy,
And the roses that smiled in the beam,
Would but tell us of feelings for ever gone by,
And of hopes that have passed like a dream!
And the moonlight, — pale spirit! would speak of the time
When we wandered beneath its soft gleam,
Along the green meadows, when life was in prime,
And worshipped its face in the stream:
When our hopes were as sweet, and our life-path as bright,
And as cloudless, to fancy's young eye,
As the star-spangled course of that phantom of light,
Along the blue depths of the sky!
Then come in this hour, love! when twilight has hung
Its shadowy mantle around;
And no sound, save the murmurs that breathe from thy tongue,
Or thy footfall — scarce heard on the ground!
Shall steal on the silence, to waken a fear
When the sun that is gone, with its heat,
Has left on the cheek of all nature a tear,
Then, hearts that are broken should meet!

The Convict Ship.

Morn on the waters! — and purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light!
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on:
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennant streams onward, like hope, in the gale!
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along!
Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily, aloft in the shrouds!
Onwards she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters — away, and away.
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who — as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high —
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking, below!
Night on the waves! — and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light
Look to the waters, — asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who — as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep — as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty! could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting, within!
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever, —
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song:
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs?
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on — just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

I am all alone.

I am all alone! — and the visions that play
Round life's young days, have passed away;
And the songs are hushed that gladness sings
And the hopes that I cherished have made them wings;
And the light of my heart is dimmed and gone,
And I sit in my sorrow, — and all alone!
And the forms which I fondly loved are flown,
And friends have departed — one by one;
And memory sits whole lonely hours,
And weaves her wreath of hope's faded flowers,
And weeps o'er the chaplet, when no one is near
To gaze on her grief, or to chide her tear!

And the home of my childhood is distant far,
And I walk in a land where strangers are;
And the looks that I meet, and the sounds that I hear,
Are not light to my spirit, nor song to my ear;
And sunshine is round me, which I cannot see,
And eyes that beam kindness, — but not for me!

And the song goes round, and the glowing smile, —
But I am desolate all the while!
And faces are bright, and bosoms glad,
And nothing, I think, but my heart is sad!
And I seem like a blight in a region of bloom,
While I dwell in my own little circle of gloom!

I wander about, like a shadow of pain,
With a worm in my breast, and a spell on my brain;
And I list, with a start, to the gushing of gladness,
Oh! how it grates on a bosom all sadness!
So I turn from a world where I never was known,
To sit in my sorrow, — and all alone!

She sleeps, that still and placid sleep.

She sleeps — that still and placid sleep —
For which the weary pant in vain;
And, where the dews of evening weep,
I may not weep again;
Oh! never more upon her grave,
Shall I behold the wild-flower wave!

They laid her where the sun and moon
Look on her tomb, with loving eye,
And I have heard the breeze of June
Sweep o'er it — like a sigh!
And the wild river's wailing song
Grow dirge-like, as it stole along!

And I have dreamt, in many dreams,
Of her who was a dream to me;
And talked to her, by summer streams,
In crowds, and on the sea, —
Till, in my soul she grew enshrined,
A young Egeria of the mind!

'Tis years ago! — and other eyes
Have flung their beauty o'er my youth;
And I have hung on other sighs,
And sounds that seemed like truth;
And loved the music which they gave,
Like that which perished in the grave.

And I have left the cold and dead,
To mingle with the living cold;
There is a weight around my head,
My heart is growing old;
Oh! for a refuge and a home,
With thee, dead Ellen, in thy tomb!

Age sits upon my breast and brain,
My spirit fades before its time;
But they are all thine own again,
Lost partner of their prime!
And thou art dearer, in thy shroud,
Than all the false and living crowd!

Rise, gentle vision of the hours,
Which go — like birds that come not back!
And fling thy pale and funeral flowers
On memory's wasted track!
Oh! for the wings that made thee blest,
To "flee away, and be at rest!"

Bayly.

Thomas Haynes Bayly ward zu Anfange dieses Jahrhunderts in Bath geboren, und widmete sich, da seine Eltern sehr wohlhabend waren, ganz den schönen Wissenschaften. 1826 verheirathete er sich und nahm seinen Wohnsitz an der Küste von Sussex; 1831 hatte er aber das Unglück sein Vermögen zu verlieren und musste nun von dem Ertrage seiner Feder leben. Er starb 1844 in dürftigen Verhältnissen.

Bayly hat mehrere dramatische Werke wie z. B. Perfection, sold for a Song, The Witness u. A. m., welche sich grossen Erfolges erfreuten, sowie viele prosaische Aufsätze und Erzählungen in Zeitschriften u. s. w. hinterlassen, welche noch eine besondere Sammlung und Herausgabe erwarten. Am Zahlreichsten und Verbreitetsten jedoch sind seine bis jetzt ebenfalls in Journalen verstreuten Lieder, die sich durch reiche Phantasie, warmes Gefühl, glücklichen Humor, Lebendigkeit und gefällige Form höchst vortheilhaft auszeichnen und in ganz England überall gesungen werden.

The Gipsies' Haunt.

Why curls the blue smoke o'er the trees?
What words are borne upon the breeze?
Some cottage in yon lonely glen
Lies nestled from the eyes of men;
Unconsciously we've wandered near
Some rural play-place, for I hear,
The sound in which my heart rejoices, —
The melody of infant voices.

Alas! in that green nook we see
No dwelling-place of industry;
No dame, intent on household cares,
The neat but frugal meal prepares:
No sire, his labour o'er, will come
To brighten and to share her home;
No children from their mother learn
An honest way their bread to earn.

The gipsies, wild and wandering race,
Are masters of the sylvan chase;
Beneath the boughs their tents they raise,
Upon the turf their faggots blaze:
In coarse profusion they prepare
The feast obtained, — how, when, and where?
While swarthy forms, with clamour loud,
Around the smoking cauldron crowd.

Forth trips a laughing dark-eyed lass,
To intercept us as we pass;
Upon your right hand let her look,
And there she'll read, as in a book,
Your future fortune; and reveal
The joy or woe you're doom'd to feel:
Your course of love she will unfold,
If you the picture dare behold!

The First Grey Hair.

The matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face, — aye, lovely even now;
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care?
Why steals that tear across her cheek? she sees her first grey hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace;
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face;
Yet she might mingle in the dance, where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often marked by sorrow more than years, —
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears;
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife: the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth;
A sense of slight, — of loneliness, — hath never banished sleep:
Her life hath been a cloudless one; then wherefore doth she weep?

She looked upon her raven locks, what thoughts did they recal?
Oh! not of nights when they were decked for banquet or for ball;
They brought back thoughts of early youth, e'er she had learnt to check,
With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seemed to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there!
She seemed to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch
That sometimes feigned to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first grey hair! oh, deem it not a crime
For her to weep, when she beholds the first footmark of Time!
She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane;
Yet, though the blossom may not sigh to bud and bloom again —

It cannot but remember, with a feeling of regret,
The spring for ever gone, — the summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, lady! heed the monitor! thy mirror tells thee truth;
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth;
Go! bind it on thy daughter's brow, in her thou'lt still look fair —
'Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold the first grey hair!

The Neglected Child.

I never was a favourite,
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child:
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away, to hide my tears, —
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please with all
My little store of sense;
I strove to please, — and infancy
Can rarely give offence:
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare do throw myself
In tears upon her neck!

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh, beauty! in my nursery
I learned to know thy worth:
For even there I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wished — for others wished it too —
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate;
But in my sister's face
There was a look of love, that claimed
A smile or an embrace:
But when I raised my lip to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart, —
They spoke not in my eyes.

But, oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked.
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came, —
A time of sorrow too;
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venomed mantle threw:
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night,
I watched beside her bed;
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived! — and loved me for my care, —
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend.

Upon thy truth relying.

They say we are too young to love, —
Too wild to be united;
In scorn they bid us both renounce
The fond vows we have plighted.
They send thee forth to see the world,
Thy love by absence trying:
Then go; for I can smile farewell, —
Upon thy truth relying.

I know that Pleasure's hand will throw
Her silken nets about thee;
I know how lonesome I shall find
The long, long days without thee.
But in thy letters there'll be joy;
The reading, — the replying:
I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee, —
Upon thy truth relying.

When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by,
In silent rapture gazing;
And, oh! how proud of being loved
By her they have been praising!
But should Detraction breathe thy name,
The world's reproof defying:

I'd love thee, — laud thee, — trust thee still, —
Upon thy truth relying.

E'en those who smile to see us part,
Shall see us meet with wonder;
Such trials only make the heart
That truly loves grow fonder.
Our sorrows past shall be our pride,
When with each other vying:
Thou wilt confide in him, who lives
Upon thy truth relying.

Oh say not 'twere a keener blow.

Oh say not 'twere a keener blow,
To lose a child of riper years,
You cannot know a father's woe —
You cannot dry a father's tears;
The girl who rears a sickly plant,
Or cherishes a wounded dove,
Will love them most while most they want
The watchfulness of love!

Time must have changed that fair young brow,
Time might have changed that spotless heart;
Tears might have brought deceit, — but now
In love's confiding dawn we part!
Ere pain and grief had sown decay,
My babe is cradled in the tomb, —
Like some fair blossom torn away
In all its purest bloom.

Thurlow.

Edward Hovel Thurlow (Lord Thurlow) wurde um's Jahr 1781 geboren. Er ist der Sohn des verstorbenen Dr. Thomas Thurlow, Bischof von Durham, Bruder des grossen Lord Kanzler Thurlow. Seine Studien machte er zu Cambridge. Später trat er zuerst öffentlich als Lobredner einiger bedeutender Männer auf, welche er in Sonetten erhob; sodann gab er ein Gedicht unter dem Titel „Moonlight" heraus, in welchem er sich Milton zum Vorbilde genommen. Ausserdem hat er noch mehreres Poetische veröffentlicht, wie Select Poems 1821; Poems on several occasions; Angelica, or the Fate of Proteus; Arcita and Palamon, u. a.

Abschon einige Beurtheiler Thurlow einer scharfen, ja sarkastischen Kritik unterworfen haben, so ist dennoch wahre Poesie in den Werken dieses Edelmannes nicht zu verkennen. Er besitzt eine Frische der Phantasie und der Empfindung, einen Reichthum im Ausdrucke, und eine Anmuth, welche an Herrick, oder auch an Moore erinnern.

Song to May.

May! queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumy flight,
Warbling the day and night —
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth
Coy fountains are tressed;
And for the mournful bird
Greenwoods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:
May, be thou blessed!

The Sun-Flower.

Behold, my dear, this lofty flower,
That now the golden sun receives;
No other deity has power,
But only Phoebus, on her leaves;
As he in radiant glory burns,
From east to west her visage turns.

The dial tells no tale more true,
Than she his journal on her leaves,
When morn first gives him to her view,
Or night, that her of him bereaves,
A dismal interregnum bids
Her weeping eyes to close their lids.

Forsaken of his light, she pines
The cold, the dreary night away,
Till in the east the crimson sings
Betoken the great god of day;
Then, lifting up her drooping face,
She sheds around a golden grace.

O Nature, in all parts divine!
What moral sweets her leaves disclose!
Then in my verse her truth shall shine,
And be immortal, as the rose,
Anacreon's plant; arise, thou flower,
That hast fidelity thy dower!

Apollo, on whose beams you gaze,
Has filled my breast with golden light;
And circled me with sacred rays,
To be a poet in his sight:
Then, thus I give the crown to thee,
Whose impress is fidelity.

Sonnets.

The Summer, the divinest Summer burns,
The skies are bright with azure and with gold;
The mavis, and the nightingale by turns,
Amid the woods a soft enchantment hold:
The flowering woods, with glory and delight,
Their tender leaves unto the air have spread;
The wanton air, amid their alleys bright,
Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance shed:
The nymphs within the silver fountains play,
The angels on the golden banks recline,
Wherein great Flora, in her bright array,
Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets divine:
Or, else, I gaze upon that beauteous face,
O Amoret! and think these sweets have place.

Now Summer has one foot from out the world,
Her golden mantle floating in the air;
And her love-darting eyes are backward hurled,
To bid adieu to this creation fair:
A flight of swallows circles her before,
And Zephyrus, her jolly harbinger,
Already is a-wing to Heaven's door,
Whereat the Muses are expecting her;
And the three Graces in their heavenly ring,
Are dancing with delicious harmony;
And Hebe doth her flowery chalice bring,
To sprinkle nectar on their melody:
Jove laughs to see his angel, Summer, come,
Warbling his praise, to her immortal home.

The crimson Moon, uprising from the sea,
With large delight foretells the harvest near:
Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody,
To greet the soft appearance of her sphere!
And, like a page, enamoured of her train,
The star of evening glimmers in the west:
Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant strain,
That so of the Great Shepherd here are blest!

Our fields are full with the time-ripened grain,
Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell:
Her golden splendour glimmers on the main,
And vales and mountains her bright glory tell:
Then sing, ye shepherds! for the time is come
When we must bring the enriched harvest home.

O Moon, that shinest on this heathy wild,
And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
How am I with thy sad delight beguiled,
How hold with fond imagination play!
By the broad taper I call up the time
When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
Though great in glory, overstained with crime
And fallen by his fate from kingly sway!
On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
Torn banners and the dying steeds you shone,
When this fair England, and her peerless charms,
And all, but honour, to the foe were gone!
Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,
But, dying, lay amid his Norman foes!

Tennant.

William Tennant wurde 1785 zu Unstruther in der schottischen Grafschaft Fife geboren. Er hatte das Unglück, schon in seiner Kindheit den Gebrauch seiner Füsse zu verlieren, so dass er stets an Krücken gehen musste. Den ersten Unterricht erhielt er in der Unstruther Stadtschule und studirte von 1799 an, zwei Jahre auf der Universität St. Andrews. Da er in Folge beschränkter Mittel seine Studien nicht beendigen konnte, wurde er Schreiber, dann Kornfactor zu Glasgow und später zu Unstruther, wo er Muse fand, seine Studien fortzusetzen und sich mit Homer und Virgil, so wie mit Ariosto, Camoens und Wieland bekannt zu machen. Ausserdem widmete er sich auch dem Hebräischen mit Vorliebe. Im Jahr 1813 wurde er Schulmeister zu Denins bei St. Andrews. Hier benutzte er seine Musezeit zur Erlernung des Arabischen, Spanischen und Persischen. Im Jahre 1835 kam er als Professor der morgenländischen Literatur an Mary's College in St. Andrews, welche Stelle er noch vor wenigen Jahren bekleidete.

Als Dichter trat Tennant schon 1812 mit seinem komisch-epischen Gedichte „Anster Fair", in Ottaverime auf, welche Versart er in England wieder in Aufnahme brachte. Es behandelt nämlich die Heirath der Maggie Louder, einer in Balladen und Ueberlieferungen gefeierten Heldin des schottischen Gesanges und der jungfräulichen Schönheit. Dieses Gedicht zeugt von einer reichbegabten Phantasie des Dichters, der selbst gewöhnlichen Dingen den Reiz der Neuheit durch schöne Bilder und lebensvolle Schilderungen zu verleihen wusste. Diesem Gedichte sind noch mehrere poetische Werke gefolgt, wie Cardinal Beaton, ein Trauerspiel, ferner zwei Gedichte: the Thane of five und the Dinging Down of the Cathedral, so wie Hebrew Dramas 1845.

From Anster Fair.

The Morning of Anster Fair.

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat
Upon the top of many fountained Ide,
That I might thence, in holy fervour, greet
The bright-gowned Morning tripping up her side:
And when the low Sun's glory-buskined feet
Walk on the blue wave of the Ægean tide
Oh! I would kneel me down, and worship there
The God who garnished out a world so bright and fair!

The saffron-elbowed Morning up the slope
Of heaven canaries in her jewelled shoes,
And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
Her golden apron dripping kindly dews;
And never, since she first began to hop
Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,
As shines the merry dawn of Anster market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
Save in the east some fleeces bright of dye,
That stripe the hem of heaven with woolly gold,
Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
Lolling, in amaranthine flowers enrolled,
That they may spy the precious light of God,
Flung from the blessed East o'er the fair Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,
Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;
The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heaven's blue key-stone flickering;
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn;
And hail the genial light, and cheer'ly sing;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For when the first upsloping ray was flung
On Anster steeple's swallow-harbouring top,
Its bell and all the bells around were rung
Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop;
For, toilingly, each bitter beadle swung,
Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel, ushering in
The morn of Anster Fair with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle outspread,
The town's long colours flare and flap on high,
Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by;
Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast head
Of brig and sloop, that in the harbour lie,
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

Description of the Heroine.

Her form was as the Morning's blithesome star,
That, capped with lustrous coronet of beams,
Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
New-washed, and doubly fulgent from the streams —
The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
And on his knees adores her as she gleams;
So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
And so the admiring crowds pay homage and applaud her.

Each little step her trampling palfrey took,
Shaked her majestic person into grace,
And as at times his glossy sides she strook
Endearingly with whip's green silken lace,
(The prancer seemed to court such kind rebuke,
Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace),
By Jove, the very waving of her arm
Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm!

Her face was as the summer cloud, where on
The dawning sun delights to rest his rays!
Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
With flaunting roses, had resigned its praise;
For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze;
And he that gazed with cold unsmitten soul,
That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked beneath the Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling;
The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honoured palace, where
A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance;
What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
Got dignity and honour from the glance;
Wo to the man on whom she unaware
Did the dear witchery of her eye elance!
'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard —
May Heaven from such a look preserve each tender bard!

So on she rode in virgin majesty,
Charming the thin dead air to kiss her lips,
And with the light and grandeur of her eye
Shaming the proud sun into dim eclipse;
While round her presence clustering far and nigh,
On horseback some, with silver spurs and whips,
And some afoot with shoes of dazzling buckles,
Attended knights, and lairds, and clowns with horny knuckles.

Barton.

Bernard Barton ward im Jahr 1784 geboren. Er stammte aus einer Quäkerfamilie, weshalb er seine erste Bildung in einem Quäkerseminar genoss, und der Quäkerdichter genannt wurde. Im J. 1806 schlug er seinen Wohnsitz zu Woodbridge in Suffolk auf, wo er in ein Wechselgeschäft trat. 1812 veröffentlichte er einen Band Gedichte anonym, unter dem Titel: Metrical Effusions, welchem 1818 ein anderer Band folgte: Poems by an Amateur. Von seinen Freunden aufgemuntert, wagte er es endlich, ein Bändchen Gedichte unter seinem Namen herauszugeben, welche, von den literarischen Zeitschriften günstig beurtheilt, mehrere Auflagen erhielten. Um das Jahr 1826 veröffentlichte er „Napoleon and other Poems". Es sind seitdem mehrere Bände vermischte Gedichte von ihm erschienen, ohne jedoch seinen Ruf als Dichter zu erhöhen.
Bernard Barton's Poesie trägt das Gepräge der Lauterkeit, eines frommen Gemüthes und der Milde der Secte an sich, welcher er angehört. Sein Styl ist etwas weitschweifig, im Allgemeinen aber anmuthig, fliessend und leicht, und obschon seine Sprache nicht reich an Gedanken oder originellen Bildern ist, so empfiehlt sie sich doch durch eine Wahrheit der Empfindung und einen natürlichen Ernst der Sitte, welche das Herz gewinnen und die Aufmerksamkeit fesseln.

Sleep.

What is it that stills the sigh of Sorrow,
And forbids her tears to flow? —
That allows the desolate-hearted to borrow
A transient relief from woe?
It is thou, sweet Sleep! Oh then listen to me!
Be it but in thy dreams, while I sing of thee.

Could I embody the thoughts which now
Pass my soul's living tablet over,
No being more lovely and fair than thou
Before mortal eye could hover:
Not deathly and pale, like a spectre stealing
On the slumb'rer, whose eyes thy power is sealing; —

But a form full of beauty, of joy, and grace,
And features with kindness bright,
Such as a Raphael would love to trace;
A creature of glory and light,
With a silvery cloud, to chasten each hue
Too radiant else, should arise to view.

Stanzas on the Sea.

Oh! I shall not forget, until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart;
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er me,
When its billowy boundlessness opened before me.
I stood on its margin, or roamed on its strand,
I felt new ideas within me expand,
Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of power!
In the surf-beaten sands that encircled it round,
In the billow's retreat, and the breaker's rebound,
In its white drifted foam, and its dark-heaving green,
Each moment I gazed, some fresh beauty was seen.
And that, while I wandered on ocean's bleak shore,
And surveyed its vast surface, and heard its waves roar,
I seemed wrapt in a dream of romantic delight,
And haunted by majesty, glory, and might!

To the Evening Primrose.

Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray
Thy cup of paly gold;

Be thine the offering owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch, at silent eve,
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup,
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
Even in the glimmering earth-born star,
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope, that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

The Solitary Tomb.

Not a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirred,
Though a breath might have moved it so lightly;
Not a farewell note from a sweet singing bird
Bade adieu to the sun setting brightly.

The sky was cloudless and calm, except
In the west, where the sun was descending;
And there the rich tints of the rainbow slept,
As his beams with their beauty were blending.

And the evening star, with its ray clear,
So tremulous, soft, and tender,
Had lit up its lamp, and shot down from its sphere
Its dewy delightful splendour.

And I stood all alone on that gentle hill,
With a landscape so lovely before me:
And its spirit and tone, so serene and still,
Seemed silently gathering o'er me.

Far off was the Deben, whose briny flood
By its winding banks was sweeping;
And just at the foot of the hill where I stood,
The dead in their damp graves were sleeping.

How lonely and lovely their resting-place seemed!
An enclosure which care could not enter;
And how sweetly the gray lights of evening gleamed
On the solitary tomb in its centre!

When at morn or at eve I have wandered near,
And in various lights have viewed it,
With what differing forms, unto friendship dear,
Has the magic of fancy endued it!

Sometimes it has seemed like a lonely sail,
A white spot on the emerald billow;
Sometimes like a lamb, in a low grassy vale,
Stretched in peace on its verdant pillow.

But no image of gloom, or of care, or strife,
Has it ever given birth to one minute;
For lamented in death, as beloved in life,
Was he who now slumbers within it.

He was one who in youth on the stormy seas
Was a far and a fearless ranger;
Who, borne on the billow, and blown by the breeze,
Counted lightly of death or of danger.

Yet in this rude school had his heart still kept
All the freshness of gentle feeling;
Nor in woman's warm eye has a tear ever slept
More of softness and kindness revealing.

And here, when the bustle of youth was past,
He lived, and he loved, and he died too;
Oh! why was affection, which death could outlast,
A more lengthened enjoyment denied to?

But here he slumbers! and many there are
Who love that lone tomb and revere it;
And one far off who, like eve's dewy star,
Though at distance, in fancy dwells near it.

Sea-Side Thoughts.

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious
Mild, majestic, foaming, free; —
Over time itself victorious,
Image of Eternity.

Epithet-exhausting Ocean!
'Twere as easy to control
In the storm thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders to unrol.

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb, and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless dephts below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace;
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth, — her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou — stupendous Ocean!
But if overwhelm'd by thee,
Can we think without emotion
What must thy Creator be?

The Sky-Lark.

Bird of the free and fearless wing,
Up, up, and greet the sun's first ray,
Until the spacious welkin ring
With thy enlivening matin lay:
I love to track thy heaven-ward lay:
Till thou art lost to aching sight,
And hear thy numbers blithe and gay,
Which set to music morning's light.

Songster of sky and cloud! to thee
Hath Heaven a joyous lot assign'd;
And thou, to hear those notes of glee,
Wouldst seem there in thy bliss to find:
Thou art the first to leave behind
At day's return this lower earth,
And, soaring as on wings of wind,
To spring where light and life have birth.

Bird of the sweet and taintless hour,
When dew-drops spangle o'er the lea,
Ere yet upon the bending flower
Has lit the busy humming-bee; —
Pure as all nature is to thee —
Thou, with an instinct half divine,
Wingest thy fearless flight so free
Up toward a yet more glorious shrine.

Bird of the morn! from thee might man,
Creation's lord, a lesson take:
If thou, whose instinct always scan
The glories that around thee break,
Thus bidd'st a sleeping world awake
To joy and praise; oh! how much more
Should mind immortal earth forsake,
A man look upward to adore!

Bird of the happy heaven-ward song!
Could but the poet act thy part,
His soul, up-borne on wings as strong
As thought can give, from might start,
And with a far diviner art
Than ever genius can supply,
As thou the ear, might glad the heart,
And scatter music from the sky.

Sonnet

to William and Mary Howitt.

The breath of Spring is stirring in the wood,
Whose budding boughs confess the genial gale;
And thrush and blackbird tell their tender tale;
The hawthorn tree, that leafless long has stood,
Shows signs of blossoming; the streamlet's flood
Hath shrunk into its banks, and in each vale
The lowly violet, and the primrose pale,
Have lured the bee to seek his wonted food.
Then up! and to your forest hunts repair,
Where Robin Hood once held his revels gay;
Yours is the greensward smooth, and vocal spray;
And I, as on your pilgrimage ye fare,
In all your sylvan luxuries shall share
When I peruse them in your minstrel lay.

Knox.

William Knox wurde 1793 zu Edinburg geboren, wo sein Vater ein angesehener Yeoman (Freisasse) war. Unter dem Herzoge Buccleuch gelang es dem jungen Knox, bedeutenden Pachtereien vorzustehen, so dass er leider zu frühzeitig und unerfahren sein eigner Herr ward, und durch Verschwendung dem Verderben entgegeneilte. Er verlebte seine letzten Jahre in seines Vaters Hause zu Edinburg, wo er schon 1825 starb. Inmitten seiner jugendlichen Verirrungen hatte er sich doch stets als achtungsvoller Sohn und treuliebender Bruder erwiesen.

Knox war ein Dichter von bedeutendem Talent, wie sich dies aus folgenden seiner geistigen Erzeugnisse ergiebt: The Lonely Hearth; Songs of Israel; The Harp of Zion u. a. m. Diese seine Dichtungen athmen biblische Einfachheit und Innigkeit der Empfindung. Namentlich giebt der junge Dichter ein schönes Zeugniss von der Tiefe und Fülle seines Herzens, bei einem besonderen Entscheidungspunkt seiner Familiengeschichte, in folgenden Versen:

Opening of the 'Songs of Israel'.

Harp of Zion, pure and holy,
Pride of Iudah's eastern land,
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And with throbbing heart awake thee
To the strains I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers,
Since the dawn of childhood's day;
Since a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay;
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit blessed her
With a blessing caught from thee!

Mother — sister — both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
Whilst the eve of age is creeping
Round the widowed spouse and sire.
He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in the strain:
Harp of Zion, let me borrow
Comfort from thy chords again!

Conclusion of the 'Songs of Israel.'

My song hath closed, the holy dream
That raised my thoughts o'er all below,
Hath faded like the lunar beam,
And left me 'mid a night of wo —
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay;
And yet the skies are pure and bright;
But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight:
For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung.

And like Gilead's drops of balm,
They for a moment soothed my breast;
But earth hath not a power to calm
My spirit in forgetful rest,
Until I lay me side by side
With those that loved me, and have died.

They died — and this a world of wo,
Of anxious doubt and chilling fear;
I wander onward to the tomb,
With scarce a hope to linger here:
But with a prospect to rejoin
The friends beloved, that once were mine.

Dirge of Rachel.

(Genesis, XXXV. 19.)

And Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;
With mouldering heart and withering hand,
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are treading;
But Rachel on her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around her;
But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

A Virtuous Woman.

(Proverbs, XII. 4.)

Thou askest what hath changed my heart,
And where hath fled my youthful folly?
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye — as soft and blue as even,
When day and night are calmly meeting —
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip
Like dewdrops from the rose-leaf dripping,
When honey-bees all crowd to sip,
And cannot cease their sipping.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
For ever coming — ever going,
May well the spotless fount bespeak
That sets the stream aflowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast
Even like the harp-strings holies measures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest
And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
Or where hath fled my youthful folly —
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

Pringle.

Thomas Pringle wurde in Roxburgshire, im Jahre 1788 geboren. Obschon er wegen Lamheit nicht für ein Leben voll Beschwerden und Mühseligkeiten geschaffen war, so wanderte er doch mit seinem Vater und mehreren Brüdern im J. 1820 nach dem Cap der guten Hoffnung aus, und gründete dort unter dem Namen Glen Lynden eine kleine Niederlassung. Pringle begab sich später in die Kapstadt, allein müde seines Aufenthaltes im Kaffernlande und mit dem Statthalter zerfallen, kehrte er nach England zurück, wo er seinen Unterhalt durch schriftstellerische Arbeiten erwarb. Er war einige Zeit lang Herausgeber einer literarischen Zeitschrift, unter dem Titel „Friendship's Offering". Auch war er an der Begründung des Blackwood Magazine betheiligt und der Verfasser von „Scenes of Teviotdale, Ephemerides, and other Poems„. Der Afrikanischen Gesellschaft (African Society) stand er als Secretair vor, welches Amt er bis wenige Monate vor seinem Tode, den 5. Dec. 1834, mit grosser Pflichttreue und mit dem Geiste der Humanität und mit glühender Liebe für die Sache, der er sich unterzog, verwaltete. Seine letzte Arbeit war eine Reihe von „African Sketches", mit Versen verwebt.

Pringle's poetische Werke zeichnen sich durch Wärme und Innigkeit des Gefühls, so wie durch einen feingebildeten Geschmack aus.

Afar in the Desert.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead —
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon —
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon —
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft —
Companions of early days lost or left —
And my Native Land! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood — the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All — all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone;
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone —

Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife;
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh —
Oh, then! there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand
(The only law of the Desert land);
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away — away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen,
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
Where the gnoo, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the Vley, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown Karroo where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagha's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the brak fountain far away;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyena's grim,
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away — away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Koranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the Salt Lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
Are found — to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is — Nature's Solitude.

And here — while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
Like Elijah at the Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land —
A 'still small voice' comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear —
Saying 'Man is distant, but God is near!'

Clare.

John Clare wurde zu Helpstone, einem Dorfe in der Nähe von Peterborough 1793 von armen Eltern geboren, welche dem Bauernstande angehörten. Von seinem geringen Erwerb als Ackerjunge bestritt er das Schulgeld, und erlangte so einige Bildung. Im 13. Jahre ging er an einem schönen Morgen in die Stadt Stamford, 6—7 Meilen von seinem Geburtsorte, um sich Thomson's Seasons zu kaufen. Auf seinem Rückwege durch den herrlichen Burghley Park, dichtete er sein erstes Gedicht „Morning Walk", dem bald ein zweites, „Evening Walk" und einige andre Gedichte folgten. 1817 veröffentlichte er einen Band Gedichte, unter dem Titel: a Collection of Original Trifles, und 1820 erschienen Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamshire peasant. Die liter. Zeitschriften beurtheilten seine Leistungen sehr günstig. So gelangte Clare bald zu einigem Vermögen. 1821 trat er wiederum als Dichter mit folgendem Werke auf: The Village Minstrel and other Poems, in zwei Bänden, das ihn zu dem Rufe eines wahren Dichters erhob. Clare's Glück ging indess schnell vorüber, während ihm sein Dichterruf für alle Zeiten bleiben wird. Er liess sich in Speculationen mit Pachtungen ein, verlor sein Vermögen und versank in Schwermuth. Vor wenigen Jahren lebte er noch, aber hoffnungslos, doch nicht ohne alle Theilnahme an den Zeitereignissen.

John Clare ist ein wahrer Naturdichter und einer der besten Schilderer ländlicher Scenen und Gegenden. Seine Dichtungen sind der unmittelbare Erguss inniger Empfindungen, wie sie auf Fluren und Spaziergängen in ihm hervorgerufen wurden.

What is Life?

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each flowret of its gem — and dies,
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
No where at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is Life? When stripped of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
So teach unthankful mortal how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

Summer Morning.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the giggling of the brook;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on nature's book.

When nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wished delay —
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
Where glittering dew the ground illumes,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away
To see how sweet thy summons seems;
Split by the willow's wavy gray,
And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun,
Unnoticed to vulgar eyes;
Its silk thread glittering in the sun
Arts bungling vanity defies.

Roaming while the dewy fields
'Neath their morning burthen lean,
While its crop my searches shields,
Sweet I scent the blossomed bean.

Making oft remarking stops;
Watching tiny nameless things
Climb the grass's spiry tops
Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light,
From the ignorant and vain
Fearful genius takes her flight,
Skimming o'er the lowly plain.

The Primrose. — A Sonnet.

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

The Thrush's Nest — A Sonnet.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy — and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Jnk-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
And there I witnessed in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

Dawnings of Genius.

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds
(That necessary tool of wealth and pride),
While moiled and sweating, by some pasture's side,
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise;
And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
He'll pause and pick his shaped stone and shell:
Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,
And joys delight him which he cannot name;
Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
For which his language can no utterance find;
Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight,
Unfold new charms, and witness more delight;
So while the present please, the past decay,
And in each other, losing, melt away.
Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,
He feels enraptured, though he knows not why;
And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,
And dwells on something which he can't explain.
The bursts of thought with which his soul's perplexed,
Are bred one moment, and are gone the next;
Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,
And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive again.
So have I marked the dying ember's light,
When on the hearth it fainted from my sight,
With glimmering glow oft redden up again,
And sparks crack brightening into life in vain;
Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise
Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies.
Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart,
Its painful pleasing feelings to impart;
Till by successless sallies wearied quite,
The memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight;

The wick, confined within its socket, dies,
Borne down and smothered in a thousand sighs.

A Sonnet to the Glow-worm.

Tasteful illumination of the night,
Bright scattered, twinkling star of spangled earth!
Hail to the nameless coloured dark and light,
The witching nurse of the illumined birth.
In thy still hour how dearly I delight
To rest my weary bones, from labour free;
In lone spots, out of hearing, out of sight,
To sigh day's smothered pains; and pause on thee,
Bedecking dangling brier and ivied tree,
Or diamonds tipping on the grassy spear;
Thy pale-faced glimmering light I love to see,
Gilding and glistering in the dewdrop near:
O still-hour's mate! my easing heart sobs free,
While tiny bents low bend with many an added tear.

Pollok.

Robert Pollok ward zu Muirhouse, in dem Kirchspiele Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, im Jahre 1799 geboren. Nach einer gewöhnlichen Vorbildung bezog er die Universität zu Glasgow, wo er Theologie studirte. Nachdem er die Hochschule einige Zeit verlassen, schrieb er „Tales of the Covenanters" in Prosa, welche anonym erschienen. Durch anhaltende Studien hatte seine Gesundheit sehr gelitten, und ungeachtet seines bedenklichen Gesundheitszustandes wurde er im Frühling 1827 Licentiat, starb aber schon am 7. September desselben Jahres zu Shirley Common, in der Nähe von Southampton, wohin er sich kurz zuvor in der Hoffnung begeben hatte, dass die mildere Luft jenes Ortes seinen leidenden Zustand erträglicher machen würde.

Als Dichter hat Pollok seinen Ruf durch ein umfassendes Gedicht: The Course of Time, welches 1827 erschien, begründet; es erhielt namentlich in Schottland grossen Beifall unter dem Volke. Dieses Gedicht, in zehn Bücher abgetheilt, und in einem Style geschrieben, der bald Milton's hohen Schwung nachahmt, bald an Blair und Young erinnert, schildert das geistige Leben und das Schicksal des Menschen, und beleuchtet die Wirkungen der Tugend und des Lasters. Oft ist es in einem rauhen, schwülstigen und heftigen Tone gehalten und von einer düstern Frömmigkeit entstellt, welche den Leser zurückstösst, ungeachtet der vielen glänzenden Stellen und Bilder, die durch das ganze Werk ausgestreut sind. Das Ganze zeigt von seltener Geisteskraft und Entschiedenheit des Characters.

Das rege Interesse, welches die Oeffentlichkeit an diesem Dichter nahm, dessen Gedichte 18 Auflagen erlebten, führte zu einer Denkschrift seines Lebens, welche 1843 erschien. Auch setzten ihm seine Verehrer einen Obelisk von Granit, welcher des Dichters Grab bezeichnet.

Love.

Hail love, first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy
She gathered and selected with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul:
And brought the holy mixture home, and filled

The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
But who would that expound, which words transcends,
Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene
Of early love, and thence infer its worth.
  It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood.
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its Maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder working there.
  Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer —
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour far
Beyond the wave: and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone —
'Her lover's safety, and his quick return'.
In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr sighs
On morning's lily cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looked steadfastly; the stars
That circle nightly round the eternal throne
Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.
O had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not: for ofttimes Providence
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward before the throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh and blood formed for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God approving, blessed the holy joy!

Happiness.

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems
In vain to ask; her nature makes it vain;
Though poets much, and hermits, talked and sung
Of brooks and cristal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,
And with the nymph made assignation there,
And wooed her with the love-sick oaten reed;
And sages too, although less positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade.
Delirious babble all! Was happiness,
Was self-approving, God approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
However sweet? in wells, however clear?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?

True, these were of themselves exceeding fair;
How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all within
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss;
But were the occasion, not the cause of joy.
They waked the native fountains of the soul
Which slept before, and stirred the holy tides
Of feeling up, giving the heart to drink
From its own treasures draughts of perfect sweet.
The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus
Declared: Who finds it, let him find it there;
Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
In vain; 'tis God's most holy, changeless will.
True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish;
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.
But there apart, in sacred memory lives
The morn of life, first morn of endless days,
Most joyful morn! Nor yet for nought the joy.
A being of eternal date commenced,
A young immortal then was born! And who
Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face
Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt
All new! when thought awoke, thought never more
To sleep! when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed,
And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life!
Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
Which those who never tasted always mourned.
What tongue! — no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name
As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem
Than every ornament of costliest hue!
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
With all her playful band of little ones,
Like Luna with her daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron majesty and grace?
All who had hearts here pleasure found: and oft
Have I, when tired with heavy task, for tasks
Were heavy in the world below, relaxed
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
And led them by their hands a-field,
And watch them run and crop the tempting flower —
Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
With simling face, that waited for a look
Of praise — and answered curious questions, put
In much simplicity, but ill to solve;
And heard their observations strange and new;
And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
And still I looked upon their loveliness,
And sought through nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss,
And fairest imagery around me thronged;
Dewdrops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
Roses that bathe about the well of life,
Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on morning's cheek,
Gems leaping in the coronet of Love!
So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed
As made entire of beams of angels' eyes.
Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little things!
Playing around the den of sorrow, clad
In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
And thinking man and woman true! all joy,
Happy all day, and happy all the night!

Motherwell.

William Motherwell wurde am 13. October 1797 zu Glasgow in Schottland geboren. Vom elften Jahre an, genoss er, unter der Leitung seines Oheims zu Paisley, eine sorgfältige Erziehung. Seine Liebe zur Dichtkunst entwickelte sich schon frühzeitig in ihm. Mit vorzüglichem Eifer widmete er sich dem Studium der altenglischen Literatur, insbesondere der alten schottischen Liederdichtung. Mit dem Jahre 1819 wurde er Herausgeber verschiedener Zeitschriften, zuletzt des Glasgow Courier. Als Solcher starb er zu Glasgow am Schlagflusse, d. 1. Nov. 1835.

Schon im Jahre 1818 gab Motherwell eine Sammlung von eigenen und fremden Liedern, unter dem Titel, heraus: 'The Harp of Renfrewshire.' Die Ergebnisse seiner Untersuchungen über vaterländische Poesie legte er in der Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern 1827 nieder. Seine erzählenden und lyrischen Gedichte, welche 1832 zu Glasgow erschienen, sind durchgängig volksthümlich, und können denen seines Landsmannes Burns würdig zur Seite gestellt werden. In Tiefe und Innigkeit der Empfindung, an Schönheit und Wohlklang der Sprache ist er von keinem andern schottischen Dichter übertroffen, von wenigen erreicht worden. Am glücklichsten war er im Rührenden und Elegischen.

What is Glory? What is Fame?

What is glory? What is fame?
The echo of a long lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
  Dying next morrow:
A stream that hurries on its way,
  Singing of sorrow; —
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sere and leafless bower,
A rose, stuck in a dead man's breast, —
This is the world's fame at the best!

What is fame? and what is glory?
A dream, — a jester's lying story,
To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph;
A grin at death's own ghastly laugh,
A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch — nonentity;
A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
  Flitting for ever
O'er hill-top to more distant height,
  Nearing us never;
A bubble, blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth itself to cheat;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain;
A fortune that to lose were gain;
A word of praise, perchance of blame;
The wreck of a time-bandied name, —
Ay, this is glory! — this is fame!

The Midnight Wind.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
  This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
  Of ages long gone by:
It speaks a tale of other years —
  Of hopes that bloomed to die —
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
  And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
  This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
  In each dull heavy tone.
The voices of the much-loved dead
  Seem floating thereupon —
All, all my fond heart cherished
  Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
  This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
  Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
  Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom — ay, well may tears
  Start at that parting knell!

Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi.

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course, tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or gray,

Though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day,
Which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine:
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches and numbers define.
Land Giver! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships I owned at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south, shouting, 'There am I lord!'
Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway,
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules fate is this falchion's red gleam.
Might Giver! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall;
I've drank the sweet music that bright lips let fall;
I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle and cold jargoning!
The music I love is the shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields death's sickle, and garners the grave.
Joy Giver! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning hath known,
And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand!
Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong!
Fame Giver! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee;
In dreamings of gladness thou'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness, in some battle field,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield
Death Giver! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart;
And light is the faith of fair woman's heart;
Changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true as its polish is bright:
When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber;
But, starlike, burns fiercer the darker the night.
Heart Gladdener! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished by war or by wave;
Now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay;
While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in our old fearless day.
Song Giver! I kiss thee.

Knowles.

James Sheridan Knowles wurde 1787 zu Cork in Irland geboren. Unter der Leitung seines Vaters, der an der Belfast institution Lehrer der Beredtsamkeit war, bildete er seinen Geschmack durch die Lectüre der besten englischen Dichter, insbesondere Shakespear's und durch die der Prosaiker. Schon frühzeitig betrat er die Bühne mit Eifer und Begeisterung, doch ohne entschiedenes Talent, während seine Dichtergabe sehr bald die eines Schauspielers übertraf. Indess erfreute er sich doch lange Zeit in London des Beifalls, so oft er in einem seiner Stücke auftrat.

Als Dichter hat sich James Knowles zuerst durch seine lyrischen Gesänge bekannt gemacht, namentlich durch das volksthümliche: The Wesh Harper, sodann durch sein Drama: The Gipsy 1813. Seitdem schrieb er ausschliesslich für die Bühne. So dichtete er die Trauerspiele: Virginius 1820, Cajus Gracchus 1823, William Tell 1825, Alfred the Great 1831, Procida 1840, The Rose of Aragon 1842. Nicht minder hat er sich durch Lustspiele ausgezeichnet, wie: The Beggar 1830, The Hunchback 1832 u. a. m., worunter „The Love Chase“ als sein bestes dramatisches Erzeugniss gilt, das mehrfach in's Deutsche übersetzt worden ist. Auch einige Melodramen hat er gedichtet, wie: The Wife 1833, The Daughter 1834, The Maid of Marienborough 1838 u. a. Frühere, in Zeitschriften zerstreute Erzählungen und Skizzen hat Knowles unter dem Titel: The Elocutionist, a collection of pieces in prose and verses, gesammelt.

Knowles nimmt mit Recht eine der vorzüglichern Stellen unter den englischen Dramatikern ein. Denn wenn auch in vielen seiner Schauspiele ein fester, mit Umsicht angelegter Plan vermisst wird, wenn auch das Hervorholen seiner vorzugsweise moralischen Ideen durch ihre allzugrosse Wiederholung ermüdet und den Eindruck einer gewissen Leerheit hinterlässt, so kann man doch auf der andern Seite nicht umhin, die Kraft und Fülle seiner Poesie, die Kunst, womit er interessante Scenen und Verwickelungen herbeizuführen versteht, lobend anzuerkennen.

From The Wife, a Tale of Mantua.

Lorenzo, an Advocate of Rome, and Mariana.

Lorenzo. That's right — you are collected and direct
In your replies. I dare be sworn your passion
Was such a thing, as, by its neighbourhood,
Made piety and virtue twice as rich
As e'er they were before. How grew it? Come,
Thou know'st thy heart — look calmly into it,
And see how innocent a thing it is
Which thou dost fear to show — I wait your answer.
How grew your passion?

Mariana. As my stature grew,
Which rose without my noting it, until
They said I was a woman. I kept watch
Beside what seemed his deathbed. From beneath
An avalanche my father rescued him,
The sole survivor of a company
Who wandered through our mountains. A long time
His life was doubtful, signor, and he called
For help, whence help alone could come, which I,
Morning and night, invoked along with him;
So first our souls did mingle!

Lorenzo. I perceive: you mingled souls until you mingled hearts?
You loved at last. Was't not the sequel, maid?

Mariana. I loved, indeed! If I but nursed a flower
Which to the ground the rain and wind had beaten;
That flower of all our garden was my pride.
What then was he to me, for whom I thought
To make a shroud, when, tending on him still
With hope, that, baffled still, did still keep up;
I saw, at last, the ruddy dawn of health
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,
And glow — and glow — till forth at last it burst
Into confirmed, broad, and glorious day!

Lorenzo. You loved, and he did love?

Mariana. To say he did,
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouched,
What many an action testified — and yet —
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved, it brought him not content!
'Twas now abstraction — now a start — anon
A pacing to and fro — anon a stillness,
As nought remained of life, save life itself,

And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct.
Then all again was action! Disinclined
To converse, save he held it with himself;
Which oft he did, in moody vein discoursing,
And ever and anon invoking honour,
As some high contest there were pending 'twixt
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.
Lorenzo. This spoke impediment; or he was bound
By promise to another; or had friends
Whom it behoved him to consult, and doubted;
Or 'twixt you lay disparity too wide
For love itself to leap.
Mariana. I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was. I wondered still,
That what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance; but my turn did come.
At length he talked of leaving us; at length
He fixed the parting day — but kept it not —
O how my heart did bound! Then first I knew
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank
When next he fixed to go; and sank it then
To bound no more! He went.
Lorenzo. To follow him
You came to Mantua?
Mariana. What could I do?
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain, went along with him!
Could I remain behind? My father found
My heart was not at home; he loved his child,
And asked me, one day, whither we should go?
I said, 'To Mantua.' I followed him
To Mantua! to breathe the air he breathed,
To walk upon the ground he walked upon,
To look upon the things he looked upon,
To look, perchance, on him! perchance to hear him,
To touch him! never to be known to him,
Till he was told I lived and died his love.

From Virginius.

Enter Virginius conducting Virginia, with Numitorius.

Virg. (Holding his daughter's hand.) You are my witnesses.
That this young creature I present to you,
I do pronounce — my profitably cherish'd
And most deservedly beloved child;
My daughter, truly filial — both in word —
And act — yet even more in act than word,
And — for the man who seeks to win her love —
A virgin, from whose lips a soul, as pure
Exhales, as e'er responded to the blessing
Breath'd in a parent's kiss. (Kissing her.) Icilius!
(Icilius rushes towards Virginius and kneels.) Since
You are upon your knees, young man, look up;
And lift your hands to heaven — You will be all
Her father has been — added unto all
A lover would be!
Icil. All that man should be
To woman, I will be to her!
Virg. The oath
Is registered! (Icilius rises.) Didst thou but know, (Takes a hand of each.) young man,
How fondly I have watch'd her, since the day
Her mother died and left me to a charge
Of double duty bound — how she hath been
My ponder'd thought by day, my dream by night,
My prayer, my vow, 'my offering, my praise',
My sweet companion, pupil, tutor, child! —
Thou wouldst not wonder, that my drowning eye,
And choking utterance, upbraid my tongue
That tells thee, she is thine! (Joins their hands.) Icilius,
I do betroth her to thee; let but the war
Be done — you shall espouse her. Friends, a word!
(Virginius and the rest exeunt.)
Icil. (Holding her hand.) Virginia! my Virginia! I am all
Dissolv'd — o'erpower'd with the munificence
Of this auspicious hour — And thou, not mov'st —
Nor look'st — nor speak'st — to bless me with a sigh
Of sweet according joy! — I love thee, but
To make thee happy! If to make thee so
Be bliss denied to me — lo, I release
The gifted hand — that I would faster hold,
Than wretches, bound for death, would cling to life —
If thou would'st take it back — then take it back.
Virginia. I take it back — to give it thee again!
Icil. O help me to a word will speak my bliss,
Or I am beggar'd — No! there is not one!
There cannot be; for never man had bliss
Like mine to name.
Virginia. 'Thou dost but beggar me,
Icilius, when thou mak'st thyself a bankrupt;
Placing a value on me far above
My real little worth'. — I'd help thee to
A hundred words; each one of which would far

O'er-rate thy gain, and yet no single one
Rate over high!
Icil. Thou couldst not do it! No;
Thou couldst not do it! Every term of worth
Writ down and doubl'd, then the whole summ'd up,
Would leave with thee a rich remainder still! —
Pick from each rarer patern of thy sex
Her rarest charm, till thou hast every charm
Of soul and body, that can blend in woman,
I would out-paragon the paragon
With thee!
Virginia. 'And if thou would'st, I'd find thee for
Thy paragon, a mate — if that can be
A mate which doth transcend the thing, 'tis ta'en
To match—would make thy paragon look poor,
And I would call that so o'ermatching mate
Icilius!
Icil. No! I will not let thee win
On such a theme as this!
Virginia. Nor will I drop
The controversy, that the richer makes me
The more I lose.
Icil. My sweet Virginia,
We do but lose and lose, and win and win;
'Playing for nothing but to lose and win';
Then let us stop the game — and thus I stop it.
(Kisses her.)

Macaulay.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, im Jahr 1800 geboren, erhielt seine Bildung zu Cambridge. Im Jahr 1830 ward er für Calne und 1832 für Leeds in das Parlament gewählt, wo er Edinburg vertrat. Unter Melbourne's Verwaltung wurde er Mitglied des obersten Gerichtshofes in Indien, von wo er 1842 zurückkehrte. Hierauf bekleidete er noch verschiedene andere Aemter.

Als Dichter hatte sich Macaulay schon früher durch einzelne Lieder und zwei Balladen, den Krieg der Ligue und die Armada, berühmt gemacht. 1842 gab er einen Band Gedichte und 1843 Lays of Ancient Rome heraus, welche, auf Niebuhr's Ansichten über die römische Geschichte fussend, sich durch schnellen Fortschritt der Handlungen, edle und kräftige Sprache und treffliche Schilderungen auszeichnen. Auch als Kritiker hat sich Macaulay durch viele ebenso geistreiche als gründliche Aufsätze in der Edinburg Review über die mannichfaltigsten Erzeugnisse der Literatur bekannt gemacht. In Deutschland ist er in diesem Augenblicke vorzugsweise wegen seiner Geschichte von England berühmt.

Kraft und Eigenthümlichkeit der Sprache, Innigkeit und Wärme der Empfindung, Reichthum an Gedanken und Bildern, und eine ebenso correcte als reine Schreibart sind Vorzüge, welche ihm einen bleibenden Namen auf dem Gebiete der Literatur sichern. Von den beiden Balladen haben die Blätter behauptet, dass kein englischer Dichter lebe, welcher ihre Schönheit erreichen könne.

The Desolation of the Cities whose Warriors have marched against Rome.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves,
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
  Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
  Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
  Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
  In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
  This year old men shall reap;
This year young boys in Umbro
  Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
  This year the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls,
  Whose sires have marched to Rome.

[Horatius offers to defend the Bridge.]

Then out spake brave Horatius,
  The captain of the gate:
'To every man upon this earth
  Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
  Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
  And the temples of his gods,

And for the tender mother
  Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
  His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
  Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
  That wrought the deed of shame?

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
  With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
  Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
  May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
  And keep the bridge with me?'

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
  A Ramnian proud was he;
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
  And keep the bridge with thee.'
And out spake strong Herminius;
  Of Titian blood was he;
'I will abide on thy left side,
  And keep the bridge with thee.'

'Horatius', quoth the Consul,
  'As thou say'st, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
  Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
  Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
  In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
  Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
  And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
  Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
  In the brave days of old.

The War of the League.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurray! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears,
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.
The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our lord the King.'
'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may —
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray —
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre.'
Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.
Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne has turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
'Remember St. Bartholomew', was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!
Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King of Navarre.

Bulwer.

Edward Lytton Bulwer wurde 1803 zu Haydon-Hall in der Grafschaft Norfolk geboren. Er ist der dritte und jüngste Sohn des Generals Bulwer. Seine Studien machte er zu Cambridge, wo er durch einen Freund, der sich längere Zeit in Weimar aufgehalten, mit der deutschen Literatur, insbesondere mit Göthe's Dichtungen bekannt wurde. Mehrere Reisen, welche er während der Ferien in England, Schottland und Frankreich machte, erweiterten seine Anschauungen. Im Jahre 1831 trat er durch Wahl in's Unterhaus, entsprach jedoch keineswegs den Erwartungen als Redner. Bei Gelegenheit der Krönung der Königin Victoria, ward er zum Baronet erhoben.

Als Dichter zeichnete sich Lytton Bulwer schon auf der Universität zu Cambridge aus, wo er durch ein Gedicht auf die Sculptur den Preis davontrug. So waren seine ersten Werke Gedichte, welche unter dem Titel: Weeds and Wild Flowers 1826 und O'Neil or the Rebel and other Poems 1827 erschienen. Um 1842 erschienen Eva, the ill-omned Marriage and other Tales and Poems; Ismael and other Poems, The Siamese Twins, und Milton, a Poem. Auch verdient seine treffliche Uebersetzung von Schiller's Gedichten und Balladen erwähnt zu werden, welche 1844 erschien.

In England ist sein Ruf nicht so allgemein und unangefochten, als im übrigen Europa. Der deutschen Lesewelt ist er besonders als fruchtbarer und anziehender Romanschreiber bekannt. Nächst S. Knowles ist er auch einer der beliebtesten englischen Schauspieldichter, und hat seinen Ruhm in dieser Beziehung besonders durch folgende Stücke begründet: The Lady of Lyons, Valliere, Richelieu u. Cromwell.

Wenn Bulwer in seinen frühern Werken nur hier und da zerstreute, halbgeöffnete Blätter und unausgebildete Knospen gebracht hat, so bietet er in den letzten Werken volle Blüthen seiner Poesie, welche nicht so leidenschaftlich wie die Lord Byron's, nicht so keusch sinnend wie die Wordsworth's, noch so ideal wie die Shelley's ist.

Where is the Briton's Home?

The Song of the Emigrants.

1.

Where is the Briton's Home?
Where the free step can roam,
Where the free sun can glow,
Where the free air can blow,
Where a free ship can bear
Hope and Strength; — everywhere
Wave upon wave can roll, —
East and West — Pole to Pole —
Where a free step can roam, —
There is the Briton's Home!

2.

Where is the Briton's Home?
Where the brave heart can come,
Where Labour wins a soil,
Where a stout hand can toil;
Where, in the desert blown,
Any far seed is sown;
Where Gold or Fame is won,
Where never sets the sun;
Where a brave heart can come, —
There is the Briton's Home!

3.

Where is the Briton's Home?
Where the Mind's Light can come;
Where our God's holy word
Breaks on the savage herd;
Where a new flock is won
To the bright shepherd-one;
Where the church-bell can toll,
Where soul can comfort soul,
Where Holy Faith can come, —
There is the Briton's Home!

4.

Where is the Briton's Home?
Where Man's great Law can come,
Where the Truth can speak,
Where the Slave's chain can break,
Where the White's scourge can cease,
Where the Black dwells in peace
Where, from his angel-hall,
God sees us brothers all;
Where Light and Freedom come, —
There is the Briton's Home!

The Language of the Eyes.

Those eyes — those eyes-how full of heaven they are,
When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most holy,
Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star,
Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?
Tell me, beloved Eyes?

Was it from yon lone orb, that ever by
The quiet moon, like Hope on Patience, hovers,
The Star to which hath sped so many a sigh,
Since lutes in Lesbos hallowed it to lovers?
Was that your Fount, sweet Eyes?

Ye Sibyl Books in which the truths foretold,
Inspire the Heart, your dreaming Priest, with gladness,
Bright Alchemists that turn to Thoughts of Gold
The leaden cares ye steal away from sadness,
Teach only, sweet Eyes!

Hush! when I ask ye how, at length, to gain
The cell where Love the Sleeper yet lies hidden,
Loose not those arch lips from their rosy chain,
Be every answer, save your own, forbidden,
Feelings are words for Eyes!

Memnon.

Where Morning first appears,
Waking the rathe flowers in their Eastern bed,
Aurora still, with her ambrosial tears,
Weeps for her Memnon dead.
Him, the Hesperides
Nurs'd on the margent of their golden shore,
And still the smile that then the Mother wore
Dimples the orient seas.

He died, and, lo! the while
The fire consumed his ashes, glorious things,
With joyous song and wonder-tinted wings,
Rose from the funeral pile,
He died, — and yet became
A music, and his Theban image broke
Into sweet sounds that, with each sunrise, spoke
The Mighty Mother's name.

Beautiful Parable!
Typing in golden thoughts the death and birth
Of that which glads and sanctifies the earth
On which we dwell, —
Leaving in scatheless youth,
A, Music-Image, with enchanted voices
Answering the Light that on his front rejoices —
The Christian's Memnon-Truth!

The Beautiful descends not.

In Cyprus, looking on the lovely sky,
Lone by the marge of music-hunted streams,
A youthful Poet prayed — "Descend from high,
Thou of whose face each youthful Poet dreams.
O Venus! once more to the Earth be given
The Beauty that makes beautiful the Heaven."

Swift to a silver cloudlet, floating o'er,
A rushing Presence rapt him as he pray'd.
What He beheld I know not; but once more
The midnight him sighing to the shade, —
"Again — again unto the Earth be given
The Beauty that makes beautiful the Heaven."

A sweet voice answered from the distant star—
"Vainly did Venus grace on thee bestow—
Unworthy he the loftier realms afar,
Who woes the gods above to earth below;
Rapt to the Beautiful thy soul must be,
And not the Beautiful debased to thee!"

Doubt.

Bright laughs the sun, the Birds that are to Air
Like Song to Life, — are gaily on the wing,
In every mead the handmaid Hours prepare
The delicates of Spring; —
But, if she love me not!

To me at this fair season still hath been
In every wild-flower an exhaustless treasure,
And, when the young-eyed violet first was seen,
Methought to breath was pleasure, —
But, if she love me not!

How, in thy twilight, Doubt, at each unknown
Dim shape, the superstitious Love will start;
How Hope itself will tremble at its own
Light shadow on the heart;
Ah, if she love me not!

Well; I will know the worst, and leave the wind
To drift on drown the venture on the wave;
Life has two friends in grief itself most kind —
Remembrance and the Grave —
Mine, if she love me not!

Nicoll.

Robert Nicoll, der Sohn eines armen Tagelöhners, wurde zu Auchtergaven in Perthshire in Schottland 1814 geboren. In der drückendsten Armuth aufgewachsen, musste er schon vom achten Jahre an für seinen Lebensunterhalt allein sorgen. Seine Erziehung verdankte er einzig seiner Mutter, welché als eine wahrhaft heroische Frau geschildert wird. Noch während er die Kühe hütete, las er englische Classiker. Später trat er bei einem Krämer zu Perth in die Lehre, wo er vom dreizehnten bis zum neunzehnten Jahre blieb. Hierauf versuchte er es mit einer Leihbibliothek und lieferte nebenbei Gedichte und Aufsätze in Zeitschriften. Kaum 21 Jahr alt, gab er eine Sammlung seiner Gedichte heraus, welche zu Edinburg 1845 erschien und so viel Aufsehen machte, dass er diesen poetischen Leistungen die Redaction der Leeds Times zu verdanken hatte. Er widmete sich diesem Amte mit Eifer, starb aber schon im Jahre 1837, allgemein betrauert.

Nicoll war ein Dichter von edler Gesinnung, tiefem Gefühl und hohem Streben, dessen würdige Sprache den Leser mit sich fortreisst.

Thoughts of Heaven.

High thoughts!
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,
While round me flow
The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come —
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum —
When the stars, dewdrops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye —
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart
From dephts doth call
And garners all —
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And Heaven lives
In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!
They are with me,
When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
Thy morning melody
Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest.
When the young sunbeams glance among the trees —
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees —
When every branch has its own favourite bird
And songs of summer, from each thicket heard! —
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the roe sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there,
While nature's prayer
Goes up the heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow —
When I can follow every fitful shadow —
When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;
Where blue-bell and heather,
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The Sabbath bell,
O'er wood and fell;
I hear the beating
Of nature's heart;
Heaven is before me —
God! Thou art!

High thoughts!
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darkened;
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearkened:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit —
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit) —
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A winged thought, which bids us not repine?
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens;
Life's angel brings
Upon its wings
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep —
Those thoughts of heaven,
So pure and deep!

Death.

[This poem is supposed to have been the last, or among the last, of Nicoll's compositions.]

The dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps;
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
But waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
AI, who love them all, shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly — sweeter may it shine! —
Blessed is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray!
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbour to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls —
Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound —
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?
Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part —
Things more exalted — steeped in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul, in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour;
I have a hope, a faith — from sorrow here
I'm led by Death away — why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better there?
If all that Power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty — something fair —

Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy?

A change from wo to joy — from earth to heaven,
Death gives me this — it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day, shine on! be glad: days brighter far
Are stretched before my eyes than those of mortals are!

Milnes.

Richard Monckton Milnes wurde in Yorkshire um 1806 geboren. Nachdem er seine Studien auf der Universität Cambridge beendigt hatte, begab er sich für längere Zeit auf das Festland. In den Jahren 1842 und 1843 unternahm er auch eine Reise nach Aegypten und Kleinasien.

Milnes hat sich in seinen dichterischen Schöpfungen namentlich Wordsworth zum Vorbild genommen, und durch seine zahlreichen Dichtungen einen wohlbegründeten und bleibenden Ruf erworben. Wir führen hier einige an: Memorials of Many Scenes 1832, Memorials of a Tour in Greece 1834, Poems of Many Years 1838; Poetry for the People 1840; Palm Leaves 1843.

The Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of wo;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
O! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong —
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

The Men of Old.

I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose

On all that humble happiness
  The world has since foregone —
The daylight of contentedness
  That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned.
  Enjoyed, as far as known —
With will, by no reverse unmanned —
  With pulse of even tone —
They from to-day and from to-night
  Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
  Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
  Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
  A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
  They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
  Each wi[illegible]

Man now [illegible]
  Puts on[illegible]
Great thou[illegible]
  Like ins[illegible]
Blending t[illegible]
  With ta[illegible]
They went about their gravest deeds,
  As noble boys at play.

Stanzas.

Because, from all that round thee move,
  Planets of beauty, strength, and grace,
I am elected to thy love,
  And have my home in thy embrace,
I wonder all men do not see
The crown that thou hast set on me.

Because, when prostrate at thy feet,
  Thou didst emparadise my pain, —
Because thy heart on mine has beat,
  Thy head within my hands has lain,
I am transfigured, by that sign,
Into a being like to thine.

The mirror from its glossy plain
  Receiving still returns the light,
And being generous of its gain,
Augments the very solar might:
What unreflected light would be,
Is just thy spirit without me.

Thou art the flame, whose rising spire
  In the dark air sublimely sways,
And I the tempest that swift fire
  Gathers at first, and then obeys:
All that was thine ere we were wed
Have I by right inherited.

Is life a stream? Then from thy hair
  One rosebud on the current fell,
And straight it turn'd to crystal there,
  As adamant immovable:
Its steadfast place shall know no more
The sense of after and before.

Is life a plant? The king of years
  To mine nor gold nor ill can bring; —
Mine grows no more; no more it fears
  [illegible] wing;
[illegible] go, —
[illegible] now.

[illegible] d.

[illegible] eager pace
    Thy even way,
Thou pantest on, to win a mournful race:
    Then stay! oh, stay!
Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
    Loiter, — enjoy:
Once past, thou never wilt come back again
    A second boy.
The hills of manhood wear a noble face,
    When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take their grace
    Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
    Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never-green,
    Dead fields of snow.
Pause, while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain,
    Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
    A man at last.

Pastoral-Song.

I wander'd by the brook-side,
I wander'd by the mill, —
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beside the elm-tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —
The night came on alone, —
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on a golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind, —
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer — nearer, —
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

Coleridge.

Harthley Coleridge, ein Sohn des grossen Dichters Samuel Taylor Coleridge, veröffentlichte im Jahre 1833 einen Band Gedichte, welche seiner hohen Abstammung keineswegs unwürdig sind. Es giebt wenig Sonette in der englischen Sprache, die durch Gedankenfülle und Versbau vorzüglicher wären. Coleridge starb zu Ryndal, Westerland, am 6 Januar 1849. Er war ein thätiger Mitarbeiter am Blackwood Magazin, ein sehr origineller und beliebter Schriftsteller und Verfasser einer bedeutenden Anzahl kleiner Gedichte von grossem Verdienst und poetischer Kraft.

Sonnet on Shakspeare.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean — or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er Love, Hate, Ambition, Destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

Sonnets to a Friend.

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted:
Our love was nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:

One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doting, asked not why it doted,
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
And now the streams may sing for other's pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

In the great city we are met again,
Where many souls there are that breathe and die,
Scarce knowing more of nature's potency
Than what they learn from heat, or cold, or rain —
The sad vicissitude of weary pain:
For busy man is lord of ear and eye,
And what hath Natur but the vast void sky,
And the thronged river toiling to the main?
Oh! say not so, for she shall have her part
In every smile, in every tear that falls,
And she shall hide her in the secret heart,
Where love persuades, and sterner duty calls:
But worse it were than death, or sorrow's smart,
To live without a friend within these walls.

We parted on the mountains, as two streams
From one clear spring pursue their several ways;
And thy fleet course hath been through many a maze
In foreign lands, where silvery Padus gleams
To that delicious sky, whose glowing beams
Brightened the tresses that old poets praise;
Where Petrarch's patient love and artful lays,
And Ariosto's song of many themes,
Moved the soft air. But I, a lazy brook,
As close pent up within my native dell,
Have crept along from nook to shady nook,
Where flowrets blow and whispering Naiads dwell.
Yet now we meet, that parted were so wide,
O'er rough and smooth to travel side by side.

To Certain Golden Fishes.

Restless forms of living light,
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams.
Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale;
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.
Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size,
When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in fair Cathay;
And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart,
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your cristal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour, dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay — but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem.

Southey.

Mrs Southey, welche auch häufig unter dem Namen Caroline Bowles gefunden wird, hat sich als sehr fruchtbare Schriftstellerin ausgezeichnet. Unter ihren zahlreichen poetischen Schriften mögen hier nur einige angeführt werden: Ellen Fitzarthur 1820; The Widow's Tale and other Poems 1822; The Birthday and other Poems 1836; Solitary Hours 1838 u. a.

Caroline Southey ist eine der beliebtesten Dichterinnen der Gegenwart. Ihre poetischen Leistungen zeichnen sich durch Natürlichkeit, durch Reichthum der Gedanken und schönen Versbau aus.

The Pauper's Deathbed.

Tread softly — bow the head —
In reverent silence bow —
No passing bell doth toll —
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed —
One by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter — no crowds attend —
Enter — no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread:
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound —
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed — again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change — oh! wondrous change —
Burst are the prison bars —
This moment there, so low,
So agonised, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change — stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks —
The new immortal wakes —
Wakes with his God.

Mariner's Hymn.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands —
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily;
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So — let the vessel wear —
There swept the blast.

'What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?'
'Cloudy all — quiet —
No land yet — all's right.'
Be wakeful, be vigilant —
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold —
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;
There — let the ingots go —
Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbour's near —
Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not the sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam —
Christian! cast anchor now —
Heaven is thy home!

Barrett.

Miss Elizabeth Barrett, welche jetzt meist unter dem Namen Mrs Browning schreibt, lebt gegenwärtig in London. Sie hat sich nicht allein durch mehrere eigene poetische Schriften, wie „The Seraphim and other Poems“ 1838, so wie Poetical Works in zwei Bänden 1844, sondern auch durch ihre Gelehrsamkeit und Uebersetzung des Prometheus von Aeschylus: Prometheus Bound and other Poems 1833, berühmt gemacht.

Barrett's Dichtungen sind nicht ohne Tiefe der Gedanken und ohne Wärme der Empfindung geschrieben.

The Sleep.

'He giveth His beloved sleep.' —
Psalm CXXVII. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmists music deep —
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this —
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved —
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep —
The senate's shout to patriot vows —
The monarch's crown, to light the brows? —
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved —
A little dust, to overweep —
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

'Sleep soft, beloved!' we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And 'giveth His beloved sleep.'

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

Ha! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,

In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say — and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is heard —
'He giveth His beloved sleep!'

And, friends! — dear friends! — when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep —
Let me, most loving of you all,
Say, not a tear must o'er her fall —
'He giveth His beloved sleep!'

Cowper's Grave.

It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying —
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying —
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope,
A hopeless hand was clinging.
O men! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story —
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory —
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God, whose heaven hath won him.
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
Towards his love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along,
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving!
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking in his human eyes,
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in darkness he remained,
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated —
Nor man nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created.

Moir.

D. M. Moir lebte und wirkte als Arzt zu Musselburg, nicht fern von Edinburg. Im verflossenen Jahre ist er gestorben, nachdem er lange Zeit unter dem Namen Delta einer der bedeutendsten Mitarbeiter am Blackwood Magazin gewesen war. Ausser 'The Legend of Genevieve and other Tales and Poems 1825 und Domestic Verses 1843, hat er Mehreres in Zeitschriften (to the periodical Literature of the Day) so wie andere, namentlich medicinische Werke geschrieben, wie „Outlines of the ancient History of Medecine.

Moir's Dichtungen zeichnen sich durch tiefe, innige Empfindung, Anmuth, Phantasie und treffliche Sprache sehr vortheilhaft aus, und sichern ihm ein dauerndes Andenken bei seiner Nation.

Sunset.

How beautiful the evening beams are falling on the sea,
Where many a white sail pleasantly is moving up and down;
There is not a cloud the sun to shroud, the sky from speck is free,
And as on a painted landscape, sleep forest, tower, and town.
So freshly fair, and everywhere, the feature of the scene,
That earth appears a resting place where angels might alight;
As if Sorrow ne'er a visitant in human breast had been,
And the verdure of the summer months had never suffered blight.
Now sinks the sun — a twilight haze enwraps the sea and shore —
The small waves murmur on the beach, as 't were a dirge for day;
The blackbird from yon poplar green, its ditty warbles o'er,
And the evening star peeps south afar above the hills of grey.
In the glory of the sunset glow, my thoughts abroad had flown,
I only saw the landscape, in its splendid hues array'd,
But the dreams of long-lost pleasures, and of friends for ever gone,
Came to me with the pensive hour of loneliness and shade.

Casa Wappy.

(Casa Wappy was the self-conferred pet name of an infant son of the poet, snatched away after a very brief illness.)

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy —
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we mete our death,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven:
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay,
And e'er a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!

Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still —
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek —
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak —
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

Thy nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last thy every word —
To glad, to grieve —
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills:
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All, to the wall-flower and wild pea,
Are changed—we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth:
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer!
All day we miss thee, everywhere,
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below,
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and 'the busy bee',
Return — but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be (while flowers Revive again) —
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave
The grass renewed, should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save? —
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be: for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, Thought were wo,
And Truth a lie;
Heaven were coinage of the brain,
Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy.

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above;
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy:
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then — for a while, farewell —
Pride of my heart!

It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart:
Time's shadow like the shuttle flee:
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

The White Rose.

I.

Rose of the desert! thou art to me
An emblem of stainless purity, —
Of those who, keeping their garments white,
Walk on through life with steps aright!

II.

Thy fragrance breathes of the fields above,
Whose soil and air are faith and love;
And where, by the murmur of silver springs,
The Cherubim fold their snow-white wings; —

III.

Where those who were severed re-meet in joy,
Which death can never more destroy;
Where scenes without, and where souls within,
Are blanched from taint and touch of sin; —

IV.

Where speech is music and breath is balm;
And broods an everlasting calm;
And flowers wither not, as in worlds like this;
And hope is swallowed in perfect bliss; —

V.

Where all is peaceful, for all is pure;
And all is lovely, and all endure;
And day is endless, and ever bright;
And no more sea is, and no more night; —

VI.

Where round the throne, hues like thine,
The raiments of the ransom'd shine;
And o'er each brow a halo glows
Of glory, like the pure White Rose!

Montgomery.

Robert Montgomery hat sich bereits seit 1828 durch das „The Omnipotence of the Deity hervorgethan, dem bald einige andere Gedichte folgten, die seinen Dichterruf bleibend begründet haben, wie Satan 1830, The Messiah 1832, Luther u. a.

Montgomery's literarische Thätigkeit scheint sich gänzlich dem Dienste der Religion und den Wahrheiten gewidmet zu haben, deren begabter und beredter Verkünder er auf der Kanzel ist.

Seine poetischen Leistungen sind in ähnlichem Geiste wie die des älteren Montgomery, und zeichnen sich namentlich durch poetischen Erguss und leichten Versbau aus, ohne jedoch mit der Selbständigkeit in der Erfindung und der Reinheit in der Sprache geschrieben zu sein, wodurch die Dichtungen des letzterwähnten sich unterscheiden.

The Starry Heavens.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapped in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,

I gazed on that star last night — it shook,
And though it still faintly gleams,
It looks not as it wont to look,
And a mist is over its beams.

I have read thy fate in a flowery braid; —
I hung it on a tree —
I saw one bright rose fall and fade, —
'Twas the blossom I named for thee!

But mostly thy fortune I can tell,
From thy happiness and mirth,
For when did bliss so perfect dwell
More than an instant on earth?

The Song of Dreams.

In the rosy glow of the evening cloud,
In the twilight's gloom —
In the sultry noon, when the flowers are bowed,
And the streams are dumb —
In the morning's beam, when the faint stars die
On the brightening flood of the azure sky —
We come!
Weavers of shadowy hopes and fears,
Darkeners of smiles, brighteners of tears,
We come!

We come where the Babe, on its mother's breast,
Lies in slumber deep —
We flit by the maiden's couch of rest,
And o'er her sleep
We float, like the honey-laden bees,
On the soft, warm breath of the languid breeze;
And weep
Hues, more beautiful than we bring,
From her lip and her cheek, for each wandering wing
To keep.

We linger about the Lover's bower,
Hovering mute,
When he looks to the west for the sunset hour,
And lists for the foot
That falls so lightly on the grass,
We scarcely hear its echo pass;
And we put
In his heart all hopes, the radiant-crowned,
And hang sweet tones, and voices round
His lute.

We sit by the Miser's treasure-chest,
And near his bed —
And we watch his anxious heart's unrest,
And in mockery tread
With a seeming heavy step about;
And laugh when we hear his frightened shout
Of dread
Lest the gnomes, who once o'er his gold did reign,
To his hoards, to claim it back again,
Have sped.

But a sunnier scene and a brighter sky
To-day is ours;
We have seen a youthful Poet lie
By a fountain's showers,
With his up-turned eyes and his dreamy look,
Reading the April sky's sweet book,
Written by the hours,
Thinking those glorious thoughts that grow
Untutored up in life's fresh glow,
Like flowers.

We will catch the richest, brightest hue
Of the rainbow's rim;
The purest cloud that 'midst the blue
Of Heaven doth swim;
The clearest star-beam that shall be
In a dew-drop shrined, when the twilight sea
Grows dim; —
And a spirit of love about them breathe,
And twine them all in a magic wreath
For him!

The Messenger Thought.

I send a thought to thee,
The deep, unspoken essence of my love;
I send it like a home-returning dove
Far over land and sea;
Ah! shall it reach thee? shall it find a nest,
Beloved! in thy breast?

I send it forth with all
The winged and burning power the lightning hath;
Through night and storm and tempest is its path;
Ah! shall its radiance fall
Upon thy soul and wake a thrilling start
Of memory in thy heart?

I send it a full glance
From the soul' eye, that shall, without a word,
Cause all thy spirit inly to be stirred,
Then bring a magic trance,
A momentary spell of deep delight
Upon the heart to-night.

'T is gone! Doth not it reach
With its swift flight its destined haven now?
Doth it not whisper blessing, trust and vow
In its own wordless speech?
Doth not its viewless stress thy soul compel
Even now on mine to dwell?

I will believe the dream —
Will fancy I can rule thy thoughts with mine;
That I have power on that high soul of thine,
Though vain the vision seem
To those who know not how my every thought
Is with thine image fraught.

Ah could that thought return!
Return and bring some token of its stay!
Vain hope! it loves too dearly to delay,
Where my full heart doth yearn,
Even unto aching, at this hour to be
With thee, beloved, with thee!

Swain.

Charles Swain wurde zu Manchester im Jahre 1803 geboren. Obgleich es ihm nicht vergönnt war, in seiner frühen Jugend eine wissenschaftliche Bildung zu erlangen, indem er zunächst die Färberei erlernte und dann Kupferstecher und Steinzeichner wurde, so war ihm doch die Muse der Dichtung nicht unhold, und er zeichnete sich bald durch einen nicht gewöhnlichen poetischen Aufschwung aus, wovon seine ziemlich zahlreichen Geistesproducte Zeugniss geben. So erschien im Jahre 1827 Metrical Essays on Subjects of History and Imagination, 1841 The Mind and other Poems; ferner English Melodies, und 1848 Dramatic Chapters, Poems and Songs.

Obschon Swains Poesieen nicht ersten Ranges sind, so besitzen sie doch einen gewissen Reichthum der Gedanken, Innigkeit des Gefühls, und eine fliessende, schöne Diction.

When Life hath Sorrow found.

When life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.
No, though in grief we part,
Meet in dejection,
Tears but expand the heart,
Ripen affection.
When life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath found
Time cannot alter.

When o'er a distant sea,
When griefs are nearest,
Still will I think of thee,
Still love thee dearest.
Tired Hope may, like the rose,
Fade 'neath time's fleetness,
Yet yield each blast that blows
Half its own sweetness.
When life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.

Flowers.

Flowers! sweet Flora's children!
How ye sport and spring,

Smiling between bank and brook,
Mossy marge, and woody nook,
Where the linnets sing:
Climbing hedge-row, bush and brier,
As your spirit ne'er would tire
Over lane and lea;
Full of life, and full of mirth,
Ye alone enjoy the earth, —
Happy children ye!

Flowers! sweet Flora's children!
How ye roam and race
Up the valley — up the hill —
With an everchanging will,
Hunting every place:
Hanging half-way down the steep,
Where not e'en the stag dare leap,
In your reckless glee;
Or, where snows eternal blanch,
Listening to the avalanche, —
Bold adventurers ye!

Flowers! sweet Flora's children!
How ye love to meet
Far away from human sound,
Making Nature hallowed ground,
Even loneness sweet:
Where some fount, 'mid mountain springs,
Singing falls, and falling sings
In melodious key; —
Blooming where no step is heard
Save the light foot of some bird: —
Favoured children ye!

Flowers! sweet Flora's children!
How ye dance and twine
With the loveliest born of spring,
Moving in an endless ring —
An exhaustless line!
Sometimes shy and singly seen
Like some nun in cloister green,
Offering incense free;
Sometimes over marsh and moor,
Resting by the cottage door, —
Welcomers ye!

Flowers! sweet Flora's children!
Loved by moon and star;
Loved by little ramblers 'lone,
Seated on some grassy stone,
Many a footstep far!
Loved by all that God hath made,
All that ever watched and prayed,
For ye seem to me
In your bright and boundless span,
Silent speakers unto man,
Of the world to be!

The Death of the Warrior King.

There are noble heads bowed down and pale,
Deep sounds of wo arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls,
Weak as an infan's now.

I saw him 'mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleamed,
And flew the bolts of war.
When, in his plenitude of power
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood-dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favourite minstrels 'haunt,
And give his soul to song;
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the brave of perished days
Light conquest's torch again.

Then seemed the bard to cope with Time,
And triumph o'er his doom —
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb!
Again bardy Britons ruhed
Like lions to the fight,
While horse and foot, helm, shield, and lance,
Swept by his visioned sight!

But battle shout and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat;
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see — shall hear no more!

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,

When, with sable cloak and 'broidered pall,
A funeral train swept by;
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest —
They bore the noble warrior king
To his last dark home of rest.

Youth and Age.

The proudest poetry of youth
Is — 'Would I were a Man!'
The golden years that lie between
Youth, like a dream would span:
'Tis in its thought — 'tis in its heart —
"'Tis ever on its tongue;
But oh, the poetry of age
It is — 'When I was young!'

Thus, in the morn of life, our feet
Would distant pathways find;
The sun still face to face we meet —
The shadow falls behind!
But when the morn of life is o'er,
And nature grows less kind;
The length'ning shadow creeps before —
The sunlight falls behind!

If thou hast lost a friend.

If thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go, — call him to thy heart again,
Let pride no more be heard.
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a word should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past?
Oh! if thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go, — call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;
That, in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead;
That mount and vale, — each path ye trod,
By morn or evening dim, —
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul for him.
Then, if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go, — call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

Mackay.

Charles Mackay ist einer der beliebtesten Dichter der Gegenwart, der sich namentlich nach Pope und Goldsmith gebildet hat.
Zu seinen ersten dichterischen Leistungen gehört „Egeria, the Spirit of Nature and other Poems. Im Jahre 1840 veröffentlichte er „The Hope of the World and other Poems," so wie „Legends of the Isles and other Poems. Ein grösseres Gedicht unter dem Titel Salamandrine liess er 1842 erscheinen.

Neben diesen poetischen Werken hat Mackay auch mehreres Prosaische geschrieben, wie History of London, Longbeard, Lord of London, a Romance in 3 Bdn.; Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions, 3 Bde. und Thomas and its Tributaries, 2 Bde.

Reinheit und Wärme der Gesinnung, Einfachheit, Würde und Anmuth der Sprache verleihen seinen dichterischen Schöpfungen einen bleibenden Werth, und weisen ihrem Verfasser eine ehrenvolle Stelle unter den lebenden Dichtern seiner Nation an.

The Autumn Leaf.

Poor autumn leaf! down floating
Upon the blustering gale;
Torn from thy bough,
Where goest now,
Withered, and shrunk, and pale?

I go, thou sad inquirer,
  As list the winds to blow,
    Sear, sapless, lost,
    And tempest-tost,
  I go where all things go.

The rude winds bear me onward
  As suiteth them, not me,
    O'er dale, o'er hill,
    Through good, through ill,
  As destiny bears thee.

What though for me one summer,
  And threescore for thy breath —
    I live my span,
    Thou thine, poor man!
  And then adown to death?

And thus we go together;
  For lofty as thy lot,
    And lowly mine,
    My fate is thine,
  To die and be forgot!'

The Parting of Lovers.

[From the Salamandrine.]

Now, from his eastern couch, the sun,
  Erewhile in cloud and vapour hidden,
Rose in his robes of glory dight;
And skywards, to salute his light,
  Upsprung a choir, unbidden,
Of joyous larks, that, as they shook
  The dewdrops from their russet pinions,
Pealed forth a hymn so glad and clear,
That darkness might have paused to hear
  (Pale sentinel on morn's dominions),
And envied her the flood of song
Those happy minstrels poured along.

The lovers listened. Earth and heaven
  Seemed pleased alike to hear the strain;
And Gilbert, in that genial hour,
  Forgot his momentary pain:
'Happy', said he, 'beloved maid,
  Our lives might flow 'mid scenes like this;
Still eve might bring us dreams of joy,
  And morn awaken us to bliss.
I could forgive thy jealous brother;
  And Mora's quiet shades might be
Blessed with the love of one another,
  A Paradise to thee and me.

Yes, Peace and Love might build a nest
  For us amid these vales serene,
And Truth should be our constant guest
  Among these pleasant wild-woods green.
My heart should never nurse again
  The once fond dreams of young Ambition,
And Glory's light should lure in vain,
  Lest it should lead to Love's perdition;
Another light should round me shine,
Beloved, from those eyes of thine!'

'Ah, Gilbert! happy should I be
  This hour to die, lest fate reveal
That life can never give a joy
  Such as the joy that now I feel.
Oh! happy! happy! now to die,
And go before thee to the sky;
Losing, may be, some charm of life,
But yet escaping all its strife;
And, watching for thy soul above,
There to renew more perfect love,
Without the pain and tears of this —
Eternal, never palling bliss!'
And more she yet would say, and strives to speak,
But warm, fast tears begin to course her cheek,
And sobs to choke her; so, reclining still
Her head upon his breast, she weeps her fill:
And all so lovely in those joyous tears
To his impassioned eyes the maid appears;
He cannot dry them, nor one word essay
To soothe such sorrow from her heart away.

At last she lifts her drooping head,
  And, with her delicate fingers, dashes
The tears away that hang like pearls
  Upon her soft eyes' silken lashes:
Then hand in hand they take their way
  O'er the green meadow gemmed with dew,
And up the hill, and through the wood,
  And by the streamlet, bright and blue,
And sit them down upon a stone
With mantling mosses overgrown,
  That stands beside her cottage door,
    And oft repeat,
    When next they meet,
  That time shall never part them more.

He's gone! Ah no! he lingers yet,
  And all her sorrow, who can tell?
As gazing on her face he takes
  His last and passionate farewell?
'One kiss! said he, 'and I depart
With thy dear image in my heart:

One more — to soothe a lover's pain,
And think of till I come again!
One more: Their red lips meet and tremble,
And she, unskilful to dissemble,
Allows, deep blushing, while be presses,
The warmest of his fond caresses.

The Floating Straw.

(A Thought in the Panic 1847.)

The wild waves are my nightly pillows,
Beneath me roll th' Atlantic billows;
And as I rest on my couch of brine
I watch the eternal planets shine.
Ever I ride
On a harmless tide
Fearing naught — enjoying all things —
Undisturbed by great or small things.

Alas! for the lordly vessel
That sails so gallantly.
The winds may dash it,
The storms may wash it,
The lightnings rend its tall masts three;
But neither the wind, nor the rain, nor the sea
Can injure me — can injure me.
The lightnings cannot strike me down
Whirlwinds wreck, or whirpools down;
And the ship to be lost ere the break of morn,
May pass o'er my head in saucy scorn;
And when the night unveils its face
I may float, unharmed, in my usual place,
And the ship may show to the pitying stars
No remnant but her broken spars.
Among the shells
In the ocean dells
The ships, the crews, and the captains lie,
But the floating straw looks up to the sky.
And the humble and contented man,
Unknown to fortune, escapes her ban,
And rides secure when breakers leap,
And mighty ships go down to the deep.

May pleasant breezes waft them home
That plough with their keels the driving foam.
Heaven be their hope, and Truth their law, —
There needs no prayer for the floating straw.

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